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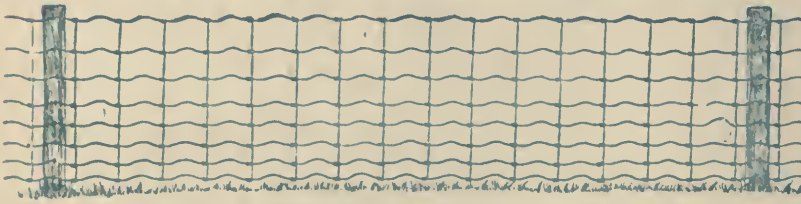
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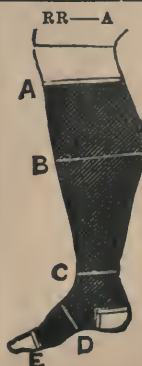
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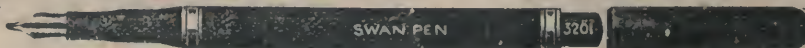
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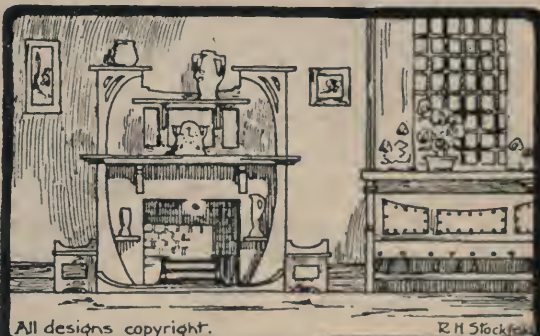
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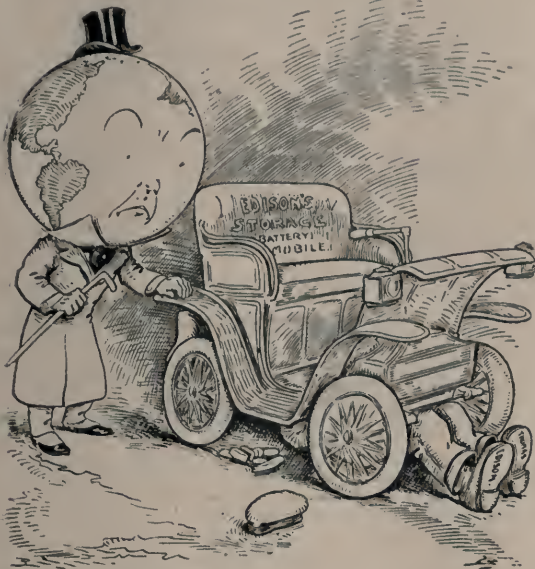
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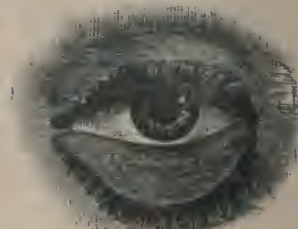
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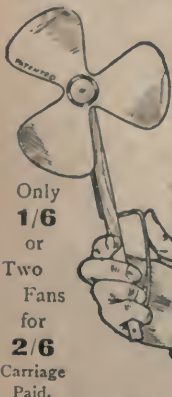
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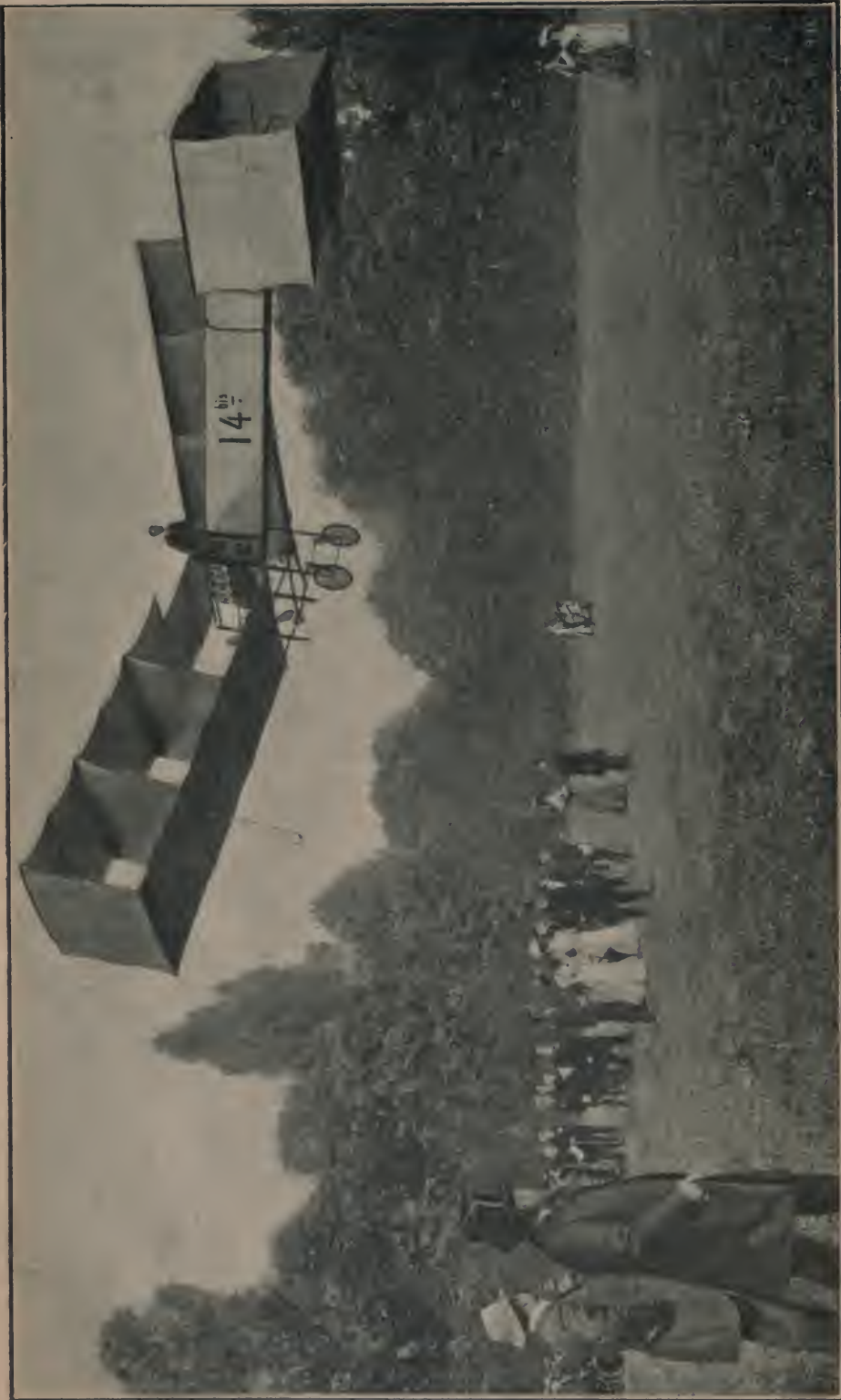
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FOR AUSTRALASIA.

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Some nine months ago we decided to reduce the price of "The Review of Reviews" from 9d. to 6d. For many years it had been successfully sold at the higher price, and had maintained its position as the premier magazine of Australasia. There was no reason why an alteration should have been made beyond the desire, first, to bring "The Review of Reviews" within the reach of working people, and so to extend the already large sphere of its influence; and, second, to give old subscribers who have stood by the "Review" through all its career the benefit of the lower price.

A GOOD THING CANNOT BE CHEAPLY PRODUCED.

Of course a magazine, like every other business proposition, is largely influenced, so far as the standard of its production is concerned, by financial returns. A better price warrants better matter. We resolved, however, to make the experiment of supplying the same quality at a lower price. In our aim for an increased circulation, we succeeded very finely. The reduction in price had the instant effect of increasing our circulation by many thousands. We find, however, that the increase, although great, will not sufficiently compensate us, for the cost of producing a magazine like "The Review of Reviews" is tremendous. It would be incredible to most people were they to be told what is the cost involved in the production of a newspaper or a magazine into which first-class work is put.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

We have therefore decided to revert to the original price. Of course we could take another course, but we feel so sure that it would be regretted by our readers, that it will not bear consideration. That course is to cut down the cost of production. But a lessening of that cost would mean deterioration in quality, and that is not to be thought of. The high ideal of "The Review of Reviews" must be maintained. If we were to take scissors and paste, and cut out chunks of literary matter from the world's output, we could issue it at 6d. or even less. But "The Review of Reviews" maintains its standard, and while fulfilling the mission for which it was founded, while reviewing the reviews of the world, and enabling our readers to get at a glance everything in current literature that is worth knowing, it does not filch articles for its own purpose. Anybody, a very dull office boy, for instance, can take current magazines, cut out a slab of matter, prefix a sentence or two, and calmly appropriate for its own purposes the brains of another man. It is a different matter altogether to review an article, to criticise it, to give a digest of it. That is what "The Review of Reviews" does. There is careful, brainy work on every page of it. Take it up and examine it. Every page is carefully edited by those whose services are of such a character that they demand and deserve high pay. And all this costs money, and a deal of it.

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And the position is this, that, although "Review of Reviews" readers are all over Australasia by thousands, a selling price of 6d. will not allow us to make the expenditure that must be made in order to give the very cream of literary things. Were a manufacturer of a first-rate line of goods to make a bold attempt to reduce his selling price to benefit his customers, only to find that the experiment was not a success, and that a continuance of the policy would mean a deterioration of the article, he would, if he were an honest man, frankly tell his customers that the goods could not be produced at the high standard at the lower rate, and that he would revert.

He would be most unwilling to reduce his standard and turn out a poorer class of goods. Now that is precisely the position we take up. We refuse to lower the standard of the "Review." It must still, as in days past, be the highest magazine of its class. It will not degenerate. If anything it will still further improve, but this cannot be done at the price of an inferior article.

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OUR APPEAL.

That writer is right; so we revert from next month to our original price; and we confidently appeal to every old reader of the "Review" and every new one to give us the same hearty support that we have had up to the present, and to assist us in carrying out its splendid ideals.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, January 10th.

The Elections.

The Federal elections are now sufficiently far away to view them without prejudice. The most notable feature about them was the

intense bitterness which was engendered. Even the oldest politicians cannot remember fights in which so much hard feeling was manifested. It is safe to say that more lies were told and damaging rumours circulated concerning candidates in this election than in any other which has ever been held in Australia. So many things contributed to this result. One of the chief was the introduction of the social reform element, and some of the toughest battles took place where gambling and drinking nominees were run against prominent reformers. Then the sectarian spirit also played a not inconsiderable part, and last, but not least, the three-cornered fight which almost everywhere took place seemed to give an intensity of bitterness to the contest, which a straightforward duel would not generally have done.

The Result.

As far as general results are concerned, the state of parties is almost identical with what it previously was. No party in Parlia-

ment has a majority, and yet the three parties are as clearly defined as it is possible to be. There is no natural blending of one into the other, and any union which takes place must be brought about by artificial means. Roughly, Mr. Deakin will command the support of seventeen. The direct Oppositionists number thirty-two, and the Labour members twenty-six. Of course these numbers, as far as the Government and Opposition are concerned, may not be absolutely correct—it is hardly possible even yet to judge—but, roughly, that is how they fall out. As far as tariff reform is concerned, the Government would command a majority, but there are other points which would divide them from other parts of the House. It will, therefore, be seen that it is impossible to forecast what will happen when Parliament meets.

Labour's Mistake.

What is likely to take place is that there will be some working arrangement between the Government and one of the other parties. The

choice will probably be with the Labour party. This might seem strange in view of the fact that the Labour party bitterly opposed the Government at the polls; but the explanation is given of this by some of the members of the Labour party. It is beginning to be openly said that the Federal Labour

party felt the greatest dissatisfaction with the action of its members in some of the States. Mr. Hume Cook, the Government whip, speaking at a meeting in Brunswick a short time ago, made the significant remark that it was much easier to get on with the Labour party inside the House than with the Labour party outside. The fact is that the party in the House under the leadership of Mr. Watson has, on the whole, acted very sanely and wisely; but it is an open secret that the elections were run—especially in Victoria—as far as Labour candidates were concerned, without its approval; indeed, with its strong disapproval. Government candidates were opposed by Labour men. Mr. Deakin had to fight for his seat against one of the party. Mr. Mauger was also opposed in Maribyrnong by one of them, and Mr. Cook in Bourke had a similar experience. This policy was at the time reprobated by thinking people, but the Victorian Labour party would take no advice. Whatever the Labour party may be in other States—and one must say that in South Australia it could scarcely occupy a higher position in public opinion, being composed of men of character and good standing—the Labour party in Victoria comprises some of the worst foes to progress to be found anywhere. It has degraded its ideals, has sold itself to the gambling and drink party, has been content to be dragged at the heels of these social pirates, and has brought the whole body into disrepute.

Under the Whip of Gambling and Drink.

The political disturbance in Bourke and Maribyrnong really took its rise in State matters. The battle in Victoria has been so terribly fierce in connection with social reform that the gambling and drink party tried to capture seats for the Federal House, so as to secure any Federal advantage that might offer. It found its tools, unfortunately, among the members of the Labour party. So determined were these forces of evil to enter into the conflict, and so greatly did they influence labour that it would listen to no voice of reason. The battles waged by Mr. Mauger and Mr. Cook were outstanding instances of the extremes to which the parties of destructive monopolies were willing to go. What mattered it that Mr. Mauger had been one of the staunchest allies and a consistent friend of the working man and woman? What mattered it that his name had always been connected with forward legislation? What mattered it that, sprung from the ranks of the workers, he had been a constant champion of their rights? What mattered it that more to him than to any other man must be given

the credit of improving conditions of work and wages in Victoria? What mattered it that he had been one of the strongest opponents of liquor and gambling, the arch-foes of the Labour movement? All these things counted as nothing where a Labour man could be found to champion vice. Mr. Mauger fought a battle second to none. After him came Mr. Cook. After that came the Batman seat, where Mr. Coon won by a large majority. In these three places gambling and drink fought with a fury like that of fiends, but especially in the first. No language can adequately describe the struggle. It almost seemed as though the invisible powers of the air had become habited in flesh and fought with weapons of devilish ingenuity, lying in its most fearful forms, slander, misrepresentation, bitter hatred. These were the things which the representatives of purity had to fight. It came to be a battle between right and wrong, and in each case those who fought for the latter were Labour members, whose candidature was helped on in every way imaginable by the leading exponents of the toteshop and the public-house. But by the good providence of God the right in each case won, and Mr. Davidson in Maribyrnong, Mr. Bedford in Bourke, and Mr. Solly in Batman, got such fearful political hidings that the figure of a whipped cur slinking away from a combat with his tail between his legs becomes a wholly inadequate expression. Their defeat was disastrously complete, and these Federal gains have given an impetus to the social reform movement in the State and strengthened the cause immeasurably.

The Only Salvation.

Now the fact is that feeling in the Federal House among Labour members is quite different to that referred to in connection with the Victorian candidates. As a body, they have stood for social reform. So also does the South Australian State Labour party, and the fact that the leading members of the Government were opposed by Labour men is not to be taken as an indication that the policy was endorsed by the Federal party, or that it may not be possible to effect a working arrangement between the Labour party and the Government. Indeed, one outcome of the anxiety of some of the Victorian Labour party to sell themselves body and soul to Mr. John Wren and the brewers is that the Federal Labour party will seek to disassociate itself from State politics, and insist upon having a stronger voice in the Federal elections than it has had in the past. Indeed, it ought to go further, and declare a forward policy in social reform. One thing is certain, if it does not, it is sure to become associated in people's minds with the retrograde movement in Victoria and New South Wales, and it will become known as the friend of drink and gambling. It can be easily seen that, now the community is rising up against

both of these evils, the party that supports them is going to be left behind, and the irony of the situation becomes manifest when the Labour party professes to stand for the things that uplift, and yet associates itself with these things that ruin.

Labour and Wrong.

Surely something could be done by the Federal Parliament to induce State Labour members to champion the cause of the people with regard to social evils. One cannot imagine Mr. Watson as being the friend of gambling and liquor, and, unless something is done by the party to bring its State sections into line with current reform, its members will have to be opposed in the interests of national progress wherever they stand as the representatives of these giant wrongs. The social reform party has no special love for any political party. It will support men of any party who are opposed to wrong, and the fight is going to be a fierce one at the coming State elections.

A Clear Duty.

Of course nothing in the shape of a union of any two of the three parties is possible. There can be no amalgamation that would be possible without a surrender of principle on the part of each. But it is quite within the range of possibility that there should be some understanding on the part of any two in order to put certain necessary measures through. It is no use attempting to undertake the impossible. As the country has returned three parties, it is clear that the three parties must work as harmoniously as possible for progressive legislation. The position is one which must be faced as sensible men always face a difficulty, with the object of overcoming it in order to produce the best results. There is no need for endless wrangling if the position is discussed with the object of securing a working majority in order to carry out reforms. With the fiscal question out of the way, it is quite possible that an understanding should be come to with the Opposition.

Away With Party Strife!

But how the position emphasises the necessity for what we are always advocating—an elective Executive. It really seems as though the three-party system will always be with us, like the poor; but an elective Executive would get rid of the difficulties attending it at once. The question of which party is going to rule would then become non-existent. In an Executive of that kind, elected by the House, it is practically certain that the present Prime Minister would retain his position. It is also pretty certain that Mr. Watson would find a place in the Cabinet, and it is almost as certain that one of the leading members of the Opposition would also be elected. Legislation would proceed upon the best lines, and, if any

member of the Government could not see his way clear to accept it, it would be the simplest thing in the world for him to retire without disturbing the Government and plunging the country into the throes of repeated changes, or even of a dissolution. It is noteworthy that some of the members who have been returned to Parliament are very strongly in favour of it, and it is more than probable that the matter will be brought forward in some form during the next session of Parliament.

Some Surprise Packets.

The election contained a good many surprises. Mr. McLean, the old and honoured member for Gippsland, was driven from his seat, and even his political enemies must regret the fact very keenly. Mr. McLean has been honoured by all sections of the House. Senator Playford, Minister for Defence, lost his seat, crushed between the impact of the opposing forces which entered into the struggle. Senator Keating had a narrow escape from defeat. In the Victorian Senate contest Mr. Tunnecliffe was congratulated by his friends upon victory, only to find that Mr. Russell, another Labour candidate, had crept past him when some outlying district returns came in. Mr. Crosby, a Labour member, who came third in the South Australian Senate election, was found to have suffered a defeat when a recount of the votes was made, and had to give way to Mr. Vardon, and the excitement was so intense that Mr. Crosby is in a hospital suffering from nervous collapse. Senator Higgs was defeated in Queensland, and last, but not least, although this was not a surprise, ex-Senator Dawson, friend and supporter of gambling and liquor—ex-Senator Dawson, who figured so largely and so disgracefully in the social reform movement in Victoria last year, was hurled into a dishonoured political oblivion. Nothing else was possible. Even his own party had to repudiate his candidature.

A Plan That Failed.

But as far as Victoria is concerned, the chief feeling for satisfaction lies in the defeat of the men who championed social evils. A very amusing incident happened in connection with the defeat of one of the candidates. Arrangements had been made by one of the chief friends of the gambling party to celebrate the return of this particular man. There was to be quite a triumphal march, and a great banquet was to close the proceedings. But the whole thing collapsed like a pricked bubble. The candidate was defeated ignominiously, and the would-be banqueters had to suffer a gastronomical disappointment.

The Victorian Strike.

As I write, the bricklayers' strike in Victoria still drags on its weary length. Several attempts have been made to bring the opposed parties together, and both employers and strikers

seem to be very sick of the whole thing. For all that, the men maintain their position with dogged persistence, in spite of the efforts of the Parliamentary leaders of the Labour party to effect a settlement. The employers agreed to the matter being adjudicated upon before a Wages Board, but they attached a condition that an appeal could not be made on what is known as the Reputable Employer Clause. This the men refused to accept, on the ground that it prevented a settlement of the case on its merits alone. Then Mr. Bent stepped in and suggested that a Supreme Court Judge should arbitrate. This would have taken place, but the employers claimed that some of the most prominent leaders in the strike movement should be excluded from those who took part in the proceedings. Although the men objected to this at first, they afterwards agreed; but the employers then insisted that, pending the decision, the men should return to work at forty-eight hours a week. This the strikers refused to do, on the ground that they would surrender the principle for which they had struck. Did anyone ever come across so foolish and trivial a succession of excuses on both sides? It is not as though any far-reaching principle which affected the well-being of the men were concerned. It is not to be placed on the same level as some of the strikes in the past, which were perfectly justified, and which were necessary in the fight against sweating and unequal hours. A little more patience and persistence, and the question could have been settled legally without any strike; but it has been so evident all through that each side has been anxious to outdo the other, that public sentiment is heartily tired of the whole thing. Mr. Wren, of gambling fame, has stepped in with an offer to purchase brickworks in order to supply with material firms that were willing to work on the forty-four hours' system, provided there is "some form of fair guarantee which I would like to see endorsed by your Unions as to the measure of support to be accorded to me in the proposed venture." This is in consequence of the refusal of builders and brickmakers to supply firms which are willing to concede to forty-four hours. But the Labour people had better look out for themselves. Mr. Wren has taken such a keen interest in some Labour elections, and some Labour members have been so anxious to serve his ends by supporting gambling in the State House, that it is quite possible that the *quid pro quo* which Mr. Wren expects is Parliamentary votes. *Verb. sap.* (Just as we go to press, both employers and strikers have consented to meet in Conference. The discussion will be held practically on the lines at first suggested, the men in the meantime returning to work at 48 hours, without prejudice. Everybody will be delighted that the matter is to be amicably settled. The loss must have been tremendous. It is to be hoped that this will be the last industrial farce enacted.)

Nature Object Lessons.

One of the most charming ways of spending a Christmas holiday was that provided by the Field Naturalists' Club, which went into camp along the shores of Port Phillip, and devoted its time to the gaining of information as well as health. Each day visits were paid either to the seashore or the country inland, and open-air lectures were given by professors and other authorities upon various subjects, the different things which they came across in their travels being used as object lessons. The sea and the land were both utilised in this interesting search for knowledge, and the story of ancient life was told from the rocks, and that of the multitudinous life of the sea from the creatures which were cast up by the tides. This system of education is coming into great favour. It is being largely used in connection with the Continuation School in Melbourne, and the success which attended the holiday referred to is certain to bring about a repetition in the future.

The Sydney Lands Scandals.

It is very probable that the last has not been heard of the Sydney Lands Scandals. Nothing more inconclusive and unsatisfactory can possibly be imagined than the whole course of investigation into this unsavoury thing. Everyone remembers the strong report which was prepared by Mr. Justice Owen, who sat upon the case as a Royal Commission. Mr. Crick was afterwards brought up for trial, but the jury failed to agree; and the next step in the farce was for the Government of New South Wales to declare that Mr. Crick, who had resigned his seat, was not a fit and proper person to be re-elected. What good purpose that could serve nobody with ordinary vision can see. If Mr. Carruthers thought that Mr. Crick was not a fit and proper person to be in Parliament, why did he not take such steps as would prevent his being re-elected? Such procedure was quite possible, though somewhat intricate and tedious, and to have expressed such an opinion without making the undesirable thing impossible was simply to play the fool with a people which had tolerated very patiently the unfolding of this curious and manifestly corrupt case. Mr. Justice Owen's report was sufficient to have justified the most extreme action on the part of the Government, and if it were not that a feeling of indignation has been aroused, this last development would be cause for merriment. If a man be undesirable for election, then Parliament should either refrain from expressing an opinion about it or else shut the door effectually against his entry, seeing that it has this power. The wave of reform which is sweeping over Australia makes toleration of the sort of spirit shown by the Premier an exceedingly dangerous game to play. Public opinion is often very slow to rise, but it may prove to be a very demon of a cyclone to sweep

Governments from power, and Governments have lost their positions in time past for very much less than this.

Where Will It End?

Surely this miserable business is never going to end. No sooner is the Court case for Mr. Crick ended than sensational statements are made by jurymen with regard to communications stated to have been received by the jury from outside sources. The end of it is that a Royal Commission has been appointed, and some exceedingly interesting developments are promised by the proceedings up to date. It really seems as though this fetid stream had spread to unsuspected parts, but after all it is only repeating history. Once this kind of thing is begun there is no telling where it will end. All the more necessity is there in this young country, of keeping our political springs clear.

What Has Happened?

It really seems as though some strange madness had come over the New South Wales Government during the last few weeks of the last session. It started that session with a backbone as stiff as the proverbial poker; but in some mysterious way the backbone was taken out and a streak of jelly put in its place. Not only did the Government stultify itself over the Lands Scandals, but it abandoned the Lotteries Bill, which everybody in New South Wales, including opponents, expected it to pass. It boldly passed the Gaming Act in the earlier days of the session, but kept out of it any provision relating to lotteries, which it decided should be brought on later. Some little time ago, when a temporary agitation was made in Sydney, one or two members of the Government questioned the wisdom of arousing public sentiment. This naturally created suspicion, for, if a Government is anxious to secure the passage of a Bill, it is generally anxious also to have the support of public sentiment, and when the New South Wales Government suggested privately that public sentiment should not be roused, it made one feel that they were as lukewarm as Mr. Bent was in some respects. He, while expressing anxiety to get certain Bills through, deprecated public sentiment upon the matter being stirred up. But the reason of the New South Wales Government's intense desire to allow public sentiment to remain dormant became evident in the late hours of the session, when the Lotteries Bill was sacrificed, although every section of the Church save one was in favour of it, and scarce anyone outside the Church raised a voice against it with the exception of the Labour people, who still desire to run their Eight Hours Act Union. The Lotteries Bill was the natural corollary of the Act previously passed, which practically shut up gambling on the racecourses. Now the Government has practically said that a thing which is wrong on a racecourse is right in a church

or in connection with a Labour cause. One marvels that Mr. Wade, who showed such wonderful pluck in the face of great odds when he was fighting for the Licensing Bill and the Gaming Bill, should have collapsed so mysteriously on the night the Lotteries Bill was abandoned. He gave in all at once. It is to be hoped that the matter will be thoroughly thrashed out at the next elections, and that the reformers will take good care that Mr. Carruthers faces the question on the hustings even though he was afraid to face it in the House. Such a bad case of blue funk ought to be looked into by the electors.

The Deportation of Kanakas.

The first detachment of Kanakas has landed at the New Hebrides from Queensland. The men were landed at the various islands from which they were originally recruited, or at some point where they wished to land. The landing was supervised by H.M.S. "Prometheus." The warship's officers boarded the steamers bearing the Kanakas immediately on their arrival, and opportunity was taken by both the French and English Commissioners to explain to the returned men the terms of the new Anglo-French Convention as it affects the natives. Otherwise, of course, the men might have sinned against the new law in ignorance. Under the new Convention, a system of government is to be instituted, and the matter was explained to the natives in as simple language as possible. A romantic feature of the landing was the presence of about half-a-dozen Kanakas representing a small corps of the Salvation Army. It is possibly one of the most interesting of the many units of the Army throughout the world. But there they were, fully equipped with uniforms and instruments, including even the big drum, and their intention was to land at Mai Island, and to extend Army work throughout the islands of the group. It will be interesting to watch the development of this crusade; certainly not to be smiled at superciliously because of the smallness of the numbers of its promoters. The leader of the little band was said to thoroughly appreciate the difficulties he had to contend with, but he had every confidence that he would be able to carry his contract through.

Social Reform.

The Anti-Gambling Act and the Licensing Act have both come into operation in Victoria. The former is very satisfactory indeed, as also is the latter as far as regulation is concerned. The latter fails to provide what the people wanted—i.e., Local Option at once. Mr. Bent, who expressed his intention of keeping his back stiff over certain conditions, in the end backed down, and, instead of granting complete Local Option at once, appointed a board of three men who are to reduce public-houses for ten years, compensation being paid for the houses which are closed. As the people desired

Local Option, this is not satisfactory, but I will deal with the whole question in an article in the next issue of the "Review." The good effects of the Gambling Bill are becoming manifest already. Street betting has been stopped. The sale of Tattersall's tickets has ceased. The famous Collingwood "tote" has suspended operations, and betting is practically non-existent, except on racecourses, and even there women have found it illegal to bet (if wrong for women, why not also for men), book-makers being seized with a very righteous regard for the new law in that respect. Under the Bill it is still possible for the Attorney-General to permit certain lotteries, and it is on the cards that the Eight Hours' Art Union is to be held as usual. If so, it will only create another wave of indignation, and it will give additional reason why in Victoria the Labour Party should be regarded as having a special interest in gambling. For both parties concerned, the Government and the Labour people, it would be much wiser if the proposal were dropped. As I say, I shall deal extensively with the effect of both Bills in the next issue.

Compulsory Voting.

Only about 45 per cent. of the electors took the trouble to vote at the Federal elections. What a commentary upon this magnificent institution. Possibly nothing else than the three party system can be expected when so few of the people take the trouble to record their votes. One wonders which class it is that keeps away from the polls, although we have a very shrewd suspicion that it is the better class of the community who refrain. It is time that the principle of compulsory voting was brought into operation both in State and in Federal politics, seeing that the question of the government of the country is of such vast importance. The man who will not exercise all his right ought to bear some punishment. Possibly after this fresh revelation of inertness on the part of voters the Federal Government will see that something is done.

Peace!

Possibly on no previous year were so many sermons preached at Christmastide on "international peace" as were delivered at the festive season which has just passed. Indeed, there was so much of it that one feels immensely encouraged at the progress which is being made. We have had a great many personal proofs of the existence of a growing spirit with regard to peace, and the mission of the "Review" in this respect seems to find an increasing reception month by month. It would be splendid if in this country, which has not been soiled by warfare, these principles should become deeply rooted in the minds of the people. It is certainly an ideal that we may look forward to, that Australia should become one of the foremost of the peace-loving and peace-seeking nations.

LONDON, December 1, 1906.

The Conquest of the Air.

The success of the aeroplane, as the navigable airship is called, appears to be almost assured. Sir

Hiram Maxim may be a little too previous in predicting that in ten years there will be as many motor-ships sailing over London as there are now motor-omnibuses in its streets. But the conquest of the air is a certainty of the future, and it would now seem not of the very far distant future. People glibly speculate upon this, that, and the other contingency that will follow the invention of a really safe sky-going airship. But none of us have even the faintest idea as to the far-reaching effect which the airship will produce. It will wipe out frontiers, render custom-houses useless, convert our navies into scrap-iron, and render the whole system of armaments a costly and useless anachronism. When mankind learns to fly, Peace will have its first great chance. We may, of course, elect to build aerial navies, and transfer war from sea and land to the air. But, on the other hand, there is at least a chance that, despite all the evil passions and covetous greediness of nations, they may decide to relegate war to the limbo where trial by ordeal of battle has long been despatched. If so, we shall have money and to spare for old age pensions and other things.

The Lords' Amendments.

The Lords have struck out the provision constituting a Welsh National Council. Every one of the thirty elected representatives of Wales

voted in its favour. The unanimous voice of Wales counted as nothing in the opinion of the Lords. The General Election was fought both on the demand that all schools should be placed under public control and that all teachers should be freed from tests. The Lords have made elaborate arrangements for retaining denominational schools in denominational hands, and for imposing, indirectly, religious tests upon the teachers both of provided and unprovided schools. In short, the Lords have converted a Bill intended to redress the grievances of Nonconformists into a measure that aggravates these grievances, and makes their last case worse than the first. The real crux of the Bill is the emancipation of the teacher from the obligation to be the Levite of the parson. If that be secured, and secured effectively, compromises may be made on other points. The weakness of the Nonconformist position is that the Cowper-Temple compromise gives away the logic of their case; and the success with which passive resistance was invoked against the payment of rates for a creed which they disliked will encourage the Catholics to employ the same weapon against similar payment for a creed which they dislike. If there is no compromise and the Bill is wrecked, the way will be clear for that strictly

secular system of education from which the Non-conformists illogically recoil, but into which they will be driven by the Sacerdotalists, who are the only fighting force behind the Peers.

The Lords and the Education Bill.

The cleverest thing that was said last month about the way in which the Lords have turned the Education Bill inside-out was Mr. Asquith's comment upon the Primate's plea that they were not reconstituting the Bill on its original principles. "You might as well transpose the negatives in the Ten Commandments," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is worth while showing the result of this transposition by printing the new Decalogue reconstituted *à la* the House of Lords' method with the Education Bill:—

1. Thou shalt have other Gods but me.
2. Thou shalt make to thyself any graven image; thou shalt bow down to them and worship them.
3. Thou shalt take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
4. Remember not the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.
5. Honour not thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt do murder.
7. Thou shalt commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt steal.
9. Thou shalt bear false witness.
10. Thou shalt covet thy neighbour's house, etc.

It is extraordinary how the redistribution of half a dozen negatives entirely revolutionises the meaning of the whole Code.

The Parliamentary Treadmill.

While the House of Lords, assisted by the Most Hon. the Marquis of Clanricarde, was engaged in mangling the Education Bill, the House of Commons was busily employed in passing through their final stages the Plural Voting Bill, which secures the principle one man one vote; the Trade Disputes Bill, which, to the general surprise, received Mr. Balfour's benediction on its third reading; the Land Tenure Bill, intended to secure the tenant the value of the improvements which he has made in his holding; the Merchant Shipping Bill, which provides fresh security for the safety and the sustenance of our sailors; and the Town Tenants (Ireland) Bill, which was originally introduced as a private member's Bill, but which was adopted by the Government. All these measures are aimed at satisfying the aspirations or removing the grievances of millions of the King's subjects. Except the Plural Voting Bill, they are all social reforms. It remains to be seen how they will fare when they reach the House of Lords.

The Amir in India.

The visit of the Amir to the Viceroy gives a living interest to the Character Sketch which I publish in this number. The author of the sketch, Dr. Angus Hamilton, is of all men living the best qualified to write on the personality of

the Sovereign whose physician he was for some years. I have, therefore, been glad to secure an article from his pen, and have allowed him to express his views at length on his own responsibility concerning questions of Afghan-Indian policy. I say this in order that no one may at any future time quote any opinions expressed by Dr. Hamilton as if they were mine. The writer of a signed article may say what he pleases without committing the editor to his views.

The Spread of Esperanto.

The announcement that the Queen of Spain is a devoted Esperantist, and that Esperanto is to be added to the languages to be learned by the Norwegian Prince Olaf, has compelled even the most sceptical to admit that Esperanto is forging ahead. But the editorial declaration in the *North American Review*, that Esperanto is certain to be the universal key-language of the future, and that therefore the *North American*, the leading periodical of the United States, will henceforth follow our example and devote space in every number to extend the knowledge of the language, is more important than the patronage of kings. A year or two more and Dr. Zamenhof will be entitled to the Nobel prize, for which he has already been nominated, as the inventor of the medium of communication between all nations that on earth do dwell.

Belgium and the Congo.

Twenty-five years ago the civilised world recognised King Leopold as the *mandataire* of civilisation in Central Africa, and hoped great things from the establishment under international auspices of the Empire of the Congo. To-day the world has discovered that the *mandataire* of civilisation has taken advantage of this international recognition in order to exploit the unfortunate natives so mercilessly that it is doubtful whether the worst horrors inflicted by the Arab slave-raiders equal the atrocities perpetrated by this Vampire State and its cannibal troops. Public opinion in this country has expressed itself unmistakably. Sir Edward Grey, last month, intimated that he would wait and see whether the Belgian Government would intervene. If they did not, he would appeal to the powers; and if they failed, he would then consider what England could do single-handed. The Belgian Government has met the Chamber with a programme which at this moment of writing is being hotly debated in Brussels. The Belgian Prime Minister, after many professions of admiration for King Leopold and vehement protestations of independence, promised that Parliament should vote this Session on the question of the annexation of Congoland to Belgium. If it decided in the affirmative negotiations would begin for a transfer Convention with the Congo State. Meantime the Minister proceeded:—

It seems to the Government that the best safeguard for its Colonial possessions lies in the intervention of a committee, the mode of organisation of which would ensure its competence and independence. This institution should be able to comply with future exigencies.

Humph! It is too much like the phraseology of Mr. Pecksniff to command much confidence. But we shall see!

The Danger in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is straining on the leash, and unless the Powers wake up and intervene actively in Macedonia there may be—some say there is certain to be—war in the Balkans in the spring. The Sultan is said to be dying. Bulgaria is near to the end of its resources. Macedonia is in as wretched a state as she was before the alleged "reforms" were introduced. Nothing has been done to save our miserable proteges whom Lord Beaconsfield thrust under the heel of the Turk in 1878, and unless vigorous coercion is applied to the Sultan at Constantinople, to compel him to appoint a Christian Governor of Macedonia, subject to the approval of the Powers, Bulgaria, who has a fine army of 300,000 stalwart soldiers within a few days' march of Constantinople, may decide to stake her fortunes in a gallant effort to liberate the enslaved province. The danger of a declaration of war by Bulgaria is the lever which may rouse the Concert of Europe to action. What we ought to do is to do our utmost to arrive at an agreement with Russia as to what ought to be done, and then do it with the consent of the other Powers if possible, but do it in any case. Anglo-Russian joint action for the coercion of the Sultan is now, as it was in 1876, the only method of effecting a pacific settlement of the Balkan question.

M. Clémenceau, last month, told the Paris correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* that

to desire war would be equivalent to being perfectly mad. Indeed, it would be quite impossible for us to conduct a *Kriegs politik* for our Parliament would at once send us packing, and the whole nation would be against us.

His Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, declared:—

I really cannot see why we should not have good relations with Germany. At what point in the world are we in Germany's way. Our ententes and our alliances of friendship are directed against nobody. They have no point against Germany. We desire that our relations with Germany should improve, and we shall put that desire into practice.

So far so good. But M. Clémenceau appears to have ruffled German susceptibilities by complaining about the hurricane of abuse which broke out shortly after he took office, and they appear to have upset him by what he describes as their one great fault. "They treat us at one time with extreme amiability and the next moment with excessive roughness."

*Photo. by]**[Russell and Sons.*

ROYAL VISITORS TO ENGLAND FROM NORSELAND.
KING HAAKON, QUEEN MAUD, AND THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE OLAF.

There is a disposition in some quarters at Berlin to regard M. Clémenceau alternately as the catspaw of the British Jingoës, and the next moment as the dangerous intriguer who is making a tool of John Bull. In reality both M. Clémenceau and John Bull are honest men, who would take any amount of trouble to live a quiet life and be on good terms with all their neighbours, especially Germany.

Reform in Russia M. Stolypin survives; and he not only survives, but he stolidly, in true Russian fashion, persists in doggedly carrying out his programme. Last month, by a stroke of his pen, he effected one of the greatest agrarian revolutions by the abolition of the communal system of land tenure, which has hitherto been the distinctive feature of Russian life. Henceforth the peasants can all become independent landowners. Instead of having communal rights in the land, the ownership is vested in the Mir. There appears to be some truth in the story that M. Stolypin has come to terms with the Jews, and that, as a consequence, the Jews are to "let up" on the Revolution. What are exactly the terms of the deal no one at present knows. But the agitation among the anti-Semites is intense. Russia, they declare, is being sold into Jewish slavery, and the Jew will not even pay the price in the shape of a new loan. Meanwhile, preparations are going on for the election of the new Duma. If it is like the last it will probably be dissolved like its predecessor. But surely the moment has now come when the leaders of the revolutionary movement and the Liberals generally should endeavour to come to an understanding with the Tsar. The rooted distrust which keeps them at dynamical distance from each other can only result in mutual ruin.

Our Royal Guests. The visit of the King and Queen of Norway to this country has been one of the pleasant incidents of the month. Little Prince Olaf has been adopted as a kind of newspaper pet, and everyone has done their best to give our visitors a warm welcome. It is fortunately possible to do this without in any way offending our Swedish friends, whose magnanimity and self-restraint in assenting to the change in the *status* of Norway have never been more sincerely recognised than during this visit. The ties between us and our Scandinavian kinsfolk, whether Dane or Norseman or Swede, cannot be too closely drawn. We have much to learn from these countries. Denmark shows us the way to the revival of agricultural prosperity. Norway, through Hønsen, has done much to revive the failing faith of many in the value of the acted play. Nor must it be forgotten the whole system by which our youth is being trained to secure that sound body without which a sound mind is of little use is based upon

Swedish exercises, while the Swedish system of massage has restored health and strength to an annually increasing number of British subjects.

**The Wise Words
of
Prince Bülow.**

I have seldom read any speech with more heartfelt satisfaction than I read the report of the statement made by Prince von Bülow in the Reichstag last month on the subject of Germany's relations with her neighbours, and particularly with England. Nothing could have been better in tone, in manner, and in matter than the speech of the German Chancellor. It was dignified, friendly and sensible, and nothing could have been more calculated to contribute to the much-to-be-desired *entente* between England and Germany. Especially gratifying was the significant emphasis which the Chancellor laid upon the visit of the German editors to England last summer. He said:—

He hoped that the journalists of the two countries had learned to know each other as gentlemen, and that patriotism and fidelity to their respective convictions would in future be compatible with the avoidance of malice and *mala fides* in the polemics. He hoped that the press of both countries would show that it resembled the lance of Achilles, which could heal the wounds it inflicted. There was no reasonable person in Germany who did not sincerely desire tranquil relations with England.

The Chancellor went on to say that the German enthusiasm for the Boers was not due to hatred of England—but that was an unnecessary remark after the last General Election. For if the great majority of the English people, including their present Ministers, were to faithfully express what they feel about the South African war and its authors, Prince Bülow would find it difficult to find anything as strong in the German press of 1899-1902. The Germans hated the Boer War from their romanticism and idealism. We had a deeper and more national reason for hating it, in that it brought shame and infamy and world-wide reproach upon our country.

**The Alleged
Anglo-French
Military
Convention.**

Notwithstanding the reassuring statement of the German Chancellor, many of the best friends of England on the German press are profoundly uneasy. They look with grave misgivings upon the intimate relations which exist between M. Clémenceau and the British Cabinet. They distrust M. Clémenceau. They do not quite realise how years and responsibility have sobered that *gamin de Paris*, and they do not do justice to his genuine hatred of war. Thanks to some remarks attributed to General French when he attended the French military manoeuvres, they have got hold of an absurd notion that C.-B.'s Government has been negotiating a military convention with France, the point of which, of course, would be turned against Germany. M. Clémenceau unfortunately gave some colour to this preposterous notion by his somewhat equivocal answer to the interpellation of M. Gaudin

de Villaine in the Senate. "Is there: yes or no," asked the Senator, "a military convention with England?" M. Clémenceau replied:—

I should be the most embarrassed man in the world if I had to reply to you "Yes" or "No." All I can say to you is that I do not think any such convention exists.

It was an unfortunate form of words. If the Prime Minister of France does not know of the existence of any such convention, it is obvious that there is no such convention, and why he should have been "the most embarrassed man in the world" when challenged to say "Yes" or "No" to a question, the only answer to which was "No," it is difficult to understand. Of course everyone knows that there is no such convention. Imagine C.-B., of all men in the world, descending to such depths.

The Battle of the Trusts.

One of the most amusing episodes of the month of November has been the fierce battle between two great Trusts—the Soap Trust and the Newspaper Trust. The fun of the thing consisted in the fact that, although the war against the Soap Trust was waged almost entirely by the Newspaper Trust in its own interest, the deluded British public was kept entirely in the dark as to the very existence of the Newspaper Trust. If the Soap Trust had been successfully launched it would have saved in advertising alone more than £100,000, of which more than half goes into the pocket of the great newspaper combine which the late Alfred Harmsworth has devoted all his energies to build up. This gigantic combine—far more dangerous and insidious than the Soap Trust, inasmuch as it works secretly and deceives the public by palming off the utterances of its gramophone cylinders as if they were the independent utterances of public opinion—took alarm at the prospect of the loss of so much advertising revenue. But instead of saying so frankly and avowing the reason why it disliked the Soap Trust, it adopted the hypocritical method of attacking Trusts on principle and denouncing practices of which the worst that can be said is that they are a faint milk-and-water imitation of its own. In the end, the Newspaper Trust triumphed and the advertising revenue of the gramophone press is secure. It is all good business, no doubt, but it is playing it a little too low down upon the British public to ask it to throw up its hat and rejoice over this signal victory over Trusts.

The Epitaph on the South African War.

I have no intention of dwelling upon the latest phase of the controversy as to Chinese labour. It justifies, and more than justifies, the warnings which we addressed in vain to the late Government before they imported a single Chinaman. I will only add that it is now possible to



J. S. Jones.

Tribune.]

Reflections.

OLD AGE PENSIONS: "Ah, if I was only active enough to make a disturbance, I might get some attention."

write the epitaph of the South African War. Its history can be summed up in three words:—

| | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| JUDAS. | CAIN. | SODOM. |
| 1895-1899 | 1899-1902 | 1904-1906. |

The treachery of Judas blossomed into the homicide of Cain, and both brought forth their natural fruit in the horrors of the Cities of the Plain.

The Government and Old Age Pensions.

The Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, being waited upon by an influential deputation last month, have pledged the Government to a scheme of universal old age pensions—"subject to certain well-understood restrictions." C.-B. said the Government was only prevented by limits of time and money from acceding to their request. Mr. Asquith said the Government regarded the question as one of extreme urgency, and declared that nothing was nearer to his heart. "Limits of time and money" are, however, apt to be insuperable. The familiar prayer, "Ye gods, annihilate both time and space and make two lovers happy," is not often answered. Still if Ministers really mean what they say, there are two things which must be done. They must resolutely set on foot a crusade of peace, for a much more serious reduction of armaments than that which has yet been contemplated, and they must begin next year to provide old age pensions for all veterans who have survived eighty. If they have not money enough for that, let them pension all centenarians. It does not matter so long as they make a beginning. If every year the pensioners were allowed to qualify a year earlier—even if they began with centenarians next year—all over sixty-five would be drawing pensions in 1932. The International League of Peace for which C.-B. sighed

twelve months ago is the indispensable preliminary to any effective policy of social reform.

The Kaiser Interviewed.

The Kaiser, who ought to have been born a journalist, is beginning to chafe against the unwritten law which forbids the publication of interviews with Emperors. Cardinal Manning always used to insist that not only were sovereigns *sacro-sanct*, but that their representatives should also be fenced off from the familiarity of the interviewer. The Kaiser, however, being a law unto himself, last month gave permission to a Bavarian poet, dramatist, and journalist, Dr. Ludwig Ganghofer by name, to interview him for the Press. The interview, which has gone the round of the Press, justifies the new departure. Henceforth the Kaiser will have another means of expressing himself in the hearing of the public. By pageant, by ukase, by speeches, by letters, by telegrams, by sermons—all these did not suffice. And now to all these is added the Interview. But does the Kaiser in his dealings with journalists always act up to his noble dictum that you should trust all men until you prove they are not to be trusted? If it be true, as he says, that "Whoever is mistrustful commits an injustice towards others and harms himself," then assuredly the Kaiser has harmed himself considerably by extending to all members of the journalistic craft the suspicion and mistrust with which one of our number is said to have inspired him many years ago.

Anti-Imperialism in Germany.

The Kaiser's theme when discoursing to his interviewer was the wisdom of a breezy optimism; but he combined with it a rather plaintive lamentation over the injustice of the cruel, cruel world which would not even "credit him with any independence." Although he is an optimist, and intends to go on being an optimist to the end of his days—his Majesty has a cheerful confidence in the lasting soundness of his liver—he is distressed to find that wherever he goes people are suffering from *Reichsverdrossenheit*, which, being interpreted, means that they are "fed up" on Empire. The full soul loatheth the honeycomb, and the Germans of to-day feel that they have had just a little too much of Empire. To think Imperially is all very well once in a way; but to breakfast, dine, tea and sup off Empire while the household goes to rack and ruin is too much even for Germans. It was largely *Reichsverdrossenheit* that was responsible for the catastrophe which overwhelmed the Balfour administration. If the Kaiser could lay his hands on another "C.-B." he might find it well to let the Empire have a little rest. It is stated that the Germans have spent £30,000,000 in recent years trying to found a Colonial Empire, which, if put up to auction to-morrow would hardly find a bidder at a knock-out price of £100,000.

The International Maine Law for Aborigines.

The White man's burden is made considerably heavier by his practice of adding drunkenness and opium-smoking to the vices of his aboriginal wards. By way of reducing this unnecessary addition to the weight which Imperial races have to carry, the International Reform Bureau of Washington has been labouring for some years to secure an international interdict upon the supply of opium and alcohol to the aboriginal races of the world. The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, the superintendent and soul of the movement, has been lecturing all over Britain this last month in support of the work of the Bureau. He is very hopeful that all the Governments will come into line on this subject. He was at Brussels while the African Conference was sitting, and he had a great success in impressing Prohibitionist principles upon its members. Even Germany and Portugal are now in favour of higher duties on trade gin, and from high duties to prohibition there is but a step, although it is a rather long one. China at last seems really anxious to deal effectively with the opium scourge. I wish Dr. Crafts more power to his elbow. He is the right kind of international missionary. A born hustler, he does not let any grass grow under his feet; and as he has got President Roosevelt at his back, he seems likely to secure widespread support for his proposal that England and America should jointly propose to all civilised Powers a treaty providing for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants and opium to all uncivilised races.



Morning Leader.]

BRITON TO BOER: "If mischief-makers would only let us alone we'd work out our own salvation, and between us rid the country of 'undesirables.'"

[Lord Milner, speaking in the House of Lords on Wednesday in favour of his pet scheme of land settlement, contributed another of his bitterly partisan utterances based on hostility to the Boers.]

The Indians in the Transvaal. There came last month to this country two Indians from the Transvaal to remonstrate with Lord Elgin against the new ordinance which the Provisional Government has enacted for the purpose of making the lives of British Indians in the Transvaal as degraded and as uncomfortable as possible. Their case is overwhelming. We went to war with Paul Kruger because, among other things, he did not treat British Indian subjects as well as British subjects ought to be treated. No sooner did we upset Paul Kruger than we set up a Government which in every single particular treats our British Indian subjects worse than they were ever treated by Oom Paul. And now by way of filling up the cup of our iniquity the Legislative Council, has passed an ordinance which alters the law of 1885 for the worse in every particular and reduces civilised educated British Indian subjects to a lower level than the Kaffirs. Of course, Lord Elgin can never allow this ordinance to come into effect. It will be suspended until the subject can be dealt with under responsible government. But what superfluity of naughtiness for the Legislative Council to pass such an ordinance as if solely for the purpose of adding a final demonstration to the vast accumulation of proofs of the hypocritical pretences by which the late war was popularised in this country! The one remedy for all these oppressive regulations directed against Asiatics is to pass a law declaring that the Jews are Asiatics. There would be no more anti-Asiatic ordinances then in Jewburg.

The Rhodes' Scholars at Oxford. From a statement published last month by Dr. Parkin, on behalf of the Rhodes Trustees, there are now in residence at Oxford 161 Rhodes scholars, distributed among twenty colleges, 7 being at Balliol and 13 each at Christ Church and Worcester. Of the 161, 79 come from the United States, although five States failed to furnish a qualified candidate in 1904, and eight in 1905. Canada sends 24, Australia 18, South Africa 17, New Zealand, Bermuda, Newfoundland and Jamaica 5 each. There are 11 from Germany, who only hold their scholarships for two years. The Colonial scholars have distanced the Americans. Mr. H. T. Rose, of Quebec, has taken the Ireland Scholarship, while Mr. Behan, of Melbourne, has swept the board in the Law. He won, among other things, the Eldon Law Scholarship of £200 for three years. Among the scholars mentioned as having won distinctions in the past year only six come from the United States, five from South Africa and the Dominion of Canada, four from Australia, two from New Zealand. The next qualifying examination is fixed for January 17th and 18th, 1907, and the names of successful competitors must be notified to the Trust before April 15th. If as much pains was taken to imbue the scholars with the ideas of "the

pious founder" as there is to select the best men for the scholarships, the ideal of Mr. Rhodes would now be well on its way to realisation.

A Question of Ethics. The campaign of the Suffragettes last month was continued with vigour. One episode has excited considerable remark. Mr. W. R. Cremer, who, although he has been twice married, is a vehement opponent of woman's suffrage, was announced to deliver a lecture on International Arbitration to an Ethical Society meeting on Sunday night in South London. Before he began to speak ten ladies mounted the platform and protested against Mr. Cremer being allowed to address an Ethical meeting after the way in which he had insulted womanhood in the House of Commons. Their ground of protest was not that he opposed woman's suffrage. It was because in doing so he selected as a subject for public jest and jape the distinctive disability of the sex to which no public allusion is ever allowed, and had further amused the House by a fancy picture of a future Lord Chancellor seized with labour pains while sitting on the Woolsack. It is obvious that to protest that this infringement of the decencies of controversy should disqualify its author from addressing an Ethical meeting is a very different thing from attempting to deny a hearing to a man because he is opposed to woman's suffrage. The ladies, having made their protest, and having had their vote of censure rejected by the meeting, retired, leaving Mr. Cremer free to deliver his lecture. It was an interesting reminder that however much some men may dislike to recognise it, when women come into politics men must learn to behave themselves decently both in speech and in action. If they do not, then they may look out for squalls.

The Assaults on the Suffragettes. The statement made last month as to the indecent assaults committed on some of the Suffragettes by the men who ejected them from Liberal meetings at Liverpool and Birmingham has been angrily denied. That, of course. Men who would commit such an offence would not hesitate to deny it. They probably calculated upon the reluctance of their victims to say anything about the outrage to which they had been subjected. They are still chuckling over the fact that, owing to the indecency of their offences, they need not fear prosecution. Most women—especially young women—would rather suffer their brutalities than undergo the hideous ordeal of having to describe publicly, before a Court full of men, the shameful indignities which they suffered. But let no one imagine that on that account they will persuade anybody that there was no misconduct on their part. I did not make my charge without good grounds, and while entirely exonerating the responsible officials of any com-

plicity in the outrages, the fact that they took place is unfortunately as indisputable as is the other fact, that owing to the nature of the offence the victims properly shrink from having to say what happened in a Police Court. I have said nothing about the language used to the women as they were being carried out of the hall. But when ladies are told that they ought to be shut up all night in a cell with a company of drunken Guardsmen, no one can be surprised if some of the brutes who thus frankly owned their desire for the violation of the Suffragettes should have done a little indecent mishandling on their own account.

A Lady's Ride Across Morocco.

There is so seldom any good news from Morocco that it is with a sigh of relief I came upon the news that a couple of English (or Irish) ladies had ridden without an armed escort right across that distracted Empire in the month of October. Mrs. Frances Campbell, who has often contributed to our pages, and Mrs. Mansel Pleydell, set off on horseback from Tangier on October 10th, and in ten days, riding thirteen hours a day, they arrived at Fez. No ladies have ever before achieved such a feat. They had four servants. At one point they were attacked by robbers intent upon stealing their mules, but fortunately the rascals decamped without their booty. The accompanying portrait of Mrs. Frances Campbell will interest our readers. She is a frail slip of a woman, but she has travelled far and wide, and has made for herself an honourable position in the forefront of the woman journalists of the world.



Mrs. Frances Campbell.

The Editors' Visit to India.

One of the minor consequences of the prolongation of the Parliamentary Session to the eve of Christmas has been the abandonment—I hope only the postponement—of the visit of half-a-dozen representatives of our newspapers to India as the guests of the Indian—not the Anglo-Indian—Press. The project, originally set forth in the pages of the *Indian World*, was taken up with enthusiasm, and a programme was mapped out, by which the British journalists would have spent six weeks in a most interesting tour through the three Presidencies. We were to have sailed at the end of November and returned at the middle of February. Nothing could have exceeded the cordiality with which the Indian newspapers took up the idea, and I am personally as much surprised as I have been delighted by the warmth of the hospitality offered to the British party. Unfortunately, with the crisis between Lords and Commons at its height, it was impossible for us all to leave the country, and unless we had left at the end of November it would have been impossible for us to reach Calcutta in time for the Congress. So with many regrets on both sides the visit had to be abandoned—let us

hope only to be revived another year. Note, by the way, that there has been a good deal of talk about my presiding over the Indian National Congress. There is nothing in it. Three or four years ago I was invited to go out to preside over the Congress. I declined. This year the subject has never been mooted.

The Future of India.

According to the *Englishman*, "Mr. Stead's views as to the better government of India were that the country should be made largely autonomous under the rule of Indian rajahs." Mr. Stead read this news with some surprise, not being aware that he had ever ventured to express any such opinion. Still more surprising is the story put about by the *Pioneer* that Mr. Morley is contemplating the creation of a Bengal kingdom under a Nepal prince, who is to be allowed to bring with him an armed force of 45,000 men. Compare these announcements with Zadkiel's forecast for 1907:—

April.—The entry of Mars into Capricorn, the sign ruling India, Mexico, and Greece, is fraught with trouble for these countries. . . . A most important epoch for India is now inaugurated. Let the British Government and the Viceroy accept this serious warning that a great crisis is

at hand. A wave of fanaticism will soon surge far and wide over Hindostan. Precautions must be taken accordingly, or the consequences will be appalling.

A correspondent in India, writing on the *Pioneer's* story, says:—

Nepal has already, to all intents and purposes, adopted conscription, and is putting as far as her military and financial resources will allow, every male through the military mill. Formerly our Gurkhas enlisted for a pension; now they only serve for three years and return to Nepal. Our really our twenty Gurkha regiments are nurseries for the Nepal army. How long do you think we shall continue to hold India with 100,000 of the most martial race in India perfectly trained and equipped in Nepal?

Gruesome Tiger Story. While we are training the Gurkhas, we are—or rather we have been since Lord Curzon's time—depriving the natives on one side of the Nepal frontier of the firearms which they need to defend themselves against wild beasts. A correspondent writes me as follows concerning the result of this interdict:—

An estate called Mayavati, fifteen miles from Nepal, is now being ravaged by one, some say two, man-eating tigers. In three months twenty women of this village have been known to have been killed and eaten. There are probably others of whose fate nothing is known. Owing to the taking away of the guns from the headmen of the villages (owing, I think, to Curzon's orders), the place is becoming the haunt of bears, leopards, wolves, and the fiercer carnivores. The people are absolutely defenceless. Appeals to the Commissioner of the District elicit no response. Nay, it would even seem as if the Government wished the place to be given over to the wild beasts. A young Englishman recently shot two leopards there, which were a peril to the countryside. When he applied for a reward for killing dangerous carnivores, the Commissioner replied by asking him to show cause why he should not be heavily fined for killing wild animals without a special permit! In one case a whole village pursued a tiger for two miles, shouting and stoning, to make him drop a woman he had seized. He did so at last, but she was headless.

Free Libraries in Ireland. To judge from a very interesting debate which took place last month in the board-room of Newcastle West Union, the Catholic clergy in Ireland must be reckoned among the opponents of Free Libraries. Monsignor Hallinan, who attended the meeting of the Union accompanied by two curates, and armed with a letter from Cardinal Logue, strongly opposed the adoption of the Free Libraries Act in the interest of the faith and morals of his flock, of which he was responsible to the Bishop of the Diocese. The education, he said, was denominational, and their libraries should also be denominational. If they wanted suitable and safe reading, let them support the Catholic Truth Society, and found parochial libraries. "In the nature of things it was impossible Catholics and Protestants could agree as to the fitness or otherwise of books for Public Libraries." Besides as Irishmen and Catholics he adjured them to have

nothing to do with an institution which was not only founded on undenominational principles, but which poured forth a torrent of evil from a fetid source over the half-educated young people of the land. In the three Catholic cities which had Free Libraries, 87 of the books read were fiction—and what fiction? Only 5 per cent. of it was written by Irish or Anglo-Irish authors. Ninety-five per cent. was written by English, Scotch and American novelists, whose heroes and heroines set aside the restraints of the moral law. So the Free Library being thus denounced with bell, book and candle as an instrument for the Anglicisation of the Irish and the corruption of morals, was banished from Newcastle West by 23 votes to 10.

The Hague Conference.

No date has been fixed as yet for the meeting of the Hague Conference. The Russian Government is still waiting for the opinion of two or three Powers, as to the most convenient season, but it is probable it will meet again on May 18th, the Emperor's birthday. It is hoped that all the Powers, our own included, are busily engaged in those preliminary studies which are indispensable if real work is to be done. It is understood that our Government is anxious to raise the question of an arrest or a reduction of armaments, but it is broadly hinted that Germany will not take part in the Conference if the subject is mooted. As it is not of the slightest use mooted any subject on which there is no chance of agreement, everything depends upon whether an understanding can be arrived at between Berlin and London on this subject. If it is impossible, then this item had much better be stricken out of the agenda. There is plenty to do without that. First, there is the declaration that any Power making war without first availing themselves of the Nelidoff proposition in the existing Convention—by which would-be belligerents follow the example of duellists, and place the affair in the hands of seconds before proceeding to extremities, or without submitting the question in dispute to a *Commission d'Enquête*—should be considered as a *hostis humani generis*, subjected to a kind of secular excommunication, denied the privilege of raising loans in the foreign market, and in every other way treated as an outlaw and enemy of civilisation. Secondly, there is the proposal to institute a Peace Budget in every country for the active promotion of international fraternity and the removal of prejudice and misunderstandings which lead to war. This is perhaps the most important of all the proposals before the Conference. For it imposes upon the Governments the duty of making an active propaganda of peace and goodwill among their subjects, and of appropriating a small definite percentage of their naval and military budgets for the promotion of those friendly feelings between peoples which would render it unnecessary to use either armies or navies.

NIUE ISLAND AND ITS HAT INDUSTRY.

BY RONALD BUCHANAN.

Of the sixteen Pacific Islands annexed to New Zealand in 1901, the largest is Niue, better known, perhaps, as Savage Island, the name given to it by Captain Cook in consequence of the reception accorded to him when he landed at Opahi in 1774. The area of the island is exactly 100 square miles. In point of productiveness however, it cannot compare with such an island as Rarotonga, with its rich mountain valleys and alluvial flats. For Niue is entirely a coral island. It is apparently the result of two distinct upheavals, for in general configuration it takes the form of two terraces, the one about 90 feet and the other about 220 feet above sea level. What was once a fringing reef is now the lower terrace, on which most of the villages are situated. Niue is for the most part unploughable, and it is said, with a great deal of truth, that the most serviceable implement of agriculture on the island is the crowbar. The coral rock

obtrudes itself everywhere, but in the crevices and hollows it has decomposed into a fairly rich soil, and in the centre of the island, where decomposition has, perhaps, been greatest, the rock is covered by a layer of red earth. But notwithstanding its rocky character, Niue has a rich growth of the usual tropical vegetation, and large trees are found—a species of ebony among them—some of which run up to 150 feet in height, and measure five feet in diameter. Coconut palms are plentiful, and the manufacture of copra is one of the staple industries of the island. Fungus is also exported in large quantities.

But it is with the manufacture of hats that I wish principally to deal. This is Niue's distinctive industry. During 1905 hats to the number of 6066 dozen were exported, the output for the June quarter being no less than 3418 dozen. For 1904 also the export exceeded 6000 dozen. The greater por-



Photo.]

Anchorage at Alofi, Niue.

[G. A. Read.



[Photo.]

[C. F. Maxwell.]

"Fa" Growing Among Coconut Palms.

tion of the trade is with Auckland, from which all parts of the colony are supplied: but considerable numbers of hats are exported to Tonga, Samoa, and Rarotonga. So far, no very extensive trade has been done with Australia, which is somewhat surprising, as one would imagine that there, if anywhere, there would be a large and growing demand for hats of the Niue type. Probably they are not yet sufficiently known. If that be so, this article may help to serve a useful purpose.

The material used in the manufacture of Niue hats is the leaf of the pandanus, or screw pine, called by the natives *fa*. In both foliage and fruit it bears some resemblance to the pineapple, and for this reason the pineapple, which is a comparatively recent introduction into Niue, is also known as *fa* among the people. The plant grows plentifully throughout the island, and, like the New Zealand flax, the crop seems to be improved by cutting. A coarse variety of pandanus is indigenous to Niue, and is used in the manufacture of mats, etc., as well as for thatching the neat coral dwellings of the natives. The finer quality of *fa*, from which hats and baskets are made, was introduced from other islands about thirty years ago, and it is being extensively planted in the localities most suited to its growth. The lower leaves of the plant are

cut at a certain stage of their development, and after being scraped with a blunt knife or similar instrument, are dried in the sun. They are then split up into fibres of the necessary fineness, which, when thoroughly seasoned, are ready for the process of plaiting. It is important that the leaves be cut at the right stage. The greenish tinge sometimes noticeable in Niue hats is due to the use of insufficiently matured leaves. It is necessary, also, to see that the requisite degree of growth has not been exceeded.

The Niue women are all more or less skilful plaiters, and many of them are remarkably expert. If they could be induced to use the real Panama grass there is no doubt they would produce a very superior article. The experiment has been tried, supplies of grass having been imported for the purpose by the local traders, but it has been only moderately successful. The making of a Panama hat is a slow and difficult undertaking. It takes from ten days to a month or more to complete one good specimen. The Niue woman knows that she will receive from 7s. to 10s. for her work, and her commercial instincts are sufficiently keen for her to understand that this is not good business, since she can turn out six ordinary trade hats of the Niue



[Photo.]

Niue Girl Cutting "Fa."

[C. F. Maxwell.]

type in a week, and be paid at the rate of 1s. each for them. Moreover the Panama has to be woven under somewhat trying conditions if good work is to be produced. Every fibre must be kept thoroughly moist to ensure the necessary degree of pliability, and this involves working in the rain, or during the night, when the air is humid. Some of the South American Indians do their plaiting in water, but this, though no doubt a very effective plan, is hardly one that will commend itself to the native mind for general adoption. The Niue women, when making Panamas, have overcome this difficulty tolerably well by working in the caves which abound all round the coast of the island, where the air is moist and cool, but they have found the work tedious and uncongenial. The fibre is more difficult to work than is the local *fa* under equal conditions, and the texture of the Panama is generally much finer than that of the Niue hat. The work is laborious, prolonged, and not sufficiently remunerative, and for these reasons the Niue women prefer to confine their operations to the local material. Excellent results have been obtained with the imported grass, however, and some of the Panamas made in Niue have been declared by competent traders to be equal to the ordinary Indian or French



Photo.]

Hatmaking, Niue. Finished Article in Foreground.

[C. F. Maxwell.]

article, except, perhaps, in point of whiteness. The Niueans, apparently, have not yet mastered the art of bleaching as practised by the French manufacturer.

In making a Niue hat, also, a certain degree of moisture is essential to good results, but the difficulty with the *fa* in this respect is not so great as with the Panama grass. In dull or damp weather the work can be carried on in the open, as shown in the accompanying photograph; but on dry days the weavers seek the moist atmosphere of the coral caverns already referred to. It is there, indeed, that most of the work is done, and day after day, when trade is brisk, companies of happy, simple-minded girls wend their way to their rocky work-rooms, their laughter mingling with the ceaseless



Photo.]

Resident Commissioner, Niue (Mr. C. F. Maxwell), Visiting a Steamer at Alofi Anchorage.

[G. H. Read.]

*Photo.]*

Captain Cook's Landing Place at Opahi, Niue.

[S. Percy Smith.*Photo.]*

Schoolhouse at Alofi, Niue.

[J. A. Read.

surging of the great ocean, and there, in the dim light and the cool, damp air, the nimble fingers and the busy tongues set to work, and so, weaving and gossiping, these dusky daughters of Eve pass their days pleasantly enough. When the plaiting is completed the hats are sold to the local traders, who dry them thoroughly in the sun before packing for export.

At the present time the hat industry of Niue is quiet, the large output of the past year or two having apparently somewhat overstocked the market. It may take some little time for matters to adjust themselves, but a revival is sure to come before long, and meanwhile the native women are "keep-

ing their hands in." The industry is but in its infancy. Much may be done in the way of educating the natives to a more careful selection of their material and the adoption of a greater variety of style. With some such improvement in methods, and the opening of fresh markets, the manufacture of Niue hats should take an important place among the industrial affairs of the colonies. There

is no reason why the island hat may not yet prove a fair rival to the famed Panama. It may never be made quite so fine in texture or so white in colour as the foreign article, but it should be possible to bring it sufficiently near in both these particulars to popularise it for ordinary town wear. Up to the



Photo.]

Coconut Palms, Niue.

[G. A. Read.

present it has not attained to this distinction to any extent except among the ladies, by whom it has been used in large numbers, converted by a little womanly manipulation into a most becoming, as well as distinctly serviceable, head-dress. For country wear, however, it would be hard to excel it. Light, cool, and marvellously durable, they are in use to-day in every part of New Zealand.



**Next Month a Special Article on Tattersall's
and its Many-sided Iniquities will appear.**

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS IN QUEENSLAND.

BY THOMAS PARKER.

The deportation now going on of some thousands of Kanakas from Queensland to their former homes in the South Sea Islands forms an interesting incident in the evolution of a "white Australia." Their numbers have been so few, somewhere about 6000 in all, and spread over such an immense territory, that the question of a race problem being created by their presence has never been regarded seriously.

cultivation. Many absurd stories have been told of the bringing over of these people to Queensland, and hints have been made of the system being a kind of slavery, all without any foundation. The "boys" were engaged at their homes to come to Queensland to work for a term of years, and their employers were to provide liberally for them on the voyage and for their return, as well as pay them



A Kanaka's Home in Queensland.

The owner at the garden gate.

HOW THE KANAKAS CAME.

It was the exigencies of the sugar industry which brought these people to our shores. Unlike the Chinese and Japanese immigrants, whose advent amongst us has been of the nature of uninvited guests, the islanders only came when they were sent for. Rightly or wrongly, our sugar growers of the past generation thought cultivating sugar cane was only fit for blackfellows, and they turned to the islands of the Pacific for labour suited to tropical

during their stay. All this has been carried out under careful government supervision, and the whole business, so far, has had no taint of slavery or injustice. On the contrary, the people most concerned, the Islanders, as well as their employers, have been so satisfied that these people have generally chosen to remain after their agreements expired, and have been received as permanent settlers. It is true that, before the introduction of government supervision many years ago, some irregularities occurred in con-

nection with the bringing over of the Islanders to Queensland, but anything of this kind has long since disappeared. They must also have been exceptional instances, as I have never heard of them from the older people who were imported in the early days. For a long time, however, the careful superintendence by government officials looking after the interests of the labourers, has effectually removed all chance of unfairness or irregularity in the employment of Pacific Island labour.

sailing from our shores. They have been, generally speaking, law-abiding, sober, contented, most industrious and frugal. Many of them, I know, have respectable deposits in the savings bank. What induced them to consent to come to Australia, unless it was a love of adventure, it would perhaps be difficult to say. They left their happy isles where their people live on yams, potatoes and sugar cane, and where the labour of a few days is sufficient, with their fertile soil, to provide food for a whole



Five Kanaka Matrons at Settlement near Rockhampton!

Mrs. Lowe, in centre of group, owns the cottage in the background.

THEIR USEFUL WORK IN AUSTRALIA.

Some have come from the Loyalty islands, others from the Solomons or the New Hebrides, and, as a whole, they have been useful in opening up and cultivating a large portion of the rich lands in Queensland which are adapted to the sugar cane. Apart altogether from the questions whether it was desirable to introduce coloured labour at all, or whether such labour is cheaper than that of white men, it is a fact that these natives of the Pacific islands have served a useful purpose, and they deserve a word of kindly commendation, those of them who are now

year. Why should they have left such homes for a life of continuous toil? As Byron graphically pictures the life of their forefathers:—

They knew no higher, sought no happier state,
Had no fine instinct of superior joys.
Why should they toil to make the earth bring forth,
When without toil she gave them all they wanted?

There is something in the presence of these Polynesians in Australia which reminds us of what is still the mystery of the Pacific Ocean. It has left its marks in a strange way upon Easter Island. There are the wonderful remains of some people who

must have lived there many ages ago. That island contains remains of stone houses, sculptured stones, gigantic stone images. There are also paintings of figures of birds, geometrical figures, and a statue was found which has been removed to the British Museum. Perhaps these Islanders have had a civilised ancestry superior to our own. * This mystery is worthy of more research by anthropologists of the Southern Hemisphere.

What, then, led these people to consent to come over to Australia? Was it a longing after this pre

islands, and their educational and religious surroundings have helped them to advance a few stages in the scale of civilised life. In a district like Central Queensland particularly, where many of them, after fulfilling their agreements on the sugar plantations, have found employment as gardeners, or have bought land of their own, the home of the Kanaka in many instances is quite a desirable little property. Fortunately in Queensland—a fact very little known in the other States of the Commonwealth—there is an abundance of coastal land of wonderful fertility



Three Generations.

Grandmother, Christiana Nelson; her daughter, Minnie Willie; son-in-law, Sam Willie; and 5 grandchildren.

historic civilisation of theirs which it has been surmised they have lost? Or was it that, having been taught the ways of a Christian civilisation by the missionaries, they were curious to see what a Christian country was like?

THEIR HOME LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

In the illustrations some glimpses are given of the life of the Kanakas in Queensland. On the sugar plantations they have been provided with a style of living in advance of that of their native

procurable at a nominal price. So it happens that a few acres of volcanic soil, as prolific as that of his own island, can be secured by the Kanaka for a trifling sum. It is no wonder that some of them have been settled for forty years in Queensland, with its rich lands and splendid climate, and that many of them cling to the land of their adoption. The picture of our artist showing three generations of one Kanaka family, two generations of whom are Australian-born, is a striking illustration of this.

Then these people have been no loafers or out-

casts from Australian life, but have always been industrious and self-sustaining. In the little settlement of their own, near Rockhampton, "the boys," as they are called, are proud of their little church building, erected entirely at their own cost. It is regularly used for their meetings during the week, whilst on Sundays many of them who are adherents and communicants attend the churches of the locality; their children also are found in the day schools of the State, and have a smartness and intelligence little short of white Australian children.

That was the piteous appeal of the Kanaka to Australian Christians, and one which was bound to find a response from every citizen who values the good name of Australia. Thanks, however, to the humane recommendations of the Queensland Government, the more brutal clauses of the legislation have been set aside or toned down. Instead of wholesale deportation, which would have involved many of these unoffending people in untold misery through cruel separation from their friends, or liability to death at the hands of unfriendly islanders, provision has



The Kanaka Mission Church at the Rockhampton Settlement.

The leader, with his Bible, is in the foreground.

THE OBJECTION TO BE KICKED OUT.

The legislation of the Commonwealth Parliament raised a bitter cry from the South Sea Islanders in Queensland at the beginning of this year. Said one of them to me some months ago on that matter:—"You tell us God came down to the world not for the rich man only, but for the poor as well. This is what the English Bible say, this is what the English people believe. Why then, they should do what the Bible tells them. It is a great shame that we are to be kicked away from Queensland like dogs!"

been made, on the recommendation sent from Queensland, for the exemption from deportation of several classes of the Kanakas. These are chiefly the children who have been attending the schools of the State, the old and infirm, those who have resided 20 years in Queensland, or are married to women belonging to an island other than their own. In this latter case, if the husband or wife had been sent to an island to which they did not belong, they would have been in danger of losing their lives, and the first legislation for deportation presented only

the other alternative of separating them from each other. Another reasonable exemption is made of those who have acquired freehold land—and in some instances leasehold property—in the State.

Under the revised arrangements deportation is being carried on as rapidly as possible. One of our illustrations shows a group of Kanakas on board the steamer at Brisbane which is to carry them to their island homes. They are mostly young people who have not been many years in Australia, and have been sent on from different parts of Queensland. Of the 134 Kanakas in the Rockhampton

trample on them. It is futile to say the deportation of the Kanakas was not intended to be other than humane. The fact remains that the Commonwealth legislation was inhuman, and its literal administration would have branded Australia as unfit to be the trustee of the rights of a people weaker than themselves. One of the Islanders said to a leading promoter of the deportation legislation, when on a visit to Queensland, "Why don't you send every Chinese and the Japanese from Australia? Why do you treat us only in this cruel way? I tell you why: it is because we have no powder and shot."



Kanakas Returning to Their Homes in the South Sea Islands.

district, only twenty-three are found liable to deportation under the altered arrangements, and of these twenty-three five are married to women who did not come from the same island as their husbands, and are to be allowed to remain, as it would be dangerous to land both on the same island.

The whole incident has a lesson which it would be well for the Commonwealth Parliament to study. It is, that even the most defenceless people have their rights, and no Parliament should attempt to

The threatened injustice has, however, been averted, chiefly at the instance of the Queensland Government, following upon the recommendations of a Royal Commission who visited all the Kanaka settlements in the State to inquire into the subject. The deportation is being carried out humanely, the Kanaka incident is likely to end satisfactorily, and, fortunately, our "White Australia" policy, with all its advantages, will not bear the blot of cruelty or injustice.

WHAT ABOUT THE LORDS ?

VARIOUS SPECULATIONS COLLECTED BY A LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY.

During the whole of last month the precincts of Parliament House, Westminster, have been full of strange and unaccustomed figures. Peers have been swept up from the remotest parts of the kingdom and huddled into the House of Lords—to many one of the most unfamiliar places in London. Bishops in their quaint gaiters, looking like grotesque survivals from an earlier and less graceful world, fluttered in and out of the Lobby. It was like a great drive when the coverts are full of birds just before the guns begin to shoot, and to some at least of the loiterers in the Lobby the analogy seemed exact in more ways than one.

There is no place in the whole Empire so interesting at such times of political crisis as the outer Lobby, which lies midway between the Lords and Commons. Here, in this neutral ground, to which, if you are not a Suffragette, admission is gained by any one who alleges that he wishes to meet any member of Parliament whose name he may happen to remember, you can sit or stand watching, as from some enchanted coign of vantage, the ebb and flow of politics and politicians. Ministers hurry from the Commons to the Lords. Bishops and Peers stroll through on their way from the debates. A miscellaneous but ever-shifting crowd, chiefly of men, stand on either side of the barriers that guard the entrance to the inner Lobby of the House of Commons. From time to time Members emerge in obedience to the summons of some constituent, and the sonorous voice of the policeman is heard summoning the man from the waiting throng. Most of the comfortable seats are occupied by people waiting patiently for their chance in the Gallery or for the appearance of some belated legislator. Around the marble statues of Lord Russell, Lord Granville, Lord Iddesleigh, and Mr. Gladstone there is a ceaseless but subdued murmur of many voices. Down the spacious passages that lead from the outer Lobby to the Lords, to the Commons, and to the refreshment bar, the question of the hour is being discussed by little knots of eager politicians. The whole atmosphere is electric with the conscious approach of a coming storm.

Last month the Lobby was more interesting than ever. For usually there is only one centre of political activity. The House of Lords for three-fourths of the session is an extinct volcano. But last month the Upper Chamber was a crater in full eruption. There were at times nearly half the total number of Peers entitled to sit in Parliament actually in their places. And they kept it up hour after hour, night after night, working as hard as if they had been washerwomen under the sign "mangling done here." They were as busy as bees—these mediæval

survivals, and there was such a naïve unconsciousness of their Rip van Winkleism that it was almost pathetic. On the other side of the Lobby the House of Commons toiled away at the task of Sisyphus, passing Bill after Bill in the sure and certain belief that they would meet their doom in another place. And by some curious coincidence the Tory minority waned in the Commons as it waxed in the Lords, until the Opposition could hardly muster up men enough to carry on a decent debate.

In the Lobby I had many opportunities of discussing with various notables the all-engrossing question, What about the Lords? No one seemed to know what their Lordships would do, least of all the Peers themselves. The Liberals were most unfortunate in being deprived of the services of the Lord Chancellor, who was laid up the whole month by a malady which, although primarily due to indigestion, ultimately threatened trouble to a more vital organ. If the absence of their leader was a disadvantage to the small band of two score and ten Liberal Peers, the presence of their leader was hardly less disadvantageous to the Tories. Lord Lansdowne can usually lead his flock into the fold in quiet times, when the Tory wethers follow their Tityrus without a bleat. But Tityrus playing on his reed is not of much use when the occasion demands the energy of a cowboy rounding up a mob of cattle on a ranch. The mob of Peers at Westminster did not know their leader. They revelled themselves up into bunches, and it required the frequent intervention of Lord St. Aldwyn, the occasional remonstrance of the Duke of Devonshire, and the never-ceasing admonition of the Primate to get them into any kind of order. They succeeded in turning the Education Bill inside out; but would they stick to their guns? And if they did, what then?

Said one Minister: "I ask for nothing better than that they should. Let them mangle the Education Bill, throw out the Plural Voting Bill and the Land Bill, and mutilate the Trades Dispute Bill. Then the most reluctant of our party would be compelled to see that the issue was raised, and that there is no way of escape from a fight to a finish."

"Humph!" said another, "that is all very heroic. But why should we throw away the biggest majority the Liberals have ever had merely to fight the Lords? What the Liberals must do, at any cost, is to keep the present Parliament going for six years. At the end of that time, when we have passed the legislation the people are clamouring for, then we can go to the country, if you like, on the Lords—but not till then."

"What is the use of the biggest majority on re-

cord in the House of Commons," retorts a third, "if it is to be permanently neutralised by a solid Tory majority in the House of Lords? If you are afraid to fight the Lords, they will be encouraged to reject every Liberal Bill you send up. Year after year will pass, and nothing will be done. Then, discredited and disgraced, the Liberals will be forced to dissolve, and in that dissolution the Party will disappear."

"There is not much fight on our side," said another prominent Liberal. "There are at least



[Westminster Gazette.]

The Peers' Shaving Saloon.

THE BARBER: "Are you the next? Take a seat, I've nearly finished with this gentleman."

one hundred Members who would not be re-elected if there were another election. We shall never have such a big majority as we have to-day. The Peers know full well that if they can force us to dissolve, the Tories will be much stronger in the next House of Commons than they are to-day. Hence they are not indisposed to try it on. If the worst comes to the worst the party cannot be worse off than it is to-day, and the odds are it will be much better off. The temptation to play pitch and toss is very great when it is a game of 'Heads I win and tails you lose.'"

"I would rather have a majority of 70," said a Radical M.P., "and no House of Lords, than one of 270 with this Old Man of the Sea on our shoulders. But how are we to get rid of the House of Lords? It is easy to talk. It is very difficult to do."

"The fundamental difficulty," replied another Member, "is not in the strength of the Lords, but in the hopeless division of opinion among the Liberals. There are amongst us three schools of thought, if thought it may be called where so little hard thinking has been done. There are, first, the Single Chamber men, who, although a dwindling remnant, still exist, and will have to be reckoned with. Some of them, like Mr. S——, for instance" —naming a stalwart Radical sitting near—"would fight their hardest against any scheme for creating

a Senate or for reforming the House of Lords, on the ground that the present Upper House is the nearest approach to a nullity among Upper Chambers. Secondly, there are the moderate reformers, who want in some way or other to reform the House of Lords. They are furiously opposed by most Radicals, who hold that it is impossible to reform the House of Lords without strengthening it, and as it will, after the most drastic reformation, remain essentially Conservative, the last state of things will be worse than the first. The third section would abolish the House of Lords altogether, and replace it by a Senate. They have against them the comparative novelty of the idea and the fact that there is no general agreement amongst themselves as to how the new Senate is to be constituted. Some would have it elected, like the French Senate, on a strictly democratic basis, the same electors voting in larger constituencies under some system of proportional representation. Others would have it a purely nominated small body of notables, while others again would have it composed partly of nominated and partly of *ex officio* members, with a certain proportion of persons returned by secondary elections. We are all at sixes and sevens, and there is no one who has thought the subject out sufficiently for any leader to say in what direction the rank and file are prepared to march."

"The probability is," said another observer, "that we shall muddle through in the habitual old muddling way. If the Lords force a fight, it will not be a fight to a finish. Far from it. It will only be a fight for limiting their veto, or for impairing in some other way their power for mischief. As for any of our present Ministers being prepared with a great scheme for reconstructing the constitutional machine by giving us a really effective democratic Senate instead of the present semi-paralytic anachronism of a Legislature, which practically disappears when the Tories are in power, and operates as a dead brake whenever the Liberals come into power—you may dismiss that notion at once. One or two Ministers in the Cabinet may be prepared to advocate such a policy. But the rest of their colleagues would not hear of it."

"The forward fighting men," said another, "who are very few, and are equally recruited from the Liberal Imperialists and the pro-Boer sections, would dissolve Parliament the moment the Lords destroyed the legislation of the year. They would declare that the existence of the Lords reduced representative government to a farce, that the country must give the Liberals a mandate for a Bill suspending the exercise of the veto by the Peers until the necessary legislation has been passed reconstituting the Upper House on a democratic basis, and that when the country has returned a majority pledged to the reform of the House of Lords, C.-B. should refuse to continue in office unless the King would promise to create as many Peers as might be

required to carry the Bill through the House of Lords. On such an issue there are some Ministers and Members who would have no objection to hold a General Election next month. But they are in the minority, and the majority both in the Cabinet and out of it does not want a fight with the Lords.

"And that is just the reason why there is such imminent probability of a fight with the Lords. When both sides are spoiling for a fight neither side cares to begin. But when one side plainly funks a fight, the other is very apt to try it on. That is the danger here. The Lords know that the Unionists can never be worse off than they are in the present House of Commons. They have persuaded themselves, thanks to the London Borough Elections, that there is a great reaction in their favour in the constituencies, and they cannot forget that at the General Election of 1895 the electorate approved their action in throwing out the Home Rule Bill, which had been passed by a House with a popular mandate from the previous General Election. If they can assert themselves once more, they will establish their authority and create a precedent that would warrant any future House setting at defiance the verdict of any future General Election."

"Admitted," said a cool observer. "From a political point of view, if the Peers wish to strike a blow at democratic government, they have their best chance just now. But although it may seem a paradox, it is probably because the House of Lords is so much under the domination of the ecclesiastics that they may evade a contest. Suppose that the Education Bill is lost. What will happen? The West Riding judgment may or may not be affirmed in the House of Lords. If it is affirmed, the Church will have to pay the whole cost of denominational teaching out of its own pocket. Whether it is affirmed or not, the Welsh county councils will refuse to levy rates for any such purpose. The Education Department is in the hands of the author of the Education Bill. Mr. Birrell will only be human if he were to use his immense authority in order to make the burden of carrying on the existing system very onerous for the clergy. Much may be done to render the responsibility of maintaining school buildings, etc., in good repair much more serious than it is to-day. In a thousand ways the clergy can be made to feel that all things have their price, and if they insist upon the luxury of throwing out the Education Bill they will have to pay for it, and that right smartly. It is because of this consideration there is good hope of a compromise which on purely political grounds would be rejected."

"We are in a deadlock anyway," remarked another outsider. "The Education Act of 1902 was blocked by Passive Resistance. The Education Bill of 1906 would be equally blocked by Passive Resistance if it passed without allowing for the conscientious scruples of the Sacerdotalists. There would be 40,000 Passive Resisters on the Catholic and Anglican side if the Bill passed as it left the House of Commons. The fact is that neither party is strong enough to do more than embarrass and neutralise the other. In England there are two nations, not one. And so long as you persist in trying to legislate on the assumption that there is only one nation in England you will hopelessly come to grief. Roundhead and Cavalier, Nonconformist and Churchman, they have different ideals of what constitutes the State, and different convictions as to the nature of the Church. Whatever satisfies one will madden the other. The quarrel between Lords and Commons roughly produces the old divisions of the Civil War. And there is no way out save a compromise. Even if the Lords were beaten, the problem would remain."

"Yes. Just so," said a Secularist. "Compromise: the Education Bill itself is a compromise. What is the use of Nonconformists protesting against concessions to denominationalism, while they are establishing and endowing undenominationalism in all the State schools? To a Sacerdotalist undenominationalism is denominational. Cowper-Templeism is as much a sectarian creed as Roman Catholicism. Pull Devil, pull baker—it is the Secularist who will win. Let the fight go on. When Bishops and Nonconformists have reached the ultimate of their respective positions, the only logical and just solution, of confining the State to a strictly secular curriculum, in which, however, definite moral instruction will hold a conspicuous place."

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Morning Leader.]

THE CHILDREN: "Instead of talking so much about Religion, why don't you do something for our Education?"

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So in the spacious lobbies and passages of the Palace at Westminster rages the wordy war. It seems as if there was nothing but confusion in the babel of tongues. And now that the Primate is down with influenza, who can say what may happen?

INTERVIEWS ON TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ENGLISH INTERVIEWS.

THE OUTLOOK IN RUSSIA: PROFESSOR MILYUKOFF.

Twelve months ago in St. Petersburg I had my first interview with Professor Milyukoff, when he was imprisoned by the administrative order of General Trepoff. My latest interview took place last month in London. In the interval the man whom General Trepoff put in prison—alleging against him an offence so heinous that it could not even be named—would have been made Prime Minister of Russia, by the special approval of General Trepoff, if a hitch had not occurred which, at the last moment, postponed the realisation of this inevitable consummation.

The position of Professor Milyukoff is unique. If only all Russians were Professor Milyukoffs there would be no crisis, no revolution, nothing but an orderly evolution of political liberty. For Professor Milyukoff is one of those men, rare in all countries, rarest of all in Russia, who look at politics with the eye of a dispassionate statesman and the genial good humour of natural optimism. When Professor Milyukoff spoke at the luncheon at the Hotel de l'Europe, immediately after his release, a Scotch member of Parliament who heard him marvelled that the man who had just come out of prison showed more serene confidence in the triumph of the Liberal cause than any of those who had never been deprived of their liberty.

Since that time twelve months have passed, and what a twelve months! Even those who have watched the development of the Russian crisis at long range through the newspapers must have felt something of the worry, the nerve-racking tension which it inflicted upon all who came within its influence. What then must have been the strain imposed upon Professor Milyukoff, who during the whole of that time had been the leader of the Constitutional Democratic Party and central pivot of the whole non-criminal political movement in Russia? I congratulate Professor Milyukoff upon his survival.

"Oh," he said, "you take too serious a view; things are not so bad as you think, and they will come out all right."

"That is good news," I said, "but I confess the outlook seems to me very black, and I should be glad if you could explain away one or two things in which you appear to have made the darkness blacker than it need be."

"What are these?" said Professor Milyukoff.

"In the first place," I said, "why did the Constitutional Democratic Party, which takes its stand

upon the law, advocate the violation of the law in the Viborg manifesto, when the Emperor by dissolving the Duma had only exercised his legal prerogative?"

"In the first place," Professor Milyukoff answered, "we deny that the right to advocate the refusal to pay taxes or furnish recruits for the Army is a breach of the law; it is an English expedient, practised centuries ago by the Whigs, and practised quite recently by your passive resisters. We took the idea of passive resistance from the English Nonconformists. In the second place, we deny that the Emperor acted legally in dissolving the Duma. According to the fundamental law the decree dissolving the Duma ought to have specified the date for the election of its successor. This was not done."

"That is a mere technical fault of form," I replied, "for the decree expressly stated that the Duma was to meet in February, and an error of a clerk is a poor excuse for recommending the refusal to pay taxes. Passive resistance was always recognised by us as an illegality, and for that reason the Liberal Party as a whole refused to countenance it, whereas your party recommended it. But did you get all the Duma to approve of it?"

"Yes," said Professor Milyukoff, "on the first day 187 signed, and afterwards all the active members of all parties in the Duma gave in their adhesion—270 out of the 300 and something who regularly visited the last sittings of the Duma."

"Well, now, the next point is, why did you make trouble for poor little Finland by proposing to hold your conference, which is forbidden in Russia, just across the Finnish frontier? Finns have spoken to me about this, and have told me that, while they wish you well, they do not wish that you should bring trouble upon them by making their territory the seat for holding meetings forbidden in Russia."

Professor Milyukoff laughed. "We know very well what the Finns think. It is not the Constitutional Democrats, but the revolutionaries who make use of the Finnish territory against Russia. But we are quite sensible as to the need for having regard to Finnish susceptibilities. If the Finns but say the word, we shall move on to Stockholm."

"That is very good," said I. "Now let us go on to two other matters, in which, judging from the news to hand at this distance, you seem to have put needless obstacles in the way. In the first

place, why did you demand a universal amnesty for all political and agrarian offences? I quite understand your anxiety to liberate those who had forfeited their liberty by taking part in political assassinations, but the sweeping demand which you put forward would have let loose every murderer and brigand in the country, for every one who has killed anyone for the past twelve months, or has broken into a bank or robbed a train, has declared that he was actuated by political motives. Hence it seems to me impossible to expect any Executive Government to let loose all the ruffianism of the Empire on the pretext of political and agrarian motives."

"Do I understand," said Professor Milyukoff, "that you recognise the justice of demanding an amnesty for the men who killed the Grand Duke Sergius and Plehve?"

"Certainly," I said; "these are political assassinations pure and simple."

"And your objection, therefore, is to the amnestying of the people who committed crimes against the common law, merely because they were masked by the pretext of political or agrarian motives?"

"Precisely," I said.

"Then," said Professor Milyukoff, "let me assure you that the Russian Government was quite willing to have amnestied all these people whom you say could not be amnestied with safety. The whole difficulty arose concerning the amnestying of about a dozen men who had killed governors, ministers, and high-placed functionaries. As for the amnesty of the others, there was practically no difference between us and the Government."

"Well," I said, "in that case it is not for me to be more Russian than the Russians, and if that be so, I will admit that you are free from the reproach that I have brought against you. My second difficulty is, why did you insist so strongly upon the obligatory universal expropriation of landlords without making it quite clear that for all the land you propose to take you are prepared to pay?"

"But," said Professor Milyukoff, "that is exactly what we did do. Our manifesto stands in evidence; we were obliged to demand expropriation, but only expropriation after the owner had received a fair price for his land."

"Well," I said, "I am very glad to know that you made it perfectly clear in Russia; it was certainly not clear outside Russia, where it was generally believed that, although you sometimes said fair words concerning a fair price, the bulk of your party, and certainly the mass of the peasants, were opposed to any expropriation that was not also confiscation."

"We have often been accused," said Professor Milyukoff, "of speaking with two voices, but the accusation is false. We stand for expropriation,

but we have never stood for confiscation. What we wish to do is to have the price of land arranged, in the first instance, by committees composed of peasants and landlords, at which Government officials might assist. That was the basis of our whole scheme, and we still stand by it, although it is much more difficult to-day to obtain the assent of the peasants to payment than it was last year, and it will be still more difficult if the agrarian movement should gain ground."

"I am very glad to hear what you say," said I, "and so I withdraw my complaint. And now would you like to know what I should have done if I had been the Tsar?"

"Tell me," said Professor Milyukoff.

"I should have recognised that the burden of the affairs of State was breaking my back, and I should have looked about anxiously for the strongest, most capable pack-mule to whom I could transfer part of it. Looking around, I think I should have hit upon Professor Milyukoff, and should have asked him, upon his own terms, to assist me in restoring order in the country; and I will tell you what would have happened to Professor Milyukoff. He would let out all the prisoners on Monday, and he would have to begin locking them up again on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Professor Milyukoff and his colleagues would have been denounced by all the revolutionary press as being worse than Judas and the counterpart of General Trepoff."

"Possibly enough," said Professor Milyukoff, "and that is probably the reason why General Trepoff was said to have counselled the appointment of a Ministry drawn upon the Constitutional Democrats. He was opposed to the dissolution of the Duma, feeling that it was exposing the Emperor to too much danger; but preferred, as an alternative, appointing a Ministry from the majority of the Duma. That, then, was on the *tapis*, and the leaders of our party were given to understand that they might at any moment be summoned to Peterhof and entrusted with the formation of a Government."

"Then you were quite prepared to undertake the onerous responsibility?"

"Yes, on the conditions that were laid down—conditions that would have secured the support of the country. These conditions were exactly those which were insisted upon in the Duma—namely, universal amnesty and obligatory expropriation at fair prices. These were the two first."

"Then you think that it was possible to have constituted an Administration?"

"Certainly," said Professor Milyukoff, "we could have made a very strong Administration, composed of men of sagacity, of administrative experience, and men who commanded the confidence of the country."

"Why did negotiations fail?"

"It is not quite clear. It was touch and go, but it was ultimately decided against us."

"Then you have never seen the Emperor?"

"No," said Professor Milyukoff.

"I wish you had," I said. "If you and he could get together you would have no difficulty in understanding each other. The difficulty does not lie with him, but with the army of office-holders, who feel that their places are in danger and who will fight tooth-and-nail for the retention of their offices."

"That danger is exaggerated," said Professor Milyukoff. "In the first case, as we are not a political party in the sense in which you understand political parties in England and America, we have not got an army of candidates for offices hungry for the spoils. The majority of the Tchinovniks are quite ready to worship the rising sun. There would, of course, have to be a few dismissals, but very few. About a dozen governors would have to go, and some more subordinates, but the whole administrative machine and all its *personnel*, I am quite sure, would obediently carry out the orders that would be issued from St. Petersburg. Besides, a very great number of the officials are themselves in our ranks. This was proved by the election at St. Petersburg and at Peterhof,

where the officials, and even the personal servants of the Emperor, voted for our candidates."

"Then what do you think will be the result of the next general election?"

"M. Stolypin will put on the administrative screw as hard as possible in order to secure the election of Government candidates; but he will fail. The Tsar dismissed Witte for not employing the influence of the Administration to secure the election of Ministerialists, a practice which the Tsar is said to have declared prevailed in all civilised countries; but I doubt very much, especially under the system of election established by the fundamental law, whether the Government officials would be able materially to affect results. The Social revolutionaries will take part in this election, whereas last time they held aloof. But a system which tells against a Government will also tell against them; so we confidently count upon coming back with a solid majority."

"Then, Professor Milyukoff," I said, "when your party takes office your troubles begin."

"Yes," he said, "and the task will be much more difficult than it would have been if we had taken it in hand twelve months ago. The dissolution of the Duma was a very false step, and has aggravated every difficulty with which we have had to cope."

BRITAIN'S DESPAIR: AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS SUTTER.



Photo. by]

[Horsburgh.

Miss Sutter.

The return of the November fogs brings with it painful reflections as to the problem of the unemployed. It is hardly too much to say that Britain at the present moment stands with the problem in despair. The dole of £200,000 which Mr. Burns is to dispense this winter is little more than a confession of impotence. Labour colonies, of which so much was hoped, are at

tirely condemned, but by the Local Government they are looked on with scant favour, and most reformers seem to be driven back to the old remedy of emigration. The problem of the unemployed is, however, only one section of a great problem. Of the handling of the much greater problem, the more thoughtful amongst us have long ago come to the conclusion that nothing can be effectively done either for the unemployed or for the submerged tenth until we practically abolish the British Poor Law, and substitute for it something that may be described as an Anglicised Elberfeld system. The subject, I am glad to know, will be fully investigated by the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, which is now sitting. Among the witnesses to be heard by that body there are none more likely to offer more useful evidence than Miss Julie Sutter, the author of "A Colony of Mercy" and "Britain's Next Campaign," who for several years past has devoted herself with apostolic fervour to disseminating the doctrine of the true faith without which there is no social salvation.

"How goes 'Britain's Next Campaign'?" I said to Miss Sutter, as that excellent lady entered the sanctum.

"That is still in the future," she said; "we have hardly made up our minds to a declaration of war, and the campaign in my sense of the word has yet to be begun."

present somewhat under a cloud. They are not en-

"But," said I, "I thought that your book had succeeded in rousing Edinburgh and Bradford, to name only two places, to action, and that in both these large towns something is being done on your lines?"

"Something is being done," said Miss Sutter, "but not on right lines. It is perfectly true that in certain towns there has been a stirring of dry bones, men and women have been roused to believe that Britain's campaign ought to be fought and won, but none of them seem to have grasped the first fundamental idea of the situation, which is, that the whole question of the poor should be taken in hand on a comprehensive scale; that the problem should be dealt with by the city as such, by the city as a unit, and that all those who volunteer and are appointed to act as Helpers of the Poor should be armed with the prestige and the authority of the municipality."

I said—"And with the funds."

"Certainly," said Miss Sutter. "The task of dealing with the submerged tenth and the poor should be in the hands of one authority, which is that of a rightly constituted Town Council; and that Town Council should have at its disposition the funds that are at present raised by the Poor Law, and also the resources of the charities. One head, one purpose, one principle of action, and one authority; give me these things, and you can wage your campaign successfully. Deny me one of these things, and the utmost you can do is to create another Charity Organisation Society."

"Heaven forbid," said I. "The Charity Organisation Society under the estimable Mr. Loch has succeeded in making the very name of charity stink in the nostrils of humanity. Nothing could be better than the ideal, but as for the realisation, about that the less said the better."

"True," said Miss Sutter, "and this just proves the point. The C.O.S. would not have failed if it had the power to do as it would wish, if it had the authority I am pleading for. As it is, the C.O.S. has been in the field these forty years, leaving the problem practically where it found it. Yet even now, if the devoted men and women making up the society were bodily lifted to the civic level, joined by all other men and women who are ready to serve in a patriotic cause—why, here is your British Elberfeld System! Is there anything more simple? Nothing is wanted but the *status*. In short, the C.O.S. and all other societies dealing with the relief of the poor, should be willing to lay down their individual existence, and rise anew as Britain's unified scheme—a civic national enterprise—for the up-lifting of your ill-cared-for masses."

"Then who would oppose so sensible a plan?" said I.

"The lions in the path are the rank and file of salaried officials, who naturally unite as one man against any proposed amalgamation of societies.

This, for instance, was at the bottom of the opposition at Edinburgh, which city has eighty public societies and some two hundred lesser agencies, all dabbling in charity. This is a city of some 400,000 inhabitants! It is a case of charity living by the poor! It would pay the nation to pension off every charity secretary, for the saving of funds under the new system would be immense.

"Another obstacle is the lack of confidence which exists in many places in municipal administration—a distrust which is not altogether unjustified, for British municipal administration is not by any means a specialised and well-trained profession, as is the case in Germany."

"I am afraid it is so, but we cannot all at once remodel the whole of our municipal administration on German lines, and we must make the best of things as they are."

"But you do not maintain that this is a necessary preliminary to the beginning of your campaign?"

"The fundamental principle," said Miss Sutter, "of the system is that the community as a whole, acting through its elected representatives, should undertake the direct responsibility for dealing with the problems of poverty, which can only be effectively done by dividing the town into small wards and securing the services of its capable citizens as helpers or friends of the poor in all these districts. And that which differentiates the proposed citizen-helpers from all the others who are in competition is that these friends of the poor, who are elected as volunteers, would always be recognised by the municipalities. They would receive their appointment from the municipal body, and would therefore speak with the authority which at present is enjoyed by no charitable agents in this country."

"But do you think the municipalities would be allowed to undertake the direct conducting of Britain's next campaign: would it be *ultra vires*? Does it not belong to the province of the Board of Guardians, and would not the auditors surcharge any municipal council which ventured to appropriate the rates for its purpose?"

"You ask too many questions in one breath," said Miss Sutter; "but the answer to them all is that—to return to my example—the Local Government Board of Scotland, to my certain knowledge, if it had been approached by the municipality and the representatives of the city's charities, would have been found willing to facilitate such an experiment; but the Lord Provost and the Charities said *non possumus*, and nothing was done—that is, nothing of any value! They had to do something, so they adopted the lines of 'Charity Organisation,' as fathered by Mr. Loch, with the result that the problem of the Edinburgh Poor will be left *in statu quo*. True, for a recasting of your system of Poor Law relief, legislation will be necessary, and the legislation ought to be on the Elberfeld lines. That is what I expect to have an oppos-

tunity of saying before the Royal Commission, and the arguments in favour of such a reform are so overwhelming, I have strong hope that when the

Commission reports it will recommend that facilities should be accorded to any municipality which wishes to move in that direction."

WILL THERE BE WAR IN SPRING? MR. W. A. MOORE.

Mr. W. A. Moore, Secretary of the Balkan Committee, having newly arrived from the distressed region of Macedonia, called at the *sanctum* last month to report progress. "There is no progress to report," he said, "only a steady drift towards war. The situation in Macedonia shows no improvement. The alleged reforms of the Sultan have borne no fruit. The European officers who were supposed to supervise the execution of these reforms are sick at heart, and the consuls unanimously declare that the state of affairs is worse to-day than it was two years ago."

"When you say worse, how do you measure badness of things?"

"By noting the increase of murder; for instance, in the last nine months, according to Sir Edward Grey's own statement, over twelve hundred people have been killed, in a population of little over two million. That was in nine months only, say sixteen hundred a year. That is now the normal tale of homicide in Macedonia."

"Do you see no hope of any improvement?"

"None. I see no prospect of removing the Sultan from his evil position of supremacy, from which all this misery springs, until Austria can be convinced that the day has gone by for supporting the Sultan's authority in Macedonia."

"Why do you say Austria? Is not Russia bound by the Muerzsteg agreement?"

"Yes—until next year. But there are many signs that Russia is disposed to gravitate towards the Anglo-French Alliance. If Austria can be isolated or converted, the Powers can do as they please in Macedonia."

"What about Germany?"

"Germany, after her experience at Algeciras, is not likely to propose another Conference; or if she does, it need not prove abortive. Neither is she likely to fight for the Turk, unless the Sultan were to make over to the Kaiser the virtual control of the Ottoman Empire, and for that there is hardly time."

"What would you do if you were Sir Edward Grey?"

"I would ask the Powers to intervene effectively in Macedonia by putting the provinces under a European Governor, and terminating the Sultan's direct rule in those regions."

"But supposing the Powers refuse?"

"Then," said Mr. Moore, "I would wash my hands of the whole business, and intimate that I

could no longer oblige them by joining with them in bringing pressure to bear on Bulgaria to prevent her going to the relief of the Bulgarians in Macedonia—"

"Which would precipitate war, for which you would be responsible," said I.

"Which, on the contrary, might bring the Concert to its senses," he replied. "In any case the issue of war or peace is not in our hands. If war comes, the responsibility will rest with the Powers who have prevented such effective reforms as would remove Bulgaria's cause of quarrel. Their reforms are now an undignified and criminal farce, and we can best consult our own dignity by disclaiming any further responsibility."

"In the event of war what would you do?"

"I would make it clear that we should prevent the Turks sending troops by sea."

"Which means," I said, "that you are for an Anglo-Balkan fighting alliance—Bulgaria to fight on land, and England on sea. You cannot go to war on the principle of limited liability. Your policy means, first, let loose the dogs of war; secondly, when they were in full cry that we should join in the fray."

"That might not be a bad policy," said Mr. Moore, "and it has the support of many high authorities. But my policy would be a last effort to silence the dogs of war, who will otherwise break loose of themselves. When the Sultan dies, which is now an affair of weeks or months, and the snow melts, the Bulgarians will almost certainly go to war, unless they are forcibly restrained by some of the Great Powers."

"But is the Sultan going to die so soon? And if he does die, will it make much difference?"

"The Sultan is dying now," said Mr. Moore. "And although I do not put much stock in the chance of a dispute over the succession, I think his death would give the signal for war. The Bulgarians cannot stand the financial strain of armament much longer. They could put 320,000 men in the field. They are only seventeen miles from Adrianople, and no military force of equal strength has ever been so advantageously placed for swooping down on Constantinople. The Russians, when they reached Adrianople in 1878, had only 200,000 men, including all their allies."

"Granting all that," I replied. "If 320,000 fresh troops are hurled against Constantinople before the new Sultan has gained firm hold of the reins of power, this will precipitate the solution of the

Eastern Question. Therefore I say the Bulgarians will be held back by the ears. No Power will take the responsibility of allowing such a catastrophe to occur."

"But," retorted Mr. Moore, "the Powers cannot hold Bulgaria back. Austria is the only one likely to try. And if England, Russia, and France were to be on the other side, it is doubtful whether Austria, who has troubles of her own at home, would undertake the occupation of Bulgaria."

"A pleasant prospect you hold out, truly."

"Yes," said Mr. Moore, "a very unpleasant prospect, I should say, too. But what is the alternative—the only alternative which can avoid war? A frank recognition by the Powers that the Turk has done nothing in the way of reform, and will

do nothing, in Macedonia. Therefore, by concerted action he must be compelled to assent to the limitation of his authority as a governing force in Macedonia; by that means, and by that means alone, can the catastrophe be averted. For it is impossible, in view of our treaty obligations, to allow Macedonia to continue indefinitely in its present woeful plight. To that end all our efforts ought to be concentrated. The armed coercion of the Turk is the only way by which the peace of Europe can be preserved."

To that, of course, I could only express my hearty agreement. The situation curiously reproduces that of 1876. Now, as then, the coercion of the Turk is the only policy which will avert wide-wasting war.

THE OUTLOOK IN EGYPT: BY FARIS NIMR, THE EDITOR OF THE "MOKATTAM."

I was delighted to welcome to my office last month Dr. Faris Nimr, the editor of the *Mokattam*, the well-known Cairo newspaper, whom I have not seen since the Paris Exhibition. Dr. Faris Nimr was at one time Professor at the American College at Beyrout, but twenty years ago he was attracted to Egypt by the prospect of greater liberty which British occupation had secured in that country. Dr. Nimr is a man of great intelligence and public spirit, his children are being educated in England, and I was glad to have an opportunity of asking him as to the truth of recent alarming statements as to impending trouble in Egypt.

"There is no impending trouble in Egypt, unless you manufacture it yourself in England, and import it there. I am glad to have the opportunity of talking the matter over with you, because you yourself in 'The Review of Reviews' have been exploited in the interest of disorder."

"In what way?" I asked.

"You remember writing a few lines concerning Lord Cromer, saying that he had been in Egypt so long, and that he was getting up in years, and that it might be well if there was a change. These lines were immediately seized upon as affording a justification for the assertions made in certain quarters, and it only required a little more agitation in Egypt to secure the recall of Lord Cromer."

"Therein," I said, "your agitators exactly misstated the truth. The more trouble there is in Egypt the more important it will appear to every Englishman not to recall Lord Cromer. You will remember that for nearly twenty years we have placed Lord Cromer at the head of affairs there, and have never concerned ourselves further, being sure that when Lord Cromer was in the saddle there was no need for us to trouble ourselves about Egypt."

"There you have been quite right. Never since the days of Joseph has Egypt had a ruler so just as Lord Cromer. His word has become almost a synonym for justice. It is because he is just that the present agitation against him has spread. Egypt has prospered immensely since the days of the British occupation; the value of land has risen enormously, and when the irrigation schemes are complete, it will rise still more. It is precisely this growing wealth of Egypt that constitutes our danger. There are multitudes of greedy and rapacious vultures, both in Egypt and in other countries, whose mouths are watering for the opportunity of plundering our country. Between these vultures and the Egyptian stands Lord Cromer, and as long as he stands there vultures will be foiled. Hence the efforts which have been made to discourage him at home. All that I can say is that it would be a black day for Egypt, and not for Egypt only, if we were to cease to enjoy the protecting ægis of his shield."

"What about Mustapha Kamel Pasha, who came here this summer and made a great fuss in certain quarters, representing himself as the spokesman of the oppressed Egyptian?"

Dr. Nimr smiled. "I prefer not to speak about that gentleman. He has thriven by making people talk about him. In himself a cipher, the notice which you take of him is what alone gives him his importance."

"Do you not think that Mustapha is a dangerous man?"

"No, there is not enough in him to be dangerous, excepting what you put in him. The man himself is as nothing. He is the tool of the Turkish Camerel at Constantinople, and he can command subsidies which enable him to carry on an agitation which otherwise would be beyond his very scanty

resources, because he is not such a man of means as you believe. As for his plea that he is the spokesman of the Egyptians, or that he is faithful to the programme of Egypt for the Egyptians, that is all nonsense—he is for Egypt for the Turks; and the proof of that is supplied by the fact that when the Turks claimed Egyptian territory, and attempted to annex Sinai, this pseudo-patriot could not find words sufficiently strong with which to denounce everyone who opposed the Turkish attempt to dismember Egypt. No, no one can pretend to believe that Mustapha Kamel Pasha is a real Egyptian."

"What are his origins?" I asked.

"He was a clever boy in Paris when he attracted the attention of M. Deloncle, who was then the soul of the Colonial Party in Egypt, which was at

that time hatching all manner of mischief against England, including the Marchand expedition to Fashoda. Mustapha Kamel Pasha used to commit to memory speeches which Deloncle wrote for him, and then posed as the eloquent Egyptian patriot. All the while he was acting in the interests of France. When France grew tired of him, Mustapha transferred his activity to Constantinople, where he became the partisan of the group which was very hostile to the British influence in Constantinople. He afterwards endeavoured to find support in Berlin, but he met with little success. This year he took part in the Denshaw incident, in order to support the agitation against England in the heart of its own capital. But you need not take him seriously; he is only important so far as you have made him so, and so long as you treat him as a serious proposition."



Mr. and Mrs. Zancig.

(See page 159.)

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

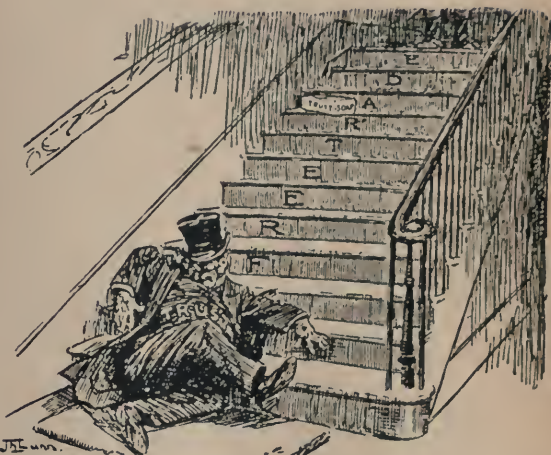
"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.



Westminster Gazette.

A Little Reconstitution.

THE BISHOPS: "There! He looks quite nice now—his own parents won't know him when we send him back to them."



The Tribune.

A Soap Slip.

VOICE FROM THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS: "A dangerous place this, sir, for a gentleman of your sort."

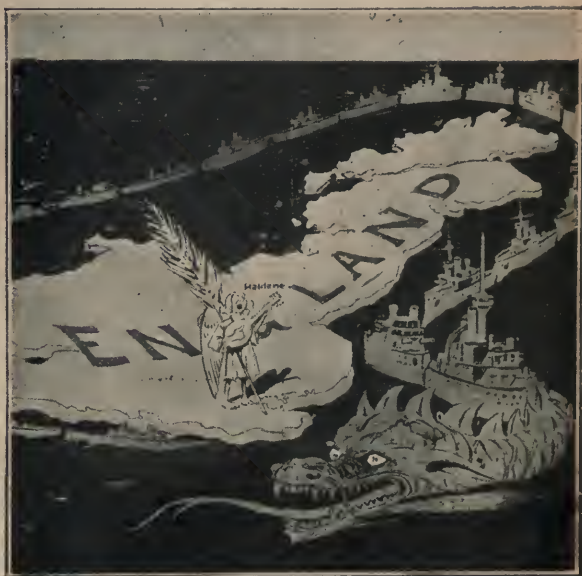


Wahre Jacob.

An Astrological Discovery.

[Vienna.]

The centre of the world from which all pessimists are driven out.



Uik.

[Berlin.]

Peace on Earth—but War on the Water



Hindi Punch.]

[Bombay.

What Do They Mean?

SALT: "Reduction! When everything ought to be taken with a pinch of salt! Absurd!"

OPIMUM: "Absolute death, when I ought only to be sleeping the sleep that simulates death! Nonsense!"

[In Bombay there is an increased consumption of salt owing to the reduction in duty on that article. The Native Press demands a further reduction. At the same time the complete abolition of the Indian Opium Revenue derived from China is being insisted upon in England, and pressure is being brought to bear on Mr. Morley to that end.]



Pasquino.]

The Triple Alliance.

[Turin.

NO. 3 (RUSSIA) AT THE DOOR: "May I come in? I am the third party."

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA: "The third? Oh, all right! But are you quite sure you are still an Emperor?"



Pasquino.]

The European Contortionists.

[Turin.

Thanks to a policy of Alliances and Friendships, these gentlemen find themselves in solid but extremely uncomfortable positions.



Melbourne Punch.]

The Political Slave Market.

WATSON PASHA: "Up to now I have always been a seller in this market, but to-day I am a buyer, and I'm open to negotiate with the man who has this plump little party up for sale."



Tribune.] An Exposure.

J.B.: "Then he's been credited all along with more weight than he's entitled to."

[Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., speaking at Oxford, in referring to the Plural Voting Bill, said: "Its real name ought to be 'a Bill for the perpetuation in office of the present Government.'"]



Hindi Punch.] Hanjls New Role.

It is a foregone conclusion that Prince Ranjitsinghji succeeds to the Jamnagar Gadi and preparations on a large scale are being made in the State for his installation.



The Bulletin.]

"And There Was a Smile on the Face of the Tiger



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

The Pillar of the Throne and the Altar
NICHOLAS: "Keep a steady balance, Ivan, and tread firmly, or I shall fall in the very midst of my people, who can't be expecting to see me."



L'Asino.]

[Rome.]

The Catholic Church in France.

This, according to the Italian cartoonist, is how it is being treated by the French Republic.



Daily Chronicle.]

A Good Judge of Necessity.



Utk.]

[Berlin.]

The Rolling Gold.

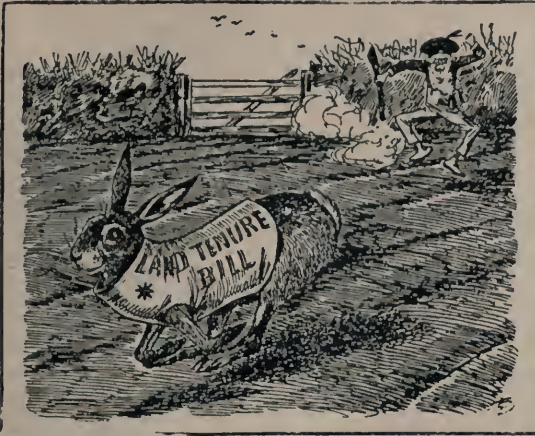
- (1) THE GERMAN (handing the Russian a bag of gold): "There you are, dear friend. You can always depend on me."
- (2) THE RUSSIAN (handing on the German gold to the Persian): "Here is the gold. In return for it I ask—"
- (3)—That you do not allow the Germans have any influence in your country."



The Owl.]

[Capetown.]

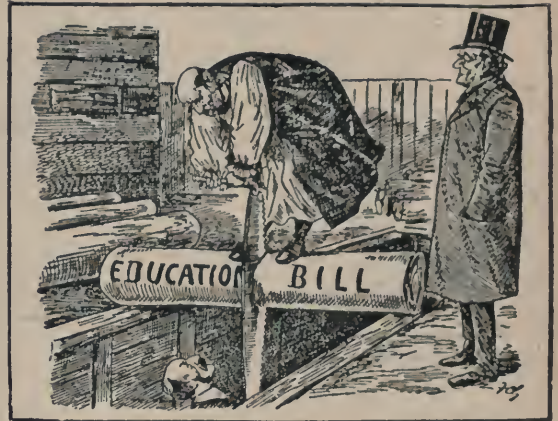
The South African Sisyphus.



Westminster Gazette.]

A' Miss.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead—lead—lead;
He got in a tear when he missed the hare,
And completely lost his head—head—head.



Westminster Gazette.]

The Sawplt—Et apres.

THE ARCHBISHOP: "We are getting on so nicely, Mr. Birrell—we shall soon be through!"
MR. BIRRELL: "Yes, you *will* be through, and that's what I'm waiting for!"



Melbourne Punch.]

The New Driver.

(The Women's Vote far exceeded the Men's at the Federal Elections.)

THE ELECTRESS OF AUSTRALIA: "Now that I've learnt my power, I must not lose my head. Perhaps I had better keep a tight rein on both of them."



Kladderadatsch.]

Michel the Unlucky Atlas.

The success of the Triple Alliance gives Russia the idea of completing it with a Triple Emperors' Alliance.

[Berlin.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

HIS HIGHNESS THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

A SKETCH OF ANGLO-AFGHAN RELATIONS.

Among the many native rulers whose territories are protected by the British Government there is no one of greater importance than the Amir of Afghanistan, who, in the person of Habib Ullah Khan, is now making a visit to India as the guest of the Viceroy. Many years have passed since the late Amir, Abdur Rahman Khan, paid his respects to Lord Dufferin as Viceroy at a special Durbar at Rawl Pindi in 1885, but until now, although the invitation has been regularly renewed and special missions have been sent by the Government of India to Kabul, for a variety of reasons—in which ill-feeling was generally the determining factor—the visit has never been repeated. Now that in a spirit of amiable condescension the gap has been abridged, it is to be hoped that many of the political difficulties outstanding between Calcutta and Kabul will be removed. There are many points of variance between the two Governments; and, as none of the questions raised by us were settled at the time of the Dane Mission to Kabul, grave significance attaches to the forthcoming conference between Lord Minto and his guest.

THE LAND OF THE AMIR.

On account of the geographical situation, Afghanistan is of the highest value to the position of India. Lying between the possessions of Great Britain and Russia in mid-Asia—bounded on the north by the Oxus River and Russian Turkestan, on the south by India, on the west by Persia, and on the east by the region of the Pamirs—it fulfils the functions of a buffer State, and mistakenly is so described, although the recognition of its independence, contained in the Dane Convention, removed any vestige of subordination that was remaining to its position. The capital is Kabul, and other cities of importance are Kandahar and Herat, while among the physical features are the celebrated mountain range, the Hindu Kush, which runs from east to west across the country, and the classic Oxus, one of the most historical streams in Asia. It is divided to-day into five major provinces—Herat, Kandahar, Kabul, Afghan Turkestan and Badakshan, and extends protection to the two territories of Kafiristan and Wakhan. Afghanistan occupies an area more than 300,000 square miles in extent, contains a population estimated at a little less than six millions, boasts an annual revenue varying between one and two millions sterling, and possesses an army of doubtful quality, but returned numerically at 150,000 on a peace footing. The

eminent advantages attaching to its geographical location have made it always desirable that complete concordance should be maintained between its ruler and the Viceroy of India, and for this purpose various treaties have been exchanged, and still, in fact, exist.

EARLY HISTORY.

Relations with Afghanistan date back to 1809, when, agitated by the rumour that the Emperor Napoleon and the Tsar Alexander were proposing to invade India through Persia, Mr. Elphinstone was sent as an ambassador to Kabul. The immediate outcome of this visit was the arrangement of a treaty with Shah Shujah, as the ruler of Kabul, an alliance ultimately interrupted by the anarchy with which the country was convulsed. The upshot of these proceedings brought Dost Mahomed to the throne in 1826, when the active support which Russia was lending to Persian schemes of aggression against Herat gave point to the necessity of establishing a permanent barrier along the north-west frontier. Treaties of alliance were renewed with Ranjit Singh and Shah Shujah; and a rupture of relations with Dost Mahomed on account of the presence of a Russian mission at Kabul following, an expedition, ostensibly prepared for the relief of Herat but designed to check the growing influence of Russia in Afghanistan, crossed the Indus under the leadership of Lord Keane in November, 1838. The first Afghan War—1838-1842—had now begun, and Kabul and Kandahar were captured. Our initial act after entering Kabul was to restore Shah Shujah to the throne, but the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes and Sir William Macnaghten in 1841 brought about his displacement in favour of Dost Mahomed, in whose interest, as the result of the national revolt and the disasters occurring to our arms in 1840-1862, we evacuated Afghanistan.

THE RULE OF DOST MAHOMMED.

The fortunes of the next few years completely restored Dost Mahomed to our favour, so much so that in 1854 Sir John Lawrence received Chulan Hydel as a special envoy from the Amir, while in the following year the first treaty between Great Britain and Afghanistan was signed, sealed, and exchanged. Two years later a second treaty was arranged, when a subsidy of twelve lakhs was granted to Dost Mahomed, and the appointment of a British Agent to Kabul provided for. In the following year, 1858, Shir Ali was nominated as the



HABIB ULLAH, AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.
A Full-Dress Portrait.

successor of Dost Mahommed, but at the death of the aged Amir in 1863, Shir Ali's claim to the throne was disputed by his half-brother—the eldest son of Dost Mahommed—Mahommed Afzul Khan, the father of Abdur Rahman, and between 1863-1868 there were long years of civil war with Shir Ali on the one side, Mahommed Afzul Khan, his son Abdur Rahman, and Azim Khan, another son of Dost Mahommed, on the other side.

SUCCESS OF SHIR ALI.

As the result of these troubles Shir Ali gained the ascendancy, while Abdur Rahman fled to Samarkand, in Russian territory; and Azim Khan died in flight to Teheran. So soon as the new Amir had settled himself upon the throne supplies of money and war materials were presented to him by the Government of India, by whom he was invited to a conference with Lord Mayo at Umballa. In return Shir Ali sought in 1869 recognition of his son, Abdullah Jan, as the heir apparent, a concession which was refused. Repulsed in one direction, Shir Ali proclaimed on his own account in 1873 this same son, and imprisoned in the following year Yabuk Khan, the heir-designate of the Government of India. Two years later he extended a cool reception to the Mission which Lord Lytton despatched to Kabul, and as a reply to our occupation of Quetta in 1876 opened negotiations with the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan, General von Kauffman. From now until the end of his reign, 1878, Shir Ali relied upon Russia, and, confident of her support, welcomed a Russian Mission under Major-General Stolietoff to Kabul in 1878. As the result of the visit of the Russian Envoy an offensive and defensive alliance between Russia and Afghanistan was drawn up. Before it was ratified, however, the refusal of Shir Ali to receive a British Mission under Sir Neville Chamberlain had precipitated the second Afghan War, 1878-1879. Kandahar was occupied by General Sir Donald Stewart in January, 1879, and the recalcitrant Amir, flying to Mazar-i-Sharif, died in the following month. Shortly after these events the war concluded, with the installation of Yakub Khan upon the throne and the despatch of the Cavagnari Mission to Kabul to draw up the treaty of Gandamak.

RISE AND FALL OF YAKUB KHAN.

Yakub Khan had reigned less than four months when Sir Louis Cavagnari and his staff were massacred in September, and the third Afghan War opened, 1879-1880, with the operations under General Sir Frederick (now Field-Marshal Lord) Roberts. The Afghans were defeated at Charasia, and Yakub Khan fled; but the ill-temper of the capital had spread to the surrounding tribes, and before the end of the year a general rising had taken place. By December, 1879, Kabul was cut off, and only immediate action on the part of Sir

Donald Stewart, who came up with forces from Kandahar, saved the situation.

REAPPEARANCE OF ABDUR RAHMAN.

At this crisis in the affairs of Afghanistan Abdur Rahman, who had retired into Russian territory on his defeat by Shir Ali in the war of succession 1863-1868, suddenly appeared from across the Oxus, supported by Russian arms, money, and a small force. It was no part of the Russian scheme of the moment that Abdur Rahman should go to Kabul, General Kauffman believing that as we were about to retire from Afghanistan, Abdur Rahman might make as well as another a bid for Afghan Turkestan, and in establishing himself there prepare the way for the Russian occupation of the province at some future date. Unlooked for by us as Abdur Rahman's appearance undoubtedly was, it was nevertheless welcome, and he was invited to Kabul, where, in June, 1880, he was elected Amir by the assembled Sirdars.

WE PLEDGE THE AMIR.

In the following month, under instructions addressed to General Sir Donald Stewart by the Marquis of Ripon, as Viceroy of India, Sir Lepel Griffin communicated on July 20th, 1880, the following promise in the course of a letter to Abdur Rahman in confirmation of his election to the throne:—

... If any Power should attempt to interfere in Afghanistan, and if such interference should lead to unprovoked aggression on the dominions of your Highness, in that event the British Government would be prepared to aid you to such extent and in such manner as may appear to the British Government necessary in repelling it, provided that your Highness follows unreservedly the advice of the British Government in regard to your external relations. . . .

Unhappily this engagement concerned only the external relations of the country, and took no notice of the task which immediately confronted the new ruler. In Afghanistan itself all was chaotic, the gravest confusion prevailing in every department of the political, civil and military administration. At the time, too, the tribal system was in full swing, and each tribe, together with its sub-divisions, according to its numerical force and territorial dimensions, supported one or more of the reigning chiefs. These leaders, whose existence may be compared with that enjoyed by the dukes and barons of the Middle Ages in France, occupied so great a position in the State that the enlistment of their services upon behalf of the throne carried with it a weight always sufficient to maintain the balance of the scales in favour of the ruler of Kabul. Nevertheless, in order to fortify his own position, Abdur Rahman decided to suppress them. One by one they were brought under subjection, the gradual circumscription of their authority paving the way to the subsequent solidarity which distinguished his own position. This work occupied all his energies for the first three years of his reign,

and when at its completion he turned his attention to the army it was to find that his resources were already considerably straitened.

At this juncture, in order to mark the correctness of Abdur Rahman's conduct during these first years of his reign, Lord Ripon, on June 16th, 1883, wrote in the course of a letter to the Amir:—

... Impressed by these considerations, I have determined to offer your Highness personally . . . a subsidy of ten lakhs of rupees a year, payable monthly, to be devoted to the payment of your troops and to the other measures required for the defence of your north-western frontier . . .

ABDUR RAHMAN'S ARMY.

With the assistance of the subsidy Abdur Rahman now began to work upon the military system of the tribes, gradually shaping it to a model of his own. At an early point in his task, at the Durbar with Lord Dufferin on April 5th, 1885, he was assisted with a gift of ten lakhs of rupees, 20,000 breech-loading rifles, three batteries of artillery, and liberal supplies of ammunition. These presents, the guarantees of the goodwill of the Government, prompted Abdur Rahman to pledge the Viceroy in these momentous words:—

... In return for this kindness and favour, I am ready with my arms and people to render any services that may be required of me or of the Afghan nation. As the British Government has declared that it will assist me in repelling any foreign enemy, so it is right and proper that Afghanistan should unite in the firmest manner and stand side by side with the British Government. . . .

The interest and sympathy of the Government of India stirred the Amir to such efforts that, as the outcome of his initiative, he may be described as the actual founder of the army of Afghanistan. In place of the old feudal levies, with their variable allegiance, he called into being a force paid, created and controlled entirely by himself. When, under the terms of the Durand Convention, his subsidy was increased from twelve to eighteen lakhs, and the right to import munitions of war was conceded to him, he proceeded to erect in his capital model workshops, factories and an arsenal, from which, with a weekly output of two guns, one hundred and seventy-five rifles, and a varying quantity of ammunition, he intended to equip a million men, and to build up a reserve of five hundred rounds for each field-piece and five thousand rounds for every rifle. Although the million men standard was not reached, he did amass an immense stock of ordnance supplies in Kabul, and imparted to the position of Afghanistan, for the first time in its history, an element of profound security.

THE AMIR AS LAW-MAKER.

By means of a perfected army Abdur Rahman founded a military autocracy, but at the same time he had the wit to see that the continuation of such a form of government would be rendered more difficult as soon as the energies of his people were profitably occupied. The change has now taken

place, for although the Afghans retain at the present time their old characteristics—their love of their own country and their hatred of alien races—through many years of peace and their intercourse, on the one hand, with the Russians, and in the other direction with India, they are liable to flock to the standard of the Amir less than they were. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that to-day Afghanistan reproduces the conditions of a settled country and possesses a population much more contented than that of a generation ago, the penetrating associations of prosperity having benumbed the warlike instincts of the bulk of the people. Side by side, therefore, with his reorganisation of the army, Abdur Rahman reformed the laws, improved the conditions of trade and revenue, and reared from amid the remains of the tribal system a civil administration. The laws which the Amir designed, together with their various modifications and amendments, now fill a dozen volumes. At the time every official, great and small, possessed a manual signed and sealed by him; but although his intentions were excellent, judicial corruption made evasion of the penalties neither difficult nor infrequent.

METHODS OF BARBARISM.

The condition of the Criminal Code was left untouched, and to-day there is no limit to its penalties. Torture is invariably applied, and men are still blown from guns, while penalties of equal brutality are exacted for comparatively trivial offences. Occasionally, too, a spirit of sheer barbarism distinguishes the justice which is dispensed, and in the fates which befell a robber and an overzealous student of political affairs this is very plainly indicated. The former was a renegade official whose exploits had won for a mountain pass near Kabul an unenviable notoriety. Captured at length by the police, Abdur Rahman determined to make an example of him. Upon the summit of the pass, 8000 feet above sea level, he erected a flagstaff; from this he suspended an iron cage, and in the cage he placed his quondam official—where he left him.

The student had broken in upon a Durbar which Abdur Rahman was holding, with the declaration that the Russians were advancing to invade Afghanistan.

"The Russians are coming," said the Amir; "then you shall be taken to the summit of yonder tower and shall have no food until you see them arrive."

From the first the condition of the revenue and the question of the currency attracted his attention, but his attitude towards foreign trade was irregular and despotic. In a sense he was a Protectionist; but, while he modified existing taxes and improved their methods of collection, he interdicted trade with India and Russia. At the same time he es-

tablished a mint in Kabul, and proceeded to replace by new tokens those hitherto in circulation. At a later date, when Abdur Rahman imported American minting machinery and the services of an official from Calcutta, the Kabul mint possessed a capacity of 100,000 silver and copper tokens a day.

THE MANNER OF GOVERNMENT.

These measures were the necessary and preliminary steps to any restoration of order in the State, and it was as well perhaps that the Amir began his task at the beginning. It was, however, upon the formation of an ordered and permanent administration that he concentrated the greater part of his energies, and in any consideration of his reign it is the elaborate administrative machinery which he left behind that stands out most prominently. Unfortunately, in spite of high-sounding titles, the methods of the new order were regulated in many instances by the principles of the old. Yet, as contrived by him, the civil administration represented the outward form of civilised government. It is not to be supposed that he was able to maintain it free from abuse. Spoliation and embezzlement have existed so long in the Orient that recourse to them has become second nature to every functionary. In Afghanistan each official, whether he were the product of the new order or a remnant of the old, was corrupt, and regarded abuse of office as the customary symbol of administrative power. The existence of such a state of affairs impaired the success of any attempt at reform, and although Abdur Rahman produced a fine array of departmental chiefs, peculation was rife and disorder really unabated. In Oriental government the supreme and one propelling motive of the official classes is the enhancement of their own interests, and although Abdur Rahman put a stop to the sale of public offices he could not control the disbursement and acceptance of bribes by which the award of such offices could be influenced. In spite of inherent difficulties the Amir achieved substantial success, simplifying in the end the methods of government procedure, and improving the general condition of the country. In order to win respect for his laws he permitted a firm of silk merchants from Bombay to summon the Bibi Halima, his wife, and he punished with amputation of the fingers any who defaced a Government ledger.

THE DEATH OF ABDUR RAHMAN.

Always alive to his own interests, Abdur Rahman was well aware of the significance of the development which he was effecting in the position of Afghanistan; and while the dignity of the State grew from year to year, the Amir equally realised that his own importance was appreciated. For the first ten years of his reign he was an absorbed, silent worker, and his labours were characterised by foresight and self-reliance. All the measures—military, financial and administrative—calculated to enhance his name and to improve his State were pushed to

completion in this period; but, once safely accomplished, and a certain national dignity secured to his country, so little did he consider himself beholden to the Government of India, that, by way of replying to the stoppage of certain supplies of war materials by the Viceroy, he repudiated his subsidy, despatched regiments to the frontier as an impudent precaution, and wrote over the head of the Viceroy a letter of complaint to Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of the day. This independence of action, refreshing to the historian, but troublesome to the Government to whose service the Amir was pledged, may be said to have described the second half of his reign, during which time his strenuous spirit no doubt lacked sufficient occupation to keep it from mischief. In any case, between 1890 and 1898 we find him pushing relations between Kabul and Calcutta to the verge of rupture through his patronage of certain fanatical spirits of the border, his indulgence in spiritual activities of a disturbing character, and the ostentatious expression of note of truculent defiance at the time of the Tirah Campaign. The occasions for concern at Abdur Rahman's attitude were less as the aged Amir approached the close of his life, relations between Kabul and Calcutta being cemented by the warm regard which the Afghan ruler possessed for the Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Before this friendship had had time to influence the course of border politics Abdur Rahman died, and it is impossible to deny that a figure of commanding ability and engaging interest disappeared from the stage of Central Asian politics amid expressions of genuine regret.

ACCESSION OF HABIB ULLAH.

The succeeding Amir was not altogether an unknown quantity in India, as the late ruler had been compelled from reasons of health during his closing years to transfer much of the administrative business of the State to younger shoulders. Habib Ullah therefore had acquired an intimate knowledge of the domestic affairs of the country; and, as he had during the past five years replaced his father at the weekly Durbar, ample opportunities had existed for forming an estimate of his character. A despot by inclination and the accident of environment, he filled his father's rôle with tolerance and patience, and the anticipations of his people were bright and encouraging. In a measure, too, the sum of his activities since his accession has realised these earlier expectations, although so far as his relations with India have extended, he has shown no inclination to confirm the dependence of his position. Inheriting from his father a State that had been created under the ægis, and through the indulgent offices of successive Viceroys of India, pride of place propels him to regard himself no longer as a subject Prince, but prompts him to substitute for the old ties conditions of equality far removed from the principles of 1880. It re-

mains to be seen whether Mr. Morley, as Secretary of State for India, will admit the Amir to equal footing with the Viceroy. To do so will play havoc with our prestige in Central Asia; but the difficulty of refusing the Amir's right to an alliance, founded upon mutual obligation, is the greater by reason of the concluding clause of the Dane treaty, which recognises the Amir of Afghanistan as an independent King. Plain indication of the views which the Amir holds has been given at frequent intervals since his accession, and his manner at those times closely resembles the brusque disregard which the old Amir was accustomed upon occasion to manifest towards our requirements. In no way has this spirit of independence been displayed so openly as in his dealing with the independent tribes of the border zone, in his patronage of certain wandering *fakirs* objectionable to the Government of India, and in his reception and dismissal of the Dane Mission. Now that he is about to make atonement there is no need to dwell upon the derisive politeness with which he treated the many invitations to India which have been dispatched to Kabul, although it is difficult to believe that the Amir really thought that they disguised attempts to obtain more decided powers of control over his country. In point of fact they were framed with a view to establishing once again the fixed relationship which had terminated with the death of Abdur Rahman. While evading these overtures from the Government of India, Habib Ullah, at a full State Durbar in honour of a Mission of Condolence from the Viceroy, emphasised his intention of respecting the prejudices of his father, and at the same time declared that the obligations of the father were not binding on the son. At this moment, however, Habib Ullah had already claimed Abdur Rahman's right to an unrestricted importation of arms, and begun to credit himself with the monthly instalments of his father's subsidy. Under these circumstances, although there was no need for any violent coercion of the ruler of Kabul, it was obvious that the reins between Kabul and Calcutta required to be tightened; and it has to be confessed that the process delayed the establishment of any cordial understanding between the Government of India and the Amir of Afghanistan for at least a twelvemonth.

THE DANE CONVENTION.

Inveterate suspicion of foreign influence characterises every aspect of Habib Ullah's external policy; and so frequently during 1901-04 did these doubts of our good faith imperil Anglo-Afghan relations, that at the close of 1904 action of a convincing nature was held to be essential. In an effort to determine an intolerable situation Mr. (now Sir) Louis Dane was sent as a special envoy to Kabul, when the questions of the Amir's subsidy and powers in respect of the importation of arms were decided by confirming, as with Habib Ullah, the letter and

spirit of the agreements which had existed between Abdur Rahman and the Government of India. Under the powers of this convention the Amir thus obtained—firstly, the release of the arrears of subsidy, in all some £400,000; secondly, the continuation of the annual subsidy of eighteen lakhs of rupees; thirdly, the right to an unrestricted importation of arms; and, lastly, recognition of himself as independent King of Afghanistan and its dependencies. It is not to be supposed that these substantial concessions were intended to be awarded without adequate return; but the Amir conceded nothing, although sending his son Inayat Ullah Khan as the chief of a mission of honour to greet Lord Curzon. The position of affairs as between Kabul and Calcutta, therefore, stands to-day almost precisely where it was left by the death of the late Amir in 1901, save that in certain salient particulars—notably the question of the Mahmand border—this lapse of five years has seriously aggravated the causes at issue.

OUR REQUIREMENTS.

To-day there are so many points to be considered in our relations with Afghanistan that it is perhaps of interest to recall those that are of chief importance. Broadly speaking, our wants may be said to fall under two heads:—

- (1) Those that are the concomitant of our responsibilities in respect of the territorial integrity of Afghanistan.
- (2) Those that have arisen locally through political misunderstanding.

In connection with the first it must be understood, however, that our requirements at the present time are only the logical complement of that protection by which we shield Afghanistan from foreign aggression. If, in the future, we are to continue to give practical effect to the letter, as well as to the spirit, of our engagements with the Amir, the facilities to enable us to do so should be provided. So long as we are denied the possession of any points of advantage in Afghanistan itself nothing but misfortune can be expected to accrue from an arrangement which expects us to safeguard the northern frontier of Afghanistan from points five hundred miles distant, without the means for rapid communication and in the absence of an efficient Afghan army. It is most desirable, therefore, that the system of strategic railways now existing on the Indian frontier should be prolonged to Kabul and Kandahar, a telegraph service established between Kabul, Kandahar, Herat, Mazar-i-Sharif and India, and the reorganisation of the army under British officers permitted. Of course, none of these important developments can be carried without the assent of the Amir, and it is hardly necessary to point out that the Imperial Government, desirous of securing his benevolent co-operation in the realisation of measures designed solely

for the benefit of Afghanistan, approaches the question in an indulgent and amicable spirit. In this direction, moreover, it is of use to say that the opposition to these schemes is confined almost entirely to the Court party in Kabul, whose anti-foreign prejudices are imbibed from the teachings of the *mullahs*, at once a curse and a power in the land, and the most enduring menace to our influence which the country contains. Although obdurate to these suggestions, Habib Ullah has none the less made known his intention of falling back upon the support of the Government of India in the event of defeat. As such a contingency is likely to happen at the outset of any war with a foreign Power, the folly of his intolerance of foreign supervision is the greater, because the *matériel* of the Afghan army is excellent, and its good qualities could be enhanced easily and quickly by judicious training under British officers.

The features of the second category are upon a different plane to those of the first. They are concerned in the main with the Amir's interference with overland and interprovincial trading caravans from India, with his control of the Mahmand border tribes, and his perpetuation of Abdur Rahman's regulations against the use of the railhead at New Chaman. No one of these questions, however, is beyond adjustment, and their disappearance should certainly be anticipated at the present time.

THE AMIR'S DOMESTIC POLICY.

If there has been any note of uncertainty in the foreign policy of the Amir, it is of interest to reflect that since ascending the throne Habib Ullah's domestic policy has been remarkably benevolent. Abuses in the collection of *octroi* have been remedied, certain taxes abolished, and, to give an impetus to trade in Afghanistan itself, merchants are now permitted to obtain advances from the Kabul Treasury on proper security—a concession very greatly appreciated, as it enables traders to evade the usurious rates of interest levied by Hindu money-lenders. Clemency of a striking description, too, has been displayed by issuing invitations to return to Afghanistan to those members of the tribal families who were frightened out of the country by the measures of Abdur Rahman. Very possibly this generosity is a species of political charity intended to spread the good name of the new ruler and to impress the Government of India, but it is at least a revelation of the changes brought about by the establishment of a stable government and the formation of a bureaucracy. The existence of this latter, an evolution from the unquestioned despotism of his predecessor, has brought about the creation of a supreme council, known as the Durbar Shahi, to which the more important officials belong, and a more popular assembly described as the Khawanin Mulkhi. Three classes—certain Sirdars as belonging to the Royal House; the Khans, as the representa-

tives of the country; and the Mullahs—find the members for these bodies, while the details of the civil administration now embrace a Board of Trade, with which the Caravan Department and the Customs are affiliated; Bureaux of Justice and Police; Offices of Records, Public Works, Posts and Communications; Departments of Education and Medicine as a separate organisation, and a Board of Treasury divided into four departments of Revenue and Expenditure—northern, southern, eastern, and western—in connection with which there are a State Treasury and a Private Treasury. The State Treasury, controlled by a State Treasurer and Councillors of the Exchequer, renders daily statements of revenue and expenditure, which, countersigned by the heads of the departments concerned, are submitted every evening to the Amir. The Private Treasury is occupied solely with the revenues of the Royal Family. Under the military administration are grouped, besides the army, militia and the tribal levies, all departments concerned in the manufacture of war material and the industries associated with each. At the same time, the workmen employed in these undertakings, and all foreigners whose services are retained by the Amir, come within its jurisdiction. Payments in connection with the military administration are made monthly, but civil disbursements are tendered annually, or, in certain exceptions, bi-yearly.

The following division of business is usually observed: Mondays and Thursdays are devoted to postal despatches and to questions of finance; Tuesday is occupied with the affairs of the War Department; Wednesday is allotted to the general business of the State, when public as well as private Durbars are held; Friday is observed as a religious holiday, while on Saturday the Amir sits as a Court of Final Appeal, and Sunday is reserved for general inspection duties.

A SPIRITUAL PASTOR AND MASTER.

Unlike his father, Habib Ullah takes but little interest in military affairs, preferring to be regarded as the director of things spiritual. Even Abdur Rahman, who accepted the title Zia-ul-Millat-wud-din—Light of the Nation and Religion—found himself sorely pressed by Kabul fanaticism, but his successor, too weak to head the current and too zealous a Mahomedan to question the teaching of the Mullahs, has disclosed a subserviency to priestly control which has reacted with unfortunate results upon his relations with the Government of India. With the connivance of the late Hadda Mullah—a frontier firebrand of the most pernicious type—he was installed with special honours as Siraj-ul-Millat-wud-din—Lamp of the Congregation and the Faith—while upon a later occasion, at the instance of the Head Mullah in Kabul, he divorced three of his seven wives, citing with extreme unction the mandate of the Mahomedan

religion which forbids a true believer to maintain more than four. The wish to observe the very letter of Moslem doctrine, however, was to carry him to the length of forbidding the use of gold laces, embroidered shoes, bright handkerchiefs, and jewellery among men, and of ordering the white, picturesque street cloaks of his feminine subjects to be dyed kharki, mustard yellow, or slate. The active force behind these manifestations of intolerance in the Amir is his bigoted brother, the Commander-in-Chief, the Sirdar Nazr Ullah Khan, who has become a *Hafis*, or repeater of the Koran, and is also an *I'timad-ud-dowlah*, or "Confidence of the State." With Nazr Ullah are allied all the forces of the Kabul priesthood, than whom there is no more bigoted sect throughout the Mahommedan world. In fact, the real rulers of the people are the priests, and the great division of the State lies between two sects of Mahommedans, the Sunnis and the Shiah. All Afghans are Sunnis, and Nazr Ullah Khan, through his brother the Amir, over whom he has obtained a pronounced ascendancy, is their leader. It will be seen, therefore, that anti-foreign prejudices are centred in a powerful faction of the Kabul Court.

AT THE KABUL COURT.

It was from Sirdar Nazr Ullah Khan and the Bibi Halima, the widow of Abdur Rahman, that the opposition to Habib Ullah's accession emanated, and for months their intrigues occupied his attention. Ultimately, in order to safeguard his own interests, Habib Ullah was compelled to confine the widow of Abdur Rahman to one of the Royal palaces, and to dismiss his brother on a tour of military inspection. Family dissension is not an unusual feature of the domestic environment of Oriental potentates, and the Amir is no exception. Certainly a wide circle of dependants batten upon his indulgence, and the most outrageous of many acts of imposition came from his own sister, who, since her husband had incurred the Amir's displeasure had fled to India. This lady, trading upon the manifesto which the Amir issued at the time of his accession, sent by way of greeting a verse from the Koran sealed with her cypher. The Amir replied with permission for them to return to Kabul, and despatched a gift of 30,000 rupees for the expenses of the journey which the lady never had proposed to take.

Unlike his father, who knew when and where to modify his objections to foreign influence, Habib Ullah regards all foreigners with contempt; but his aversion is a little singular, and, if due to innate suspicion of our good faith, it is desirable to explain that he has never suffered at our hands. His prejudice against Western innovations does not, however, carry him to the length of avoiding European dress, and on State occasions the Amir is resplendent in a scarlet coat, richly embroidered with

gold lace, white cloth trousers and white gloves. For headgear he has an astrakhan hat decorated with a large diamond star, and sports a gold belt, jewelled sword, and gold shoulder-straps surmounted with diamonds. In semi-state the Amir is seen in a black uniform, faced with revers of braid and ornamented with astrakhan cuffs, black cloth trousers, and patent leather knee-boots. The cap, belt, sword and shoulder-straps alone remain unaltered. At other times Habib Ullah cuts a curious figure in a short black coat and vest, tweed knickerbockers, stockings, and low shoes, or, if in private audience with a European, a black frock-coat and a single-breasted waistcoat, grey trousers, and patent boots. In the completion of either costume he favours a white, turn-down collar, a white shirt, and a stiff butterfly tie, which it is the privilege of his secretary to adjust.

Born at Samarkand in 1872, Habib Ullah is smaller in stature and much sallower than his father, to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He wears his clothes with clumsy dignity, and is evidently particular about their cut, finish and condition. He is already inclined to stoutness, but the heaviness of his features is concealed in part by a beard and moustache. In conversation his face lights with an engaging smile, but he has great reserve of manner, and not unusually wears an air of abstraction or pre-occupation. His knowledge of our language is meagre, and he understands English better than he speaks it. In every way milder than his father, who was as quick to read character as he was to resent injury, the discernment, judgment, and courage of the older man are wanting in the son, although the two share in common a certain grimness of humour. This faculty occasionally manifests itself in unexpected directions, as was lately disclosed to the Amir's chief body servant, Ahmed Rashid. This worthy, whose duty it is to take care of the Royal wardrobe, was becoming neglectful, when one morning Habib Ullah noticed a black scorpion, whose sting is unusually agonising, in a boot that he had been about to put on. Summoning Ahmed to his side, the Amir complained that the boot pinched his foot, and ordered the servant to stretch it by drawing it on his foot. The pain of the bite was not the more readily forgotten from the fact that nothing of much consequence could be done to relieve it. Incidents of this description tend to make service in the Royal household somewhat of a trial; but even in the harem his playfulness is found to conceal a pointed barb. The Amir recently dispensed with the services of a European medical attendant who was specially detailed to his Court by the Viceroy of India. Shortly after this officer's departure from Afghanistan Habib Ullah was visited by an attack of his old enemy—gout. The seizure, an unusually sharp one, was protracted, and brought many sleepless

nights to the august sufferer. The *hakins*—i.e., the native practitioners—had bled their patient, but the fever and inflammation were not appreciably relieved by these efforts, when the Shahgassi, the Court Chamberlain, heard of the arrival of an Indian hospital assistant, who, with little actual knowledge, but great assumption, had travelled to Kabul with a view to setting himself up in practice there. At the request of the Shahgassi this man prepared a very potent sleeping-draught for the Amir, containing in proper proportion the correct ingredients, but calculated to serve for several days. Returning post-haste to the couch of the Amir, the Shahgassi gave the medicine to Habib Ullah, who, with his customary mistrust of foreigners, administered half the contents of the bottle to some servant, comforting the man with the remark that if Allah were on the side of the infidel no harm would result.

A few days passed, when the hospital assistant was summoned to the Hindakki Palace, and at the same time warned that the gout had run its course, and that the condition of the Amir had consequently improved. Rejoiced to find that his preparation had been so efficacious, he was awaiting his reward when the Amir suddenly produced the remaining half of the mixture.

"One half of this," said Habib Ullah, exposing the bottle to the affrighted gaze of the hospital assistant, "has killed my servant Abdul; the other half, by the grace of Allah, has been preserved. Drink, and may your sleep be sound!"

The unfortunate man, presented with no alternative, obeyed, and would, no doubt, have suffered a similar fate to that of the Amir's servant if a European workman in the Amir's service, and present at the Durbar, had not, with great presence of mind, administered an emetic. ANGUS HAMILTON.



Daily Chronicle.]

A King in his "Free State"

J.B.: "H'm, as little barriers such as these seem to be ineffectual, something firmer and less breakable must be devised to stop his mad rushes."



N.Z. Free Lance.]

New Zealand's Christmas Stocking.

ROBERT: "I must squeeze it into his stocking somehow; he is sure to like it."

SIR JOE: "That's all right, Robert. But be careful, or you may frighten the little fellow. He has never had so much in his stocking before."

THE NEXT WONDER OF THE WORLD.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY OUTDONE: THE FUTURE OF TELEPATHY.

It seems as if M. Santos Dumont will succeed in wiping out the frontiers of the world about the same time as telepathy will emerge from the experimental stage and become the universal medium of communication between man and man. This prediction will be scoffed at by those who until the other day derided the notion of wireless telegraphy. But those who know what has already been achieved will be quite prepared for the advent of this latest wonder of the world.

I.—THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ZANCIGS.

Telepathy from the subconscious mind has for years past been constantly employed by the present writer for the transmission, or rather for the reception, of news without the intervention of the ordinary channels of sense. The difficulty of working with the subconscious mind is that its consciousness is rarely continuous with that of the physical consciousness, it ignores much that to us appears important, and in chronicling facts it is most embarrassingly indifferent to conditions of time.

These are, however, but the obstacles, the inevitable difficulties which baffle and tantalise the investigator in any unknown field. What has been demonstrated, times without number, is that friends at a distance of hundreds of miles can and do transmit to me, by the agency of automatic handwriting, the most secret thoughts and confidences of their hearts. They are not conscious of the use which their subconscious self is making of my hand. But they cannot deny the extraordinary accuracy with which time and again the contents of their inmost minds have been communicated to me. If I had time for the patient and prolonged experimenting necessary for the elucidation of the laws governing the telepathic transmission of thought, I think that I should long ere this have discovered how to hitch the telepathic current on to the physical consciousness, and to shut off from the recipient the more potent, subtle and confusing vibrations which appear to be set up by the subconsciousness.

TELEPATHY FROM THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND.

My experience has, however, sufficed to prove to me that, providing that two minds are in tune, mind can transmit thought to mind instantaneously over distances of hundreds and thousands of miles. There are plenty of errors in transmission, flaws and imperfections in the telepathic process. But the fact that mind can and does transmit thought to mind across vast spaces without the agency of any wire or electrical instrument whatever is to be almost as well established as the fact that there is a postal system, and that a letter dropped into a

pillar-box in the street, with a penny stamp upon it, will be delivered in the course of the next day to any address within a radius of three hundred miles. But my experiments have hitherto been entirely confined to the receipt of messages from the subconscious mind of the transmitter, who was not conscious at the time that the subliminal part of him was communicating to me his ideas, his hopes, his fears, or his actual experiences.

CAN THE CONSCIOUS MIND TELEPATH?

I have, however, always believed that it would be possible to make the physical consciousness receptive and as communicative as the subconsciousness. Hence, when the manager of the Alhambra invited me to witness the performance of Madame and M. Zancig, who claimed to have two minds and but a single thought, I gladly responded to the invitation, and was abundantly rewarded by what I saw. For nearly twenty years the Psychical Research Society has been laboriously grubbing for evidence of the possibility of telepathy. In the long array of their published "Proceedings" there is much space devoted to the account of experiments conducted under their auspices, which go to suggest the possibility that under very favourable conditions it is possible for one person to receive and to record, for the most part with very considerable percentage of error, messages conveyed to him direct from the mind of another. I am tolerably familiar with the literature of telepathy. I say without hesitation that the Zancigs at the Alhambra Music-hall give a more conclusive demonstration of the power of telepathy than is to be found in all the literature of the subject. And what adds to the marvel is that this demonstration takes place, not in the quiet seclusion of a private room, but in the atmosphere of a great music-hall, crowded with men and women laughing, talking, smoking, drinking.

WHAT THE ZANCIGS DEMONSTRATE.

After seeing the Zancigs at the Alhambra, I called upon them by invitation at their own rooms, and subsequently invited them to lunch at my house, 5 Smith Square. On both of the occasions on which I experimented with them in private, the results were the same as those to be witnessed by anybody at the Alhambra. The only difference was that at the experiments in private I had ample opportunity to impose conditions which rendered fraud or trickery absolutely impossible.

Mr. and Mrs. Zancig are Danes, of about forty years of age, who speak the English language with ease and accuracy. They were brought up together as boy and girl in the same village in Denmark, they were confirmed at the same church, and after they grew up they entered the service of the same

employers—the one as a clerk, the other as a governess—in the United States. Nineteen years ago they married, and in the intimacy of their domestic life they discovered that they were so much in harmony and sympathy one with the other, that Mrs. Zancig often read her husband's thoughts before he expressed them by word or writing. Marvelling at this, Mr. Zancig made a series of experiments which convinced him that he could, by thinking intently upon anything, impress a picture of that thing on the impressionable and receptive mind of Mrs. Zancig. When he thought red, she saw the air around her grow lurid; when he fixed his mind on green, she saw green; when he thought of a rose, she saw the rose, and so forth. But while he could transmit his thought to her, and often did so unintentionally, he could most easily impress her by thinking intently of a definite object. On the other hand, she could rarely, if at all, impress his mind, think she never so intently.

WHAT THEY CLAIM.

After some years they decided to submit themselves to the ordeal of a public demonstration. But being practical-minded Danes, much more intent upon making a living than upon solving scientific problems, they made no claim to the power of telepathy. They preferred to leave the secret of how they did it to the speculations of a puzzled audience. Better that people should imagine it was a clever trick, and come again and again to find it out, than that they should accept it as telepathy, and think no more about it than they do of the telephone. So the Zancigs for four years did well for themselves on the platform of the American variety show, and as they made no claim to be other than the ordinary fakirs and jugglers of those places of entertainment, no one appears to have taken any trouble to investigate their extraordinary powers.

WHAT THEY DO AT THE ALHAMBRA.

At last, after making a tour of the world, the Zancigs came to London and made their bow to the Alhambra audience. I went to see them, in company with Mr. Sinnett and two other friends keenly interested in the investigation of psychical phenomena. This is what we saw. When their turn is called, Madame Zancig and her husband come upon the stage. Behind them is a simple drop-scene. In front of this, close to the footlights, in the middle of the stage, Madame Zancig takes her stand, holding a piece of chalk by the side of a slate mounted upon a stand. After a few words of explanation to the effect that they claim nothing and do not understand how it is done themselves, Mr. Zancig appeals to anyone in the audience to give him any article, name, or number, as he goes through the hall, and Madame Zancig will instantly describe it or write it upon the slate. He then steps off the stage and begins to circulate through

the audience. Instantly all kinds of articles are pressed upon him. A card-case, a watch, a knife, a match-box, a seal—all these articles are named by the wife on the stage as soon as they are shown to the husband amid the audience. Mr. Zancig does not face his wife: he is for the most part with his back towards her, looking intently at the articles which are displayed to him by the people in the pit or the stalls.

Then he asks for names and numbers. Men pencil a series of numbers on a card, show it to Mr. Zancig, and instantly the wife chalks the numbers down upon the slate in their proper order. Sometimes she makes a mistake, confusing 3 for 8, and sometimes getting 6 or 9 inverted as 9 or 6. But as a rule she does not even make those mistakes. Strings of figures hastily scribbled in the distant gallery, and deciphered with difficulty by Mr. Zancig as he stoops down to read the figures, are written out without hesitation by Madame Zancig in clear, bold hand before the eyes of the whole audience. Mr. Zancig is never for more than a moment in the same place. He is here and there and everywhere, rushing about from one part of the house to the other. Articles are thrust into his hand one after the other, and sometimes his wife describes them before he himself has quite realised what they are. The longest strings of numbers, the most outlandish foreign names, are written out on the slate. The only difficulty appears to arise when the Danes are embarrassed by the difference between English spelling and English pronunciation.

MR. SINNETT'S CHEQUE.

After this kind of thing had been going on for fifteen or twenty minutes the door of our box was flung open, and Mr. Zancig jumped in. "Give me something," he cried; "anything you like—a bank-note or what you please." Mr. Zancig was in a state of great tension. We were in the farthest box from the stage, on Madame Zancig's right hand. Being thus adjured, Mr. Sinnett hurriedly rummaged through his pocket-book and produced a blank cheque. Mr. Zancig bent over the ledge of the box, his face not turned towards the stage, but his eyes intent on the cheque. "What is this?" "A draft." "How much is it filled up for?" "It is blank, not filled up at all." "What is its number?" And there and then that marvellous woman wrote up with absolute accuracy and without a moment's hesitation figure after figure until the right number was written on the slate!

IMPOSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS.

Before we could congratulate Mr. Zancig he had left the box, closed the door, and was collecting other objects, names and numbers with which to demonstrate how accurately his wife could see with his eyes and feel with his mind no matter in what part of the building he might be. Every explanation of the ordinary kind failed to explain.

Ventriloquism was out of the question, for the answers as often as not were written down on the slate. Concealed telegraph wires were impossible, seeing that Mr. Zancig ranged at large over the whole building. Preconceived signals were impossible to carry out with the breathless rapidity and rush with which the tests were taken. The notion of confederates is equally absurd. Mr. Sinnett was certainly no confederate. Neither he nor anyone else in the theatre knew the number of his cheque before he took it from his pocket-book. No; to me the inference was clear. It was a case of telepathy, pure and simple. This married pair had their respective mental batteries so perfectly adjusted, each to each, that the vibration of the thought current of the man instantly registered itself upon the mind of the other.

A DEMONSTRATION IN THEIR OWN FLAT.

When I called upon the Zancigs, I asked them if they would try an experiment in the strictest test conditions. They agreed. I shut up Madame Zancig with a friend of my own in one room, giving her the slate and a piece of chalk pencil. A passage led from her room to the sitting-room, where I remained with Mr. Zancig. Both doors were closed, and the passage intervened. I asked another friend who was also present to write a series of eight figures. This was done, and the slate was handed to Mr. Zancig. He fixed his gaze upon one figure at a time. In the distance, through the doors, Mrs. Zancig called out the figures as she received them, writing them down at the same time. Once or twice she called out a wrong number. But when my friend brought Mrs. Zancig into the room with her slate, the series of figures was written correctly, from which it would appear that the telepathic current finds less difficulty in moving the fingers than in moving the tongue.

Various other experiments were tried under the same conditions and with the same success. In telepathing a mathematical figure Mr. Zancig drew first a circle and then imposed upon it a triangle. Mrs. Zancig, in the other room, cried out that she saw a square, and at the same time drew a triangle, over this triangle she then drew a circle. I drew a bird on my slate. "How can I draw a bird?" immediately cried Mrs. Zancig.

ANOTHER IN MY OWN HOUSE.

It may be said by the sceptical that this was in their rooms, that they might have cunningly arranged mirrors, and heaven knows what. To turn that objection I asked the Zancigs to lunch at my house on Thursday, November 15th. They did not get the invitation till eleven. Two hours later they arrived at 5. Smith Square. The company present included Mr. Harold Begbie, Mr. S. Trier of Copenhagen, and myself, and, of course, the Zancigs. After lunch we went into the drawing-

room. This is divided into two by a heavy curtain, which shuts off the half of the room looking eastward from the rest of the room looking eastward. Mrs. Zancig went alone with her slate into the east end of the room; the curtain was drawn. Mr. Begbie, Mr. Trier, my wife and I each chose objects, names, or numbers, which were no sooner shown to the husband than the wife announced them quite accurately from the other side of the curtain. Mr. Begbie wrote three names one above another. Mrs. Zancig wrote them down. He then gave Mr. Zancig a watch-key, on which the maker's name, Hunt, was distinguishable with difficulty. "It is a key," said Mrs. Zancig from the other room; "the name is Hunt." A series of eight figures was correctly written out. Then remembering Mr. Labouchere's familiar challenge to thought-readers to tell him the number of a bank-note in his possession, I took out of my purse an old, discoloured bank-note, and handed it to Mr. Zancig. "What is this?" he asked. His wife replied, "It is a note." "The date," he asked. "July 3rd, 1885," she answered. "And the number?" "There is a 5," she said, "and a 9 and an 8, and a 4 and a 4." She then drew back the curtain and showed us written upon it "44,895," which was the number of my bank-note. I ought to have said that she had previously stated that the bank-note had been scorched in the fire. It has every appearance of having been singed, as I have carried it in my pocket for twenty years. It was thrust into my hand twenty-one years ago by a lady as I was forcing my way to the platform of Exeter Hall at the meeting which welcomed me on my release from Holloway Goal. I have kept it ever since as a kind of mascot for luck. I don't think any living soul has seen it since then but myself alone. And I certainly did not know what was its number.

After this it is hardly necessary to describe further experiments. I showed Mr. Zancig a picture. "A dog and a slipper," said his wife. I took him upstairs and showed him the picture of a workman. "A portrait of a man," said his wife, who was in the room below.

The net conclusion of the three series of experiments left me in no doubt as to the genuineness of the telepathic gift enjoyed by these two Danes. They have no wish to experiment as to the range of their telepathy. It is sufficient for them that at short range it hardly fails to hit the mark. "If we were of independent means," they say, "we could experiment as much as you please. But we have our living to make, and we don't wish to endanger our livelihood, which depends upon the success with which we can do this one thing, by trying if we could do any other things of a similar nature which might spoil us and would certainly bring in no income."

II.—LONG-DISTANCE TELEPATHY IN AMERICA.

So far as the Zancigs are concerned they are not available for purposes of experiment in the wider field of long-distance telepathy. But as good fortune would have it, the month before they came to London I received a very long and elaborate paper from a correspondent in the United States, who in good set terms makes the bold declaration that he has succeeded in demonstrating the possibility of accurate instantaneous long-distance telepathy. I am compelled by reasons of space to curtail his paper, but the following extract from its concluding portion contains all that it is necessary to quote here. The writer, Mr. Andrew McConnell, lives at 20 Capital Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia. After describing the evidence in favour of telepathy observable in the lower animals, he maintains that clairvoyance is really due to telepathy, and that many of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena may admit of the same explanation. He then proceeds:

IS THOUGHT ELECTRICITY?

An essential of life—eating—produces electricity by chemical change; that breathing through the lungs, another essential of life, produces electricity by chemical oxidation; that breathing through the pores of the skin, an essential of life, produces chemical electricity, and the heat and essential of life produces electricity, so all the processes essential to maintaining life in our bodies produce electricity, so we have conclusive proof that vitality, the organic life principle, is simply self-generated electricity, on the same principle as the electricity of the inorganic kingdom, and that the energy in the living organism is the same as an inorganic battery, except the living has mind-power to keep up its normal currents by the chemical processes of life.

In our commercial electricity we have the storage battery, and electrical current can be turned on to move a mill or run a car, and turned off to stop. A small current can be used, or a strong one, at the will of the conductor. Since 1889 the generally accepted and chemically proven theory of the brain is that of Dr. Cajal, the Spanish physiologist of the brain. He took up Golgi's experiments, which proved the brain to consist of small separate cells, and from each protruded two or more minute fibres. Normally the fibres of one cell do not connect with those of adjoining cells, but in a thought they connect. And thus the process of thought is an electrical connection between the cells that have to do with certain lines of actions and thoughts. If we wish to move the right foot, the cells in the cerebellum connected with the nerves running into the muscles join, and turn on a current strong enough to contract the muscles to produce the desired motion. A slight movement needs but a slight current, and the thought is the ear conductor.

That this movement of the muscles is conclusively proven to be nothing but electricity is shown by the experiments in which a current of electricity applied to the brain produces exactly the same action on the nerves and muscles as is produced by conscious thought.

THE BRAIN AS AN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

By the Marconi wireless telegraphy we have reached the highest communication possible through the electricity of the inorganic kingdom. Now we will apply the same laws to the distinct communication through the electricity of the organic kingdom. The finest, subtlest form of electricity, and the most powerful, is electricity of the human mind through which thoughts are conveyed on the ether waves on the same principle and with the rapidity of light. It has been abundantly proven that the brain cells are storage bat-

teries to store the electricity generated by the life processes. Professor Thomasina, a material scientist, stated that the human brain is based upon the same principle as the coherer and de-coherer of the Marconi instrument for receiving and transmitting messages. Mr. Collins, the inventor of the wireless telephone, that has not yet been made practical, confirms this statement, saying the human body has every essential for communication at a distance without the aid of any mechanical instruments.

THE FIRST CONDITION FOR TELEPATHY.

So the only difficulty in making telepathy scientific and practicable is to find a way to generate a sufficiently strong mind-electric current to send a message to any distance and to find a mind sufficiently sensitive to receive it and sufficiently unified in thought to have the same electric vibration that would produce a magnetic polarity of attraction. There is far more depending upon the two minds being in the same electric vibration than in the power of the current.

It is difficult to discover the two minds sufficiently unified to act as the transmitter and the recipient. But it is possible to overcome this difficulty by sitting in circle round a table. Hitherto the practice of sitting at tables has been used almost exclusively for spiritualistic purposes. What I have discovered is that they can be used with equally satisfactory results for telepathic communications from the living.

THE TABLE AS A HELP TO TELEPATHY.

The practice of sitting at table—as in a spiritualistic seance—in order to establish telepathic intercourse is beneficial in two ways—it unifies the minds of the sitters, and creates combined currents of mental electricity, which facilitates a conscious talking with our friends at a distance. We have abundantly proven that telepathy exists subconsciously among all people, and to make it a conscious natural talking of mind with mind at a distance simply requires two minds very congenial thinking the same thought to the same metre—that is, whose electrical vibrations are the same as in the Marconi instruments—and then to generate a sufficient current to produce a conscious communication. Where two minds are thoroughly tuned to the same thought-vibration, they would be in communication without any current added, as two like minds attract each others' thoughts sufficiently to keep a communication between them. The less congeniality, the stronger the current necessary to make a communication conscious. So two highly receptive minds, keyed to the same thought-vibration, will be in conscious communication all the time. The fact that we have not had such conscious continuous telepathy is proof that no two highly receptive minds in the history have been in the same thought-vibration.

ITS DOUBLE USE—UNIFICATION AND POWER.

So the table can be used to make minds more receptive consciously, to more nearly unify them into the same vibration, and when they come near a fine receptivity and unity, the united current of a table circle can add the additional electricity necessary to make the communication conscious. When once made conscious the uniting currents tend to unify their minds more and more until they are so unified and receptive that their thought-currents keep up a connection without any effort. In fact, two minds can reach a point where they cannot keep from hearing each other's thoughts at a distance. Through the table experiments was how I developed a conscious communication that has lasted for a year, and is absolute proof that I discovered the next highest degree of communication to the wireless telegraphy. What a friend and I have done others can do. A study of the electricity of the organic kingdom is the next unexplored continent for the scientists. I have, like a Columbus, discovered there is such a continent.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

Living in the Conservative South, where the good old things are held sacred and the progressive New treated like the spy of an enemy, I have hungered in spirit for broad-minded friends to companion my thought and endeavour in

seeking to survey the new needs of our age. Last year in employing talent for my lecture movement, through which I was donating libraries to the small towns of the South, I met and employed a gifted lady, whom we will call Miss Mabel Ray. I found she, besides being a dramatic and poetic genius, had travelled extensively, had known some of the leading men of most civilised nationalities, had known leaders of most all religious beliefs, and had consequently reached a broad-minded sympathy, that, like a comrade Whitman, felt a kinship for all human endeavour. Through original thought, through extensive reading and open-minded nature, I had reached the same universal interest above the barriers of prejudice. We became good friends in a friendship that meant growth to both. I saw that she had the genius, the power and the faults of a Rousseau; that she was strong where I was weak in expression, and I was strong in her weaker points. She was the most intuitive and the broadest-minded of anyone I had known.

HOW IT BEGAN.

A circle of us started the table experiments in spiritualism. My mind was the type of the investigating reasoner; hers the receptivity intuitive to the high point of genius. The table experiments made me receptive, and tended to unify the electric vibration of our minds. She gave me a mental treatment for ill-health, and I became so receptive to her thought that I could feel the immediate effect of her silent treatment through my subconscious mind, which was the beginning of a distant telepathy.

When Miss Ray went North, I got Mrs. McConnell to join me in the table experiments. At the time I was inclined to believe in spiritualism. Mrs. McConnell has an unusual amount of electrical magnetism, and she surpassed me in managing the table, and I am indebted to her for the plan that led me to the discovery of conscious telepathy. She tried the table on living friends at a distance, and it talked like the departed spirits. She asked these friends about it, and they did not know of the supposed talk. So she concluded it was her subjective self talking to her objective, and quit it. You see it could be her subjective self, or it could as easily be the subjective self of the friend she was thinking about, and that friend be unconscious of it.

THE TABLE-TALKS.

When in the table circle with a strong electric current, I tried it, on Mrs. McConnell's idea, on Miss Ray. It answered her personality, and doing it repeatedly, I became very receptive. My whole body seemed most as sensitive to a thought current as the frog's legs to detect a current. I found that I could go into a finely receptive state, and use my arm like the table-leg to ask a question, and it would rise if true, or strike three for no. I tried this way of communicating with Miss Ray for a few days, becoming more and more receptive.

FROM TABLE-TILTING TO AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Then I reasoned, if her mind could enter my subconscious mind and direct my arm as her own, why could she not in the same way use my hand to write a message like a letter? I tried it, and it worked finely. After a few days' practice she could write automatically in her own handwriting, which I could not have duplicated to have saved my life, for I had not talent for imitating another's hand. My own handwriting is so nervous and scratching that few can read it: hers, a smooth, even, woman's handwriting. When I would tell her to go slow enough to write in her own hand, it would be so identical that I could not tell it from her own in letters. Then I knew for certain that the communications were from her conscious self.

FROM WRITING TO TALKING ACROSS 1200 MILES.

Then, reasoning that as her conscious mind could enter my subconscious mind, and direct my hand as her own in writing, why could not my conscious mind begin to hear the message and not have to write it, simply talk consciously through our minds? I tried thus to blend the conscious and subconscious, and gradually succeeded, until after a few more days our minds were so blended in the same electrical

vibration, and so sensitively receptive to each other, that we could talk through our minds at a distance of 1200 miles with as much ease and distinctness as two can converse orally in the same room. Thus was completed gradually the great discovery that the electricity of human minds can communicate with congenial keyed friends in any part of the world. Is this not as far beyond Marconi's discovery as his is beyond Morse's wire telegraph? So has been verified and realised the predictions of Mr. Collins of the wireless telephone, and Professor Thomasina, that the human mind has every essential known to wireless telegraphy for communication at a distance.

ORGANIC ELECTRICITY.

Inorganic electricity has done wonders for our age. Here is the first discovery in organic electricity, and does it not rank beyond the highest and greatest discovery of inorganic electricity? Darwin's Evolution classified the phenomena of outward life and creation, and made Christian thought give up its bondage to superstition. I believe that this theory and demonstration of organic electricity, together with another discovery to come in a later chapter, will scientifically classify the unsolved phenomena of Spiritualism, mind-reading, telepathy, miracles, dreams, impressions, revelations, and all the weird psychic mysteries that have puzzled the ages and are the last stronghold of superstition.

MISS MABEL RAY.

In writing these discoveries and their classifications, and in the writing, half the credit must be given to Miss "Mabel Ray." In this telepathy we have daily worked together, and there is no way to separate the work of one from the other. She went alone to Europe and won in six years the highest position as a platform artist and singer. A few American critics place her unpublished poems as bordering upon the immortal.

The question as to the veracity of my informant will at once be raised. I publish his statement with all reserve. If he is capable of conducting a conversation with a lady at a distance of 1200 miles, it will be easy for him to demonstrate it before a picked committee of scientists. He only needs to be asked to transmit from his end a statement of fact of, say, one hundred words, written down at the moment by an investigator, and handed to him to be transmitted telepathically to the lady at the other end. The lady, on receipt of the message by telepathic current, would be requested to communicate its contents to an investigator, who, making due note of the same, will exchange telegrams with the investigator at the other end. If telegrams cross, bearing with them identic messages, and those the message delivered for transmission in the first instance, Mr. McConnell will have proved his case.

I publish his article because although I cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of his assertions, I know that the world is trembling on the verge of this discovery, and there is, therefore, to me not only no antecedent improbability about the truth of his story, but a very strong presumption that it may be quite true.

But if it be proved, what a vista does this open up before our astonished eyes—what a marvellous revelation of the hitherto latent and almost unsuspected powers of the human soul! At present, however, I have said enough. Hereafter I may return to the subject again. W. T. STEAD.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE.

BY ONE WHO NEARLY DIED AND RECOVERED.

The *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* for September gives several narratives of the experiences of those who have almost died and who were afterwards restored to life. Of these the most remarkable is the case of Dr. Wiltse, of the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal*. This has been quoted by Mr. Myers, but as I don't think it has ever appeared in our columns I reprint Dr. Wiltse's narrative.

A DOCTOR WHO DIED OF TYPHUS.

According to his own account he died of typhus fever—at least so nearly died that the church bell was tolled for his death. He lay pulseless and apparently lifeless for half an hour. Needles were thrust into his legs without producing any effect. While the Doctor lay motionless, apparently dead, his soul, he tells us, was never more intensely alive:—

I realised my condition, and reasoned calmly thus: I have died as men term death, and yet I am as much a man as ever. I am about to get out of the body. I watched the interesting process of the separation of soul and body.

HOW THE SOUL ESCAPES FROM THE BODY.

By some power, apparently not my own, the Ego was rocked to and fro, literally as a cradle is rocked, by which process its connection with the tissues of the body was broken up. After a little time the lateral motion ceased, and along the soles of the feet, beginning at the toes, passing rapidly to the heels, I felt and heard, as it seemed, the snapping of innumerable small cords. When this was accomplished, I began slowly to retreat from the feet toward the head as a rubber cord shortens. I remember reaching the hips and saying to myself, "Now, there is no life below the hips." I can recall no memory of passing through the abdomen and chest, but recollect distinctly when my whole self was collected into the head, when I reflected thus: I am all in the head now, and I shall soon be free. I passed around the brain as if I were hollow, compressing it and its membranes slightly on all sides toward the centre, and peeped out between the sutures of the skull, emerging like the flattened edges of a bag of membranes. I recollect distinctly how I appeared to myself something like a jelly-fish as regards colour and form.

THE FIRST SENSATIONS OF FREEDOM.

As I emerged from the head I floated up and down and laterally like a soap-bubble attached to the bowl of a pipe, until I at last broke loose from the body and fell lightly to the floor, where I slowly rose and expanded into the full stature of a man. I seemed to be translucent, of a bluish cast, and perfectly naked. With a painful sense of embarrassment I fled toward the partially open door to escape the eyes of the two ladies whom I was facing as well as others whom I knew were about me, but upon reaching the door I found myself clothed, and, satisfied upon that point, I turned and faced the company.

His experience almost exactly coincided with that described by "Julia" in "After Death." He saw the mourners round his corpse, and tried in vain to make them realise his presence. Like her, he mar-

velled that he felt so wonderfully well; like her also he passed out of doors and travelled swiftly through the air. But, unlike her, he did not pass into the other world.

Three prodigious rocks blocked his path. His hour had not yet come:—

HOW HE CAME BACK.

He became unconscious again, and when he was lying in his bed he awoke to consciousness and soon recovered. He wrote out this narrative eight weeks after his strange experience, but he told the story to those at the bedside as soon as he revived. The doctor, who was at the bedside, said that the breath was absolutely extinct so far as could be observed, and every symptom marking the patient as dead was present. "I supposed at one time that he was actually dead as fully as I ever supposed anyone to be dead."

IN TOSY-TURVY LAND.

The distinction of the *Young Man* for December is a tosy-turvy Christmas dream by Sir F. C. Gould, with illustrations from his inimitable pencil. Falling asleep in the Gallery of the House of Commons while Mr. Bryce is answering Irish questions, he dreams he meets a man in the guise of Shakespeare, but walking on his hands. He discovers him to be G. B. S., who points him into Paradox Park, or Topsy-turvy Land. Mr. Bryce becomes good old Father Time, and a schoolboy very like Mr. Birrell comes up and asks him what time it is. Father Time answers: "If you are a non-provided schoolboy, it is just four-fifths"; whereupon the boy vanishes. He finds Dr. Clifford and Lord Halifax arguing, but from the opposite points of view, Dr. Clifford in cassock, Lord Halifax dressed like an unconventional Nonconformist minister, going at it hammer-and-tongs. Next he finds Mr. Lyttelton, dressed as Missionary Stiggins, holding forth to a Chinaman, who is really Mr. Winston Churchill, made up for the character, pigtail and all. In a portly German uniform he recognises Mr. Haldane, but discovers in the guise of a Quaker distributing tracts against war and pleading for disarmament none other than Lord Roberts. Mr. Chamberlain appears going a-golfing, followed by Mr. Balfour as his gillie. He meets Mr. Lloyd-George tricked out as a bishop, with Mr. S. Evans as his chaplain. He finds Mr. Keir Hardie in a policeman's uniform, threatening Will Crooks if he offers violence to the uniform of John Burns. Mr. Lough enters as an ancient Briton, whom St. Augustine, *alias* Mr. Augustine Birrell, is trying to convert. John Burns in his uniform rushes out with a smoking tin of Chicago plum pudding, and hauls it away to explode. Perhaps the most laughter-rousing of the lot of cartoons is Dr. Clifford in sacerdotal robes.

ETHICAL EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

From a paper by Mrs. Fraser on education in the new Japan, contributed by her to the *World's Work and Play*, it appears that while we have our religious difficulty Japan has her ethical difficulty. There is a great rush to the secondary schools in Japan, and students—boys and girls, freed from the family government, and fed by cheap romances of the most sensational and debasing kind—have fallen into great moral laxity. The new Minister of Education, Mr. Makino, son of the great Okubo, told Mrs. Fraser, "It is not the education, but the morality, that is wrong just now." The thousands of students, moreover, have no authorised boarding-houses to live in. They board out anywhere, with dismal results. Asked how he meant to supply the place of the family system, which had now broken down, but which had been the backbone of Japanese morality, Mr. Makino replied, "By morality itself."

THE GIRL STUDENTS.

The girl students seem to be in a bad way:—

In Tokyo alone there are ten thousand girls who have come from the provinces to complete their education. They are living in cheap boarding-houses, where no one takes any interest in them, and the results can only be called deplorable. Suddenly emancipated from home supervision, their heads filled with wild dreams of independence and of equality with men, their leisure hours occupied with the low class of romantic literature already described—what wonder that scandal follows scandal, and that the reputation of the Japanese girl for modesty and purity is being destroyed before our eyes? The girls are really as yet quite unfitted to take care of themselves, and are thrown into situations where Western mothers would not allow their well-taught, self-reliant daughters to remain for a single day.

THE PERILS OF WESTERN "LOVE."

Registered boarding-houses with kind and sensible matrons in charge are suggested. Foreign teachers encourage Japanese girls to break away from parental authority. Miss Tsuda, an ardent Christian headmistress, is especially wroth with Western girls for teaching the Japanese Western ideas of love. She said:—

That word "love" has been hitherto a word unknown among our girls, in the foreign sense. Duty, submission, kindness, these were the sentiments which a girl was expected to bring to the husband who had been chosen for her, and many happy, harmonious marriages were the result. Now your dear sentimental foreign women say to our girls: "It is wicked to marry without love; the obedience to parents in such a case is an outrage against nature and Christianity. If you love a man you must sacrifice everything to marry him."

OPENING FOR EUROPEAN TEACHERS.

The young girl thus taught by her foreign teacher is attracted by one of the masters, and thinks she is in love:—

That is the man for her to marry, whether her parents approve or not; and as no Japanese girl can enter legally into the marriage contract without the consent of her parents before she is twenty-five, you can imagine what troubles and tragedies ensue! Elopements, disappearances, suicides—there

is no end to it. I do entreat all those who have to do with our girls to leave "love" out of the question.

Mrs. Fraser concludes by saying that there is splendid work here for Western women to-day. There is barely a living to be made for a foreigner by teaching in Japan, but those who have private means and wish to do good would find a great opening here.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR CITY CHILDREN.

A MANCHESTER EXPERIMENT.

The interesting and almost unique experiment of a Country School for City Children made by the city of Manchester is described, by Mr. L. Smith, in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. On a site of five acres, secured at a peppercorn rent, at Knolls Green, in Cheshire, sixteen miles from Manchester, a building was erected, containing a school-room for two classes of forty each, two dormitories each for forty beds, a dining-room, a kitchen, and a scullery, rooms for the teachers and permanent staff, and a covered play-shed, with, of course, a large garden for culinary and educational needs, and a large playing-field.

BENEFIT OF MIND AND BODY.

The school hours are almost the same as in the city. In the morning the lessons are on ordinary lines, with nature-teaching accentuated; in the afternoon the instruction is devoted to Nature alone, and the lessons are given in the wood, or at the farm, or in the garden among the flowers and fruit.

In the house the single bed is an amazing luxury—"A little bed all to myself, just like a hospital," in the words of one boy; and with plenty of good food the school is a veritable land of Goshen. It is open from April to October, and batches of eighty boys and eighty girls go alternately and stay a fortnight, each set of forty or eighty being drawn from one school, so that their own teacher can accompany them. During the three years that it has been at work eight hundred children have been received each season. Recently tents for an additional eighty have been set up, and a permanent dormitory for forty is to be built.

The buildings cost £2200, the furnishing £400, and £200 was expended on the garden and grounds, these sums being provided by Mr. Phillips and a few other helpers. Both boys and girls share in the domestic work, and the accompanying teacher gives the main part of the instruction. Upon staff, food, etc., the Committee expends about £500 a year. Half of this sum is raised by subscription. Seven shillings is paid by the parents or friends for each child, and, deducting one shilling for railway fare, the remainder makes up the other half of the annual expenditure.

THE KAISER'S ALTER EGO.

The Prince von Bülow is the subject of a sympathetic appreciation by Mr. W. G. Fitz-Gerald in the *Windsor*. It seems that Von Bülow has by no means a bed of roses. His work-time is very long and his sleep-time is very short. When the Emperor is in Berlin, he rides in the Tiergarten "at a somewhat unearthly hour in the morning," and on his way back invariably calls upon the Imperial Chancellor. Von Bülow, therefore, must arise at 4.30 or 5 in winter in order to be ready to meet his Imperial master. He goes through all the despatches and the morning papers and the most pressing part of the official correspondence. When the Kaiser arrives, they go for a stroll in the gardens of the Chancellery, or if the weather is unfavourable, they retreat to Von Bülow's study. The conversation between Monarch and Minister is said to be absolutely free and easy; they talk frankly, and even dispute warmly:—

Often enough the pair drift into an animated debate, and in the heat of the argument their voices are so raised that attendants in the outer ante-chamber become positively alarmed, fearing lest these two powerful natures have openly quarrelled!

When the Kaiser is at Potsdam, Von Bülow must go there to report at a very early hour. When the Kaiser is in the provinces or abroad, Von Bülow has to send despatches of "quite astonishing length." Affairs of State keep him till lunch at one, which he takes in company with his wife, an Italian lady who has had a profound influence on his career. The Prince quite habitually declares, "Whatever may be good in me is owing to my wife." Unlike her, and unlike his monarch, Bülow has a positive distaste for music.

Both partners in the management of the Imperial concern are alive to the value and power of the Press. Bülow keeps himself constantly in touch with the leading newspapers of Europe and America, and there is a thoroughly organised staff specially trained for the work of clipping from the journals all those articles most likely to interest the Chancellor, and even the Kaiser himself. A special department is maintained at the Chancellery to facilitate news intercourse between the German Government and the newspapers at home and abroad. Here foreign correspondents are welcome, and "the correspondents of American news-gathering associations and journals are especially well looked after, for the Government attaches great value to the maintenance of friendly relations with the United States."

After lunch the Chancellor walks in his garden, often with a sheet of notepaper in his hand, to jot down ideas that occur to him. After five o'clock he receives Ambassadors and other persons of distinction. At 7.30 he dines in the company of

congenial guests. At 10.30 he resumes work, and retires to rest at about midnight.

The writer thinks Kaiser and Chancellor admirably fitted to counterpoise and counteract one another:—

The one an impetuous man of vivid imagination and bold projects—a dreamer of vast dreams; and the other an immensely cautious statesman of prodigious common sense and world-wide knowledge of men and affairs.

The Chancellor, however, has a soul and a will of his own:—

It is notorious that he differs widely from his imperial master on many matters of foreign policy, especially in respect to the Kaiser's ambitions with regard to regions so diverse as Holland and the Persian Gulf.

WANTED—A BOARD OF PROMOTION.

Sir George Kekewich, who four years ago retired from the office of Secretary of the Board of Education after thirty-five years in the Civil Service, writes in the *Grand Magazine* on the secret of success in the Service. He says of the two grades in the Civil Service, that in the lower grade promotion is fairly given, and according to merit; but the scope for showing any higher qualities a man may be possessed of is narrow.

"UNLIMITED JOBBERY AND FAVOURITISM."

What he says of the higher grade is certainly noteworthy, in view of the high position that he himself has occupied:—

In the higher grade promotion is also fair up to a certain point; indeed, whatever a man's qualities are, and if he is not quite inefficient, he may usually count on rising to any position except the highest—at any rate in offices where promotion ordinarily goes by seniority. When it goes chiefly by so-called merit the door is opened to unlimited jobbery and favouritism. The qualities that *ought* to succeed are energy, perseverance, industry, concentration, straightforwardness and good temper, to which may be added discretion, honesty and justice; but toadyism and "social" qualifications are far better passports.

The highest places of all, of course, are seldom filled by men who have not *some* ability to recommend them; but capacity for intrigue and unscrupulousness, allied to the indispensable "Society" hallmark, count higher still. Above all, what is called "influence" is necessary. The best stepping-stone is a private secretaryship to some incoming Minister, the selection being made, probably, because the Minister knows the man or his father, and not on account of any special ability in the man himself. The Minister, in all probability, knows nothing about his business, and is, therefore, apt to overrate the official knowledge of his private secretary. If the private secretary be a sharp fellow he turns this to account, and often "rules the roast" to the exclusion of the principal permanent officials. His opportunities for intrigue are enormous. I should like to see a Parliamentary return of the number of heads of offices who have, at one time or other, been private secretaries to Ministers.

In my opinion, jobbery will never be eliminated from the Civil Service, nor the most efficient men placed at its head, nor the way opened for merit from the very bottom to the very top, until there is established a proper Board of Promotion, consisting of men who can be trusted to work without fear or favour for the efficiency of the Service, and who—this is important—are not officials in any Government office.

OXFORD AS AN EXAMPLE FOR AMERICA.

BY PRESIDENT THWING.

Last month I quoted from Mr. H. James's eloquent tribute to Oxford. This month I can follow it up by another tribute to Oxford which another American, President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, has contributed to the *North American Review*. President Thwing, who dates his article from St. John's College, Oxford, is loud in his praise of Oxford; Oxford aims and Oxford methods.

OXFORD AN INCARNATION OF PARADOXES.

He says:—

It has been said that French history could be written in epigrams. An interpretation of Oxford could be written not only in epigrams but also in paradoxes. Oxford is a University, and is ever to be so interpreted, but the College is the unit and the soul. It is a union of immortal youth and of immemorial age. It stands for the highest social classes of a nation in which social distinctions are cut wide and deep, but it is also the source and origin of the most popular movement in religion since the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. Among these paradoxes is the fact that the worth of Oxford's education goes far to prove the worthlessness of the ordinary means of education, known as learning or knowledge.

THE GREAT PURPOSE OF OXFORD.

Oxford is the best illustration of the value of the remark not uncommon in American colleges, "Don't let your education interfere with your college life." Its methods go far to avoid the peril which the most famous of recent masters, Jowett, intimated in saying that "Education may be the grave of the mind." . . . Its purpose is not so much to push out the boundaries of science as to form character. Its aim is rather human than humanistic. It seeks to be the mother of men. It aims not so much to teach as to develop. Teaching it uses as a means, and upon that it lays emphasis, but not emphasis at all so heavy as it puts upon the end of character itself.

THE TUTOR IS "IT."

In seeking this purpose Oxford uses scholarship, but scholarship more as a condition than as a cause. The cause is the man, the teacher, the tutor, the person, the friend. It adopts the homœopathic principle; it seeks to make men through men. The personal force is not the formal professor. The formal professor is in peril of being simply "ornamental," as an Oxford tutor said to me, although the peril is in many cases happily avoided. The personal force is the tutor; he comes into close intellectual grip and grapple with the students. He it is who embodies the essential of good teaching, declared in the remark, "He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out."

The force which the University and the College thus use is not only the tutor, mature in character; but also the equal, the contemporary, the fellow-student of the student himself. Student makes student, man man. . . . The primary purpose of the German university is to learn and to declare the truth; the primary purpose of Oxford is to train men. . . .

"MORE TEACHERS, SMALLER CLASSES."

"More teachers, smaller classes," should be made our College cry. Such teaching under such conditions would give us the best and the essential part of Oxford; and such teaching it is possible to introduce into the Colleges of America.

It is thus that there may be increased in our Colleges that supreme and signal quality which Oxford represents—the quality of reverence. To the development of this quality much of Oxford ministers: the immemorial past, the quiet

restfulness or noble architecture, the humanised landscapes; but this quality is also nurtured, and more, through wise and great souls hearing themselves in fitting intellectual sympathies, and of the heart, too, unto other souls less mature. Such is the Oxford method. Such a method would help to make the American College, and so American life, full of the dignities, the gentle reasonableness and sympathetic interpretativeness which constitute the comprehensive intellectual and moral virtue of reverence.

Oxford is the best England raised to the highest power. It represents the conservativeness, the thoroughness and the solidity of English life, character, institutions.

WHO PAYS LADIES' DRESS BILLS?

In the *Grand Magazine* Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster describes how fashionable ladies pay their bills. He skates gingerly over very thin ice, leaving much to be inferred that he does not say. He mentions one case in which the gentleman friends who pay, pay directly to the dressmaker, for, as the dressmaker remarks, "There is hardly one of these ladies who, if the cheque were made out to her, would not cash it and keep the proceeds." Here is one story which he tells:—

One evening in a country house in the Eastern counties three men found themselves alone in the smoking-room. All devoted admirers of their hostess, each of them had substantial reasons for considering himself the favourite. The conversation turned upon the dress the lady had on that evening, and one of the men remarked that the first time it had been worn the fair wearer had created quite a sensation.

"It was at —," naming a big Society function, said another of the men, "that she wore it before, was it not?"

"I should not have thought that you would have been so observant," was the equivocal reply.

"Perhaps I should not have remembered, only I had seen the dress before," remarked the second man.

"So had I," replied the first speaker.

"So, as it happens, had I," also remarked the third man.

A moment's strained silence was broken by the third man.

"I saw it fitted," he said briefly, lighting a cigarette.

When the three men compared notes, it became clear that all three had paid for that identical dress and many others as well. The fair hostess, renowned for her beautiful arms and shoulders, possibly thought it a pity to limit the exhibition of these charms in the fitting-room to an audience of one. Ladies may appreciate the self-sacrifice of this lady, who voluntarily submitted herself three times to the ordeal of fitting, and will think that the dress and the value twice over were well earned. Such, however, was not the view taken by the three dupes.

"I think we had better spin for the privilege of paying in future," remarked one of them.

Three coins were tossed, and, thenceforth, the lady had to content herself with getting her garments paid for once only.

Mr. Frank L. Hees in an illustrated descriptive article upon tin mining in Alaska, in the *Engineering Magazine*, mentions that the present wages in the York Region of that ice-bound country is £1 a day and board. The cost of board varies from 6s. to 10s. a day, so that the actual amount an ordinary miner receives is about ten guineas a week! In consequence there must be at least 2½ per cent. of ore in the rock raised—a far higher percentage than is required in Cornwall, for instance.

THE FAMILY OF NATIONS.

SOME INTERESTING COMPARISONS.

In *Reclam's Universum*, October 11, Herr Paul Dehn has an article entitled "A Glance Round the World's Stage," in which he makes some very interesting comparisons of a nature on the whole not disquieting for us. He remarks that at the end of the nineteenth century the six great European Powers were in the forefront of civilisation; now there are other actors prominent on the world's stage—England in alliance with Japan, and endeavouring to draw her colonies more closely to her; the North American Union, easy of defence and difficult of attack; Russia seriously enfeebled; and, finally, Germany, "externally bounded, internally unbounded"—the centre of gravity of the European Continent. He then proceeds to make various comparisons between the British Empire, the United States, Russia (including Russia in Asia), France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

(1) TERRITORY.

Though the largest State is not necessarily the most powerful, he naturally puts as of paramount importance the amount of territory possessed by the Powers. Here Great Britain is easily first; Russia second; France third; the United States fourth; and Germany fifth. It was in Cromwell's time that England first learnt the importance of her interests beyond the seas; and while the European Powers were fighting the 'Thirty Years' War, the War of the Spanish Succession, the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic Wars, she founded large colonies all over the world. Only in the last quarter of the century the British Empire was increased from 12.6 to 27.8 square kilometres. The writer deploras once more Germany's having come so much too late into the field as a colonising Power.

(2) POPULATION.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Russia led in respect of population, then France, then Germany. Now the order is Russia first, then Germany, then Great Britain, then France. But this is not counting colonies (evidently a painful subject), when of course Great Britain easily leads.

(3) EXCESS OF BIRTHS OVER DEATHS.

Germany has lately owed the increase of her population less to the increase of births than to the fall in the death-rate. Germany's births are 42.3 per 1000, Russia's 49, England's 28.6, France's 21.6. In all cases the excess of births over deaths is lower than in Germany. Germany, Great Britain and France have their emigrants equalled by their immigrants; but Russia, Italy and other Powers have not.

(4) DEFENCES: (a) THE ARMY.

The writer remarks that the state of a country's defences depends on the numbers of its population, on the soldierly virtues of that population, and on

the organisation moulding them. And in all three ways Germany is incontestably first. John Bull cuts a very humble figure with his .6 million soldiers against Austria-Hungary's 2.5, Italy's 3.3, France's 4, and Germany's 4.2 millions. Russia's army figures apparently cannot be given.

(5) DEFENCES: (b) THE NAVY.

England the writer admits to be the strongest sea-power, and his words might profitably be read by some of our alarmist politicians. England, he says, is navally strong enough to be able to stand alone against an alliance of the other great naval Powers. This overlordship of the seas, however, is visibly threatened by the rapid growth of other fleets, and eventually there will have to be a balance of power on sea as well as on land.

(6) NATIONAL DEBTS.

National debts have usually been caused by expensive or unfortunate wars, Germany alone being an exception to this. A large portion of German loans have been for reproductive purposes, especially for railways. Some Powers have to spend more annually on interest and sinking fund for their debts than for army and navy together. In millions of marks the writer puts down our expenditure under this head as 1493 millions; Russia's as 980; the United States' as 860; Germany's as 859, and France's as 801. On the National Debt Germany spends 580 million marks; France 953, Great Britain 551, Russia 640, the United States 120.

(7) REVENUES.

The writer makes a distinction between revenues from Government undertakings, such as railways, forests and mines, and revenue from taxes and customs. Germany contributes the highest amount of revenue per head, because in Germany the Government does more than in other countries; but this amount is so much lessened by the profits of Government undertakings that the German taxpayer, it is argued, has really appreciably less to pay than is paid elsewhere.

(8) NATIONAL WEALTH.

The national wealth is (milliards of marks) in England, 300; France, 250; Germany, 200; Russia, 130; United States, 425. But the writer admits that these estimates are based on insufficient information, and national wealth, he adds, is not at all the same thing as national strength. The division of the national wealth has to be taken into consideration.

CERTAIN CONCLUSIONS.

The writer strongly deprecates the anti-German policy of our late Ministry. It is an altogether erroneous conception, he assures us, that Germany is growing too strong and threatening England's position in the world. The ruin of Germany would serve England's interests as little as the downfall of England would serve Germany's. Germany neither wants

to absorb Holland, nor to take British colonies, nor to acquire for herself the overlordship of the seas. But certain dangers do stand before England, particularly the desire for independence showing itself recently in South Africa and in Egypt, and also Pan-Islamism and Pan-Mongolism. The writer highly approves the present pacific policy of the British Government, and says, long may it continue! Unless unforeseen events occur, a disturbance of the world's peace is not to be feared. He adds, however, that since Bismarck's retirement there has been a good deal of discontent in Germany over the Empire's foreign policy, which has not been imperial enough for a large section of the people.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

BOSTON THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* two articles deal, the one with Boston, the other with London, as seen from an outside standpoint. Mr. Charles Whibley, continuing his impressions of the States, deals this time with Boston, and in the course of an original and admirably written paper he has some scathing remarks to make about what he evidently considers shoddy American "culture." Nowhere in Boston, he says—

will you find the extravagant ingenuity which makes New York ridiculous; nowhere will you be disturbed by an absurd mimicry of exotic styles; nowhere are you asked to wonder at mountainous blocks of stone. Boston is not a city of giants, but of men who love their comfort, and who, in spite of Puritan ancestry, do not disdain to live in beautiful surroundings. In other words, the millionaire has not laid his iron hand upon New England, and, until he comes, Boston may still boast of its elegance.

Beacon Street is "surely one among the most majestic streets in the world." In Boston, with its memories and associations, an Englishman feels far more at home than in hurrying, scurrying New York.

BOSTONIAN CULTURE.

"Culture," says Mr. Whibley, "has always been at once the boast and the reproach of Boston." It is by lectures that Boston attempts to slake its intellectual thirst, "lectures on everything and nothing." Its appetite for lectures appears to be "ungluttled and insatiable," and the folly of it all is frankly admitted by the wise among its own citizens. Naturally, among this multiplicity of lectures are many charlatans with little or no knowledge of the subjects on which they so glibly descend. And now, it seems, these lectures are often eked out by music and play-acting, which may or may not be an improvement—evidently the writer thinks they are probably the latter. He says:—

Now, culture is the vice of the intelligence. It stands to literature in the same relation as hypocrisy stands to religion. A glib familiarity with names does duty for knowledge. Men and women think it no shame to play the parrot

to lecturers, and to pretend an acquaintance with books whose leaves they have never parted. They affect intellect, when at its best it is curiosity which drives them to lecture hall or institute—at its worst, a love of mental dram-drinking. To see manifest in a frock-coat a poet or man of science whose name is printed in the newspapers fills them with a fearful enthusiasm. To hear the commonplaces of literary criticism delivered in a lofty tone of paradox persuades them to believe that they also are among the erudite.

He continues, but let not the American take heart too readily:—

Culture, of course, is not the monopoly of Boston. It has stretched its long arm from end to end of the American continent. Wherever you go you will hear, in tram or car, the facile gossip of literature. The whole world seems familiar with great names, though the meaning of the names escapes the vast majority. Now the earnest ones of the earth congregate in vast tea-gardens of the intellect, such as Chautauqua. Now the summer hotel is thought a fit place in which to pick up a smattering of literature or science, and there is an uneasy feeling abroad that what is commonly known as pleasure must not be unalloyed.

Culture, says the writer, is the mark of a new country, and America, no doubt, will outgrow its domination. Even now Boston is doing so. But wherever it is found, "strange things are done in its name." The writer is severe on the Americans and their—as he sees it—spurious imitation of intellectual cultivation. It is for them to prove whether he is too severe.

LONDON AS SEEN BY EX-LONDONERS.

London—surely, like Boston, a singularly self-satisfied city—is the subject of another article in *Blackwood's* by "A Frontiersman," who records not only his own impressions of London Revisited, but those of a fellow-frontiersman—at first enthusiastically, glad to be back again in London, afterwards—well, less glad. Not only frontiersmen, but numberless Colonials and Anglo-Colonials, go through such experiences; but I have never seen the point of view of anyone in London, yet not of it, anyone knowing it, yet having grown away from it, anything like so well put. One of the returned Englishmen had done what so many Englishmen do—idealised London till the London of his recollections grew to be something totally different from the London of reality. He thought London had changed, whereas it was he who had changed. The frontiersman—an Englishman by birth—is overwhelmed by the drabness of London—the drabness "alike of its facts and its ideals"; *atterré*—the French word just fits the case—by the cold, suspicious, distrustful attitude of everyone, and the utter lack of sympathy that is so striking to many outsiders. He finds it, in fact, as many another has done, "vaguely distressing after the spaciousness of the East; it appears . . . like a monster that is fed on human lives." The article is a wholesome corrective to the point of view of people who would tell us that drabness is beauty, and that even the staring London advertisements are lovely and pleasant to look upon.

A VINDICATION OF QUEEN DRAGA.

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF A ROYAL ROMANCE.

Queen Draga, according to her sister, who writes "The Truth Concerning Queen Draga" in the *Fortnightly Review* of December, has been most cruelly maligned. Instead of being a vicious, unscrupulous *intrigante*, who schemed her way to a throne, we are told "her ideal of a happy life was a quiet and peaceful home life. No woman was less ambitious than my sister, Queen Draga, a woman of noble heart and angelic soul."

HER IMMACULATE CHARACTER.

Draga was married almost as a child, without her consent, to a drunken engineer. After his death-- As a young widow she lived a very retired life with her mother and her younger sisters and brothers. Their income was very small, and poor Draga, the future Queen of Serbia, was obliged to undertake literary work to improve the family's material position. She translated for a Servian newspaper Xavier Montepin's novel, "The Cat's Eye." Much later on, as Queen of Serbia, she said on one occasion, in the presence of all the Ministers: "I am not ashamed of having been once a poor woman, and having tried to help myself by literary work."

From 1891 to the autumn of 1897 she lived at the Court of Queen Nathalie as *dame d'honneur* to the Queen. For all that time her life was perfectly pure and her conduct absolutely honourable. Queen Nathalie can, and must, confirm that fact if she fears God! She was even considered as a "strange creature," just because of her extreme reserve and irreproachable character. On one occasion a Spanish Infanta was dining with Queen Nathalie, who was describing to her Royal guest the character and the manner of life of her own *dame d'honneur*. Whereupon the Spanish Princess exclaimed: "But is that possible? And is she in a normal state of health?"

Queen Draga was then only twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. She was daily in the company of handsome, elegant and witty French and Spanish noblemen. There is no man who could boast that he dared say an equivocal word in Draga's presence. Her conduct was absolutely correct, dignified, and proud.

THE YOUNG KING FALLS IN LOVE.

During their sojourn in Belgrade in the autumn of 1894 the young King (who lived in the Old Palace) began to pay his attentions to Draga. My poor sister in the beginning did not even notice this. During two years this young woman rejected the fervent declarations of King Alexander's love.

THE FATAL KISS.

Queen Nathalie, seeing the boy's infatuation for Draga, tried to turn it to her own account. She insisted on Draga accompanying the boy to his mother's home.

During the sojourn at Sachino on that occasion Draga arrived at the conclusion that the young King's love for her was not the temporary effervescence of a young man's heart, but that it was the real and deep love of an affectionate and true, loving, warm heart. She herself, poor woman, notwithstanding her youth, beauty, and affectionate disposition, never knew what true love was. However, she would not have given way if the King had not at this time had a narrow escape from drowning in the sea. His swimming teacher, in his efforts to save the King's life, lost his own. When she told him, deeply moved, how she thanked God he had been saved, the young King implored her to allow him, "in celebration of his having been brought to life again," to kiss her. She did allow him to do so. It was

their first kiss. Who can justly reproach her that, in such an extraordinary circumstance, she did not refuse his request?

HE PROPOSES MARRIAGE.

After this the King asked her to marry him. She refused:

She reminded him that the Servian people did not like to see young men marry widows; she drew his attention to the difference of their ages; she told him that she feared she would not be able to win the love of the people. But all her arguments were useless. He laughed at them, and repeatedly assured her that nothing could change his resolve.

Extremely alarmed, she thought that the only way to frustrate the King's intention was--to leave the country, live abroad, and make the King forget her. When she told him what she contemplated doing, the King's answer was:—

"If you really mean to leave me by leaving Serbia without my consent, then I also will leave Serbia, the crown and everything, and follow you. I want to be happy, and without you I cannot be happy! I want you to be my wife before God and before my people."

SHE YIELDS.

The King, who appears to have been desperately in love with her, imperiously insisted upon her consent. She fled. But he sent after her and insisted on her return:—

Our sister then considered for a moment what to do. And having come to the conclusion that it was the will of Divine Providence, and fearing always lest the King should do something desperate, she, in deep agitation and bitterly crying, returned to her own house, where King Alexander received her most tenderly and immediately placed on her finger the engagement ring.

This is how it happened that the engagement took place on Saturday instead of on Sunday. The King told us that himself.

THE BIRTH OF THE INDIAN NATION.

BY SIR HENRY COTTON.

Writing in the *North American Review* for November 16th, Sir Henry Cotton says:—

There is at the present moment a New India rising before our eyes, a nation in the real sense of actual formation, with common sentiments of interest and patriotism. An organisation only is wanted around which the elements of a nationality may cluster. The British Government has established the basis of such an organisation. The germ of a national organisation on the basis of English education has long existed, but it has sprung into its present vigour in very recent times.

The outpouring of Indian aspirations and the yearning for nationality find their utterance through a newspaper press which has grown into an organ of great power, and are concentrated in the annual meetings of the Provincial and National Congresses.

There is now a party of Indian Nationalists who despair of constitutional agitation, and advocate the establishment of an absolutely free and independent form of national government. These men are the shadow of a cloud which casts itself over the future.

The recognised leaders of Indian thought and the original pioneers of the national movement are still unaffected by these symptoms of alienation from the British Government. They are men of moderate views. Their ideal is a federation of free and independent states, the United States of India, each with its own local autonomy under the supremacy of England.

Mr. Henry Cotton declares: "There can be no danger in this course. English rule in its present form cannot continue."

THINGS THEY DO BETTER ABROAD.

WHERE JOHN BULL SHOULD GO TO SCHOOL.

There are several articles in this month's magazines which are calculated to make John Bull feel that his insular disdain of the foreigner is just a trifle absurd.

LEARN GOOD MANNERS FROM THE BOERS.

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, for instance, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* on Rugby football, exhorts us to take a lesson from the South African team, which is chiefly composed of Boers, as to how to behave like gentlemen:—

In the very strictest sense these men play football as the gentlemen of the British Isles used to play it, and their brilliant success puts to everlasting shame some of the tactics that have been permitted to creep into the game of late years. I have seen a South African run up to by an opponent and freely kicked about the shins and knees, and another sent flying, caught by the neck and thrown, without either attempting retaliation. This happened in a most exciting game, and the self-restraint then exhibited was marvellous. It was self-restraint, as the man who was kicked is known to be able to take on two or three men single-handed and finish smiling. The game of these players is perfectly clean and straightforward in every respect. May they have many imitators.

AUSTRIANISE OUR WORKHOUSES.

Miss Edith Sellers, who ought certainly to be called as a witness before the Poor Law Commission, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a most interesting article on Poor Relief in Vienna. From her account we have indeed good cause to go to school in Austria to understand workhouse administration:—

Although in Vienna all able-bodied applicants for relief are classed as paupers, they are by no means all treated alike; on the contrary, care is taken to discriminate among them with a view to adjusting treatment to merit in each individual case. Austria, indeed, is the only country, excepting Denmark, where a serious attempt is made to differentiate between the work-seeker and the professional loafer, and to deal justly with the one as with the other. These are the only countries where a helping hand is given to men who are temporarily out of work in such a way as to keep them from drifting into pauperism; the only countries, too, where loafers are not only punished and forced to work, but are taught how to work, and are so far as possible imbued with the wish to work.

When one thinks of the comforts with which the old people in Austrian workhouses are surrounded, the pretty rooms in which they live, their good clothes and dainty food, it seems almost incredible that the cost per head should be less than in our London workhouses; yet such is the case. The full cost per head at Lainz, for sick and hale alike, officials' salaries and inmates' pocket money included, is only 1s. 5d. a day; and of this 5d. goes in rent—i.e., in paying the interest on the money spent in building the home and the contribution to the redemption fund. The average cost per head in our comfortless London workhouses is 2s. 0 6-7d. a day. Yet the cost of living is quite as high in Vienna as in London, only there a much better return is obtained than here for the money spent on the aged poor; and it is obtained simply because more thought is given to the spending of it. Pretty rooms need cost no more than ugly ones, and dainty dishes cost less than chunks of beef, if the catering is done skilfully. And in Vienna it is done very skilfully; by experts, too, not amateurs; for the management of the *Versorgungshäuser*, as of all other Poor

Law institutions, is in the hands of the Magistrat, not of the Guardians. Then in Vienna much less is spent in surveillance than here, the old people, to their infinite content, being left more to go their own way.

In Austria no one thinks the worse of a man for going to the Asyl, or a Relief-in-Kind Station; he may even go to the workhouse without being looked on askance; but if ever he crosses the threshold of a penal workhouse he is regarded as lost.

LET NORWAY REFORM OUR PUBLIC-HOUSES.

In the same Review Professor James Seth gives a very clear and most encouraging account of the success of the Norwegians in promoting temperance by a modification of the Gothenburg system:—

Though she borrowed the Company system from Sweden, she so modified it, especially in the laws of 1894 and 1904, as to make it really effective in the realisation of the aim which its originators had at heart. In the former law it was enacted that of the profits, 15 per cent. should go to the community in compensation for the loss of the revenue formerly derived from private licenses, 20 per cent. to useful objects for which the municipality was not legally bound to care, and the remaining 65 per cent. to the State, to accumulate until 1911 as a fund for the provision of insurance against old age and sickness or accident. The law of 1904 goes still further in the same direction, providing for the gradual reduction of the community's share, in five years, from 20 to 10 per cent. of the net profits.

The results of the Company system in Norway are undoubtedly of the most decisive importance for the cause of temperance. That a country which was formerly one of the most drunken in Europe is now the most temperate, is to be attributed, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, in no small measure to its general adoption of the Company system.

TAKE HINTS FROM JAPAN IN TRADE.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, writing on Foreign Affairs in the same Review, says that in Japan—

The economic struggle has followed the military campaign, and is being carried on with the same methodic thoroughness, the same signal success. The tobacco trade was one of the first positions to be attacked, and experts say that the European and American producers are fast retreating before the Japanese advance. Indeed, the Japanese tobacco monopoly is making rapid headway everywhere, and has already drawn away the cigarette trade from American and British firms. Simultaneously with this defeat of Europe and America, Dalny deters in lieu of attracting. The mere unloading of foreign cargoes there costs enormous sums. It is a new form of prohibitive tariff, which is quite as effective as the old. And what with the high prices of unloading and the low prices at which Japanese firms can afford to sell, the result of the competition is a foregone conclusion. Already during the first seven months of this year the American exports to the Far East show a falling-off of thirty-six million dollars. And as yet Japan is only at the outset of the economic struggle.

—AND COPY NEW YORK NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

In a somewhat pathetic article Professor Ray Lankester describes, in the *Fortnightly Review*, the eight years' work which he has done at the Natural History Museum at Kensington. In the course of his article he refers to the superior methods adopted in the great Natural History Museum in New York. To do as they do there, we should have attached to the Museum a large lecture theatre capable of seating a thousand people, provided with screen and electric lantern. Here every Saturday afternoon or Monday evening (or on both) a lecture would be given on some portion of the Museum, illustrated with lantern-slides portraying the actual cases and the

separate specimens. In the course of some twenty or thirty lectures the whole Museum might be thus passed in review, and the course re-commenced. In New York the lectures are type-written and the lantern-slides duplicated, and sent to all large schools and colleges for a fee, so that those intending to visit the museum can prepare themselves beforehand, and obtain the greatest amount of pleasure and knowledge when they actually arrive in the museum.

GERMANY'S PROGRESS DUE TO HER BANKS.

Mr. Henry W. Wolff, the dauntless and untiring advocate of people's banks, writes in the *Economic Review* recently on an unconsidered factor in the industrial problem—British and foreign banking. He points out that the English system of banking is the rich man's system, cautious and safe, but of little use for little men. On the other hand, the Bank of France is expected to take at bank rate any paper, not objectionable, bearing the regulation three signatures. The German Bank in the same way ministers to industrial and agricultural credit:—

The Imperial Bank of Germany alone in this way lent out, in 1899, 9,308,000 marks on acceptances and 1,479,000,000 marks against pledged security. Credit of the latter kind it allows, as a usual practice, down to 100 marks (£5) in each case, since 1894 also to non-commercial borrowers. Its advances of 100 marks or less in each case, on the security of acceptances, numbered, in 1900, 452,591. The co-operative banks of Germany lend out annually a great deal more than £100,000,000. However, £100,000,000 is the amount of money that they may be said to keep constantly in circulation, flowing out and flowing in again, fructifying trade, commerce, agriculture, giving bread to the eater and seed to the sower, and then returning anything but void.

Mr. Wolff insists that it is this system, and not the tariff, which has promoted German success. He says:—

The progress which Germany made in industrial and commercial enterprise and prosperity in the period 1895 to 1900 was something truly phenomenal. Never before had anything of the kind been witnessed in history. King Midas appeared to have come to life again and lent Germany his auriferous hand. The enterprise, the skill, and the success were German. However, the money with which the first two were created and the last attained (so it turned out in 1900, when the crisis came) was to a large extent British. Wanting the money, Germany through its highly perfected banking system drew upon us. And we were glad to let her have what we imagined ourselves to have no use for—at any rate, no equally profitable use—at home. In German hands it proved veritable "lucky" money, stimulating to an unheard-of degree the expansion of business on the most ambitious scale; but also, as subsequently appeared, provoking rather reckless enterprise and unwise over-production. Our war came, and with it the need of our money for ourselves. We promptly called it in. The Germans suffered by the loss of such convenient credit, but not without turning over, at any rate, some part of the loss upon some of us—the producers, whose cause Mr. Chamberlain has so much at heart. Our money being withdrawn, our embarrassed debtors necessarily had to do as other embarrassed persons do in private commercial life—that is, they had to realise their over-produced stocks of goods for what they would fetch in order to meet liabilities. In ordinary life this is called "forced sales," and is not considered to be particularly profitable. In international trade it is called "dumping," and seems to be regarded as the tide leading on to fortune. In any case, we had the young vultures of our own hatching returning to have a good peck, in the shape of under-selling, at the vitals of those who had first brought them forth.

THE TRAINING OF TASTE.

By A. C. BENSON.

In the *World's Work* Mr. A. C. Benson has a short article discussing how far it is possible or desirable to attempt to form children's taste. Admitting the difficulties of such a training, due to changes in the standard of taste, he proceeds to inquire whether taste is innate. The perception of quality—i.e., taste—is, he says, a very difficult thing to originate in the mind of a child; and on this he thinks all who had to do with education will be agreed. His own experience is that only a certain percentage of children have the quality of taste, though a certain number have the imaginative quality highly developed. Should we, he asks, recognise that many if not most children are essentially prosaic, and confine ourselves to a utilitarian type of education, attempting to cultivate the imagination only in the case of the select few?

The answer, he says, is unhesitatingly in the negative. We should make, I believe, a deliberate attempt to cultivate the imagination in every case, but we should be careful, in the case of children with prosaic minds, to connect such teaching as we give them closely with their powers of perception; we should study, that is, the art of condescending.

The weakness of classical education is that it is based on too dignified an ideal. We want to give children as much fine and simple literature as possible, with fine and simple ideas, which they can recognise as such. In almost every language there is an abundance of such literature, except in Latin; and Mr. Benson suggests that some Ciceronian Latinist should write special books of Latin prose for the modern child answering to this description.

He then relates a very interesting experiment which he made at Eton in the education of boys' artistic taste by means of volumes of photogravures of well-known pictures, all of which, except a few, were masterpieces. These volumes he put into the hands of a class of boys, retaining one volume himself, pointing out the things to observe in each picture, telling somewhat of the lives of the painters, and showing how to compare the various styles. He says:—

I never had a more absolutely absorbed class, and by the end of my course I found that there were a good many boys who were prepared to admit that there was a good deal of interest and pleasure to be got out of the careful study of pictures—even boys who, before my experiment, would have regarded pictures with a Philistine indifference. I will venture to say that this was one of the most fruitful and encouraging educational experiments I ever tried.

I cannot help thinking that a good deal might be done on these lines. The same system might certainly be extended to music. There are many children who have no literary discrimination whatever, and who are deaf to distinctions of style, who are quite capable of critical pleasure in dealing with impressions derived through the ear and eye. It is this absence of rational experiment in which I think our educational theories are so grievously deficient.

CARDIFF'S NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

The chief feature of the November issue of the *Architectural Review* is the description of the new City Hall and Law Courts at Cardiff by the designers, Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards.

Seldom has a site afforded so splendid an opportunity, for not only are the buildings, which face south, completely isolated from other buildings, so that they can be seen to advantage, but the park on the north side furnishes an almost ideal setting. The south fronts, though intersected by an avenue, form practically one façade. The buildings have been

the products of North, South, East, and West, and the traffic of the city with the four quarters of the globe, while the decorations of the attached porch embody civic emblems and local characteristics. On the four pavilions of the two buildings are represented in allegory Welsh Unity and Patriotism, Music and Poetry, Commerce and Industry, and Science and Education.

The following facts and figures in connection with the undertaking are interesting:—The Hall has been erected in Cathay's Park, which was purchased for £158,000. The Hall and the Law Courts will cost at least £300,000. The dimen-



Photo by]

A Municipal Palace: The New City Hall at Cardiff.

[Sargeant, Cardiff.

carried out in Portland stone, and by the aid of electric derrick-cranes weighing as much as five tons were picked up from the ground and placed in position. A centralised boiler-house and plant to serve one or both of the buildings provides heat or hot water.

The decorations are all symbolical. The lantern of the dome of the Council Chamber of the City Hall serves as a pedestal to the lead figure of the dragon to symbolise Wales. Two large groups of statuary flanking the stone panel at the central window represent the sea receiving the Severn and the sea receiving the three rivers of the city—the Taff, the Rhymney, and the Ely. The ornaments of the pilasters on either side of the large window suggest

sions of the City Hall are given as 9343 yards (superficial); those of the Law Courts at 6840 yards (superficial); the concrete foundations represent 16,317 cubic yards; 157,000 tons of Portland Stone, 11,000,000 bricks, and 81,116 panes of glass were used in the construction of the buildings.

In the November *Atlantic Monthly* appear some hitherto unpublished letters of David Garrick, which George P. Baker is editing for publication in book form. They are in the collection of Mr. J. H. Leigh, the owner of many theatrical portraits and memorabilia. Mr. Baker claims that the letters make important corrections in the biographies of Garrick.

THE POPLAR UNION SCANDAL.

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW.

The writer of "Musings Without Method" deals this month chiefly with the Poplar Union revelations. His article is more than usually terse and vigorous, which regular readers of *Blackwood's* will know to be saying a good deal. "Never," says he, speaking of the report of this Union lately presented to the Local Government Board—"never in the history of the world has Bumble triumphed more magnificently. Never has idle poverty been so generously rewarded."

He proceeds to describe the Union since the advent of Mr. Crooks and Mr. Lansbury in 1893 in scathingly contemptuous English, that it would be a pleasure to read for the style alone were it even utter nonsense. It really does not much matter which extract is selected. I therefore choose one or two at random:—

There was no meanness at Poplar. "The Horn of Plenty" stood open to all, and the Guardians were too fine in spirit to invite their guests to the performance of any humiliating task. It was not for them to pick the obstinate oakum, or to waste their manly vigour in the useless breaking of stones. Why should honest poverty be thus degraded? Besides, there was nothing that the Guardians loved so much as a full house, and in order to entice the critical pauper they wished to make everything as pleasant as possible.

Taskwork, however, being eliminated, there was barely enough for the pauper to do when he had finished eating and drinking:—

The value of land in Poplar did not permit him the luxury of an eighteen-hole golf-course, and if he did not consent to chop wood he ran the risk of getting no exercise at all. And there is a limit to the demand of chopping wood, even in the most comfortable workhouse. Yet (continues the writer) the pauper of Poplar had no need to despair. If he were bored, an agreeable change was provided for him. His town residence, "The Horn of Plenty," was supplemented by a country house at Laindon, in Essex. This seems to have been admirably adapted for its purpose. There was no wall round the mansion, by which the visitors could be kept in at night; nor, indeed, was there any serious attempt at restraint. After working-hours, which, it need not be said, were not distressing, the inmates were free to go or come as they would; and as some generous person allowed each man 6d. a-week pocket-money, they were able to amuse themselves like men of spirit. They slept out, they begged, they frequented public-houses; and as the simple countryside was not accustomed to their town ways, the Superintendent of Police was indiscreet enough to declare that Laindon was "a nuisance and a menace to that part of the district." Could you find a worse instance than this of rural intolerance? Here was the pick of the Poplar Union ready to brighten the tedious life of a village in Essex, and the Chief Constable does not scruple to assert that it was "a rowdy lot!"

Mr. McCarthy, one of the Guardians, and his meals with the Master of the Workhouse, get the hardest knocks of all. Oysters and salmon appear to have been sometimes fetched to supplement their comfortable suppers:—

Evidently Mr. McCarthy was a man whose society was worth having, and we may take some comfort in the know-

ledge that not only has he himself a position in the Post Office, but that three of his relations are still loyally serving their country in the Poplar Workhouse.

Nobody, however, it is admitted, has cast any imputation on the personal integrity of either Mr. Crooks or Mr. Lansbury; but their defence (*i.e.*, of insufficient time) could hardly have been "flimsier," inasmuch as doubtless they went upon the Board of Guardians to gratify their private ambitions. "The one bright spot in a sordid business is the resolution of Mr. John Burns"—which is all the higher tribute because the writer of "Musings Without Method" disapproves in many ways of Mr. Burns's policy, and does not scruple to say so.

This Union scandal, it is argued, is on a small scale what the Liberals and Radicals would, and they could, bring about on a large scale:—

The question of Army Stores and incompetent War Ministers would receive its final answer, for there would be no Army and no War Office. The Fleet, once the pride of England, would be distributed over our larger rivers, and would serve as passenger boats for the inmates of our workhouses when they were disposed to take a brief holiday from the arduous task of doing nothing. And when our enemies sailed up the Thames they would encounter no resistance, but only well-scrubbed, whitewashed workhouses, ready to serve as barracks for their troops. Such is the ideal of Poplar, and it is satisfactory to think that, owing to the unexpected energy of a single Minister, it will not be realised for some time to come.

"THEY'VE ROSE THE COUNTRY, SIR!"

WHAT THE SUFFRAGETTES HAVE DONE FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Fawcett has a brilliant article in the *Contemporary Review* of December on the Suffragettes' campaign. It is entitled "The Prisoners of Hope in Holloway Gaol." It is a splendid tribute by one of the veteran pioneers in the cause to the work of the Suffragettes.

WHY WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Mrs. Fawcett says:—

What seemed more than half dead is living and active. The seed we have been sowing all these years is coming up. They have applied the electric battery, and the question of Women's Suffrage has become a living issue of practical politics. Secretaries and other active members of the older Suffrage societies are worked off their feet: new members pour in: every post brings applications for information and literature: Women's Suffrage is the topic of conversation in every household and in every social gathering.

Every Women's Suffrage meeting is filled to overflowing. The people are coming in hundreds where they used to come in tens. At one of these meetings, which was so full that an overflow was necessary, the local M.P., a friend of Women's Suffrage, was present. He spoke in subdued and chastened tones of recent events, and of the "very mistaken tactics which we so greatly deplore," and expressed his belief that the prisoners in Holloway had "deeply injured the cause we all have at heart." Whereupon a working-man's voice came from the back of the meeting: "They've rose the country, sir." That voice expressed the political instinct of the people. The prisoners have roused the country, and Women's Suffrage has become practical politics.

WHAT WOMEN OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF.

When people ask Mrs. Fawcett whether the doings

of the Suffragettes do not make her ashamed to be a woman, she replies that when she reads the fashionable papers and the kind of stuff that women are supposed to read:—

Such things as these may tempt one sometimes to be ashamed of being a woman. But unconventional daring, generous self-sacrifice, even if the wisdom of the methods and their application be open to reasonable objection, will always stir the blood and quicken and deepen the sense that life after all is not a slough of vulgar self-seeking.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Frankness compels me to acknowledge that if I had known beforehand what Mrs. Cobden Sanderson and the others intended to do on October 23rd I should have implored them to desist, but I see now that I should have been wrong. One of the most respected and influential clergymen in London, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, writes to me that he is in the same position, and he adds, "It seems to me that the methods adopted have been more potent in impressing the public mind with the justice of the claims for Women's Suffrage than any adopted heretofore. Great reforms have usually been effected by some amount of law-breaking."

THE FUTURE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Nevertheless Mrs. Fawcett clings to Constitutional methods:—

Fundamentally, women are intensely law-abiding; it is a part of their physical constitution to be so, and bitter, indeed, is their sense of wrong before they can be driven to any extra constitutional courses. Those who are now prepared for unconstitutional forms of agitation are a small minority. And women can make their influence felt in either or both of two ways without infringing the bounds of constitutional agitation. The first is by active opposition to Government candidates at bye-elections, as long as the Government abstains from giving any pledge to enfranchise women. Organised bands of workers can be sent to every bye-election and endeavour to compass the defeat of the Government candidate. This is a method which has the recommendation of not requiring large pecuniary consideration. The second plan is to run candidates of our own at bye-elections who will promise to make Women's Suffrage their first object if returned to Parliament. This method would be more expensive than the first, and great care would be needed in the selection of suitable candidates; but these are difficulties which could be overcome.

The example of the Labour Party is encouraging. Mrs. Fawcett concludes by a warning word as to the cry for universal adult suffrage. "To ask for woman's suffrage now is in reality to oppose woman's suffrage."

THE WORLD'S MODEL PRISON.

The *Wide World Magazine* for December contains a description, by Mr. V. M. Hamilton, of the Michigan State prison, U.S.A., which claims to be the world's model penitentiary:—

Although it contains seven hundred of the worst characters in the States, the institution is governed, practically speaking, by kindness. The convicts are allowed all sorts of privileges; they can earn money for themselves, and by consistent good conduct they may rise to positions of trust and responsibility.

The first step was the abolition of flogging. Every Saturday afternoon they are allowed three-quarters of an hour freedom on the green sward.

As this privilege would be revoked were it abused, the prisoners themselves are the best safeguards against abuse. There are not more than thirty warders, and they are only armed with canes. No firearms are allowed within the prison gates. The prisoners are graded according to conduct; the best have a blue uniform, those on probation a grey. Only the incorrigible, who are deprived of all privileges, are in the convict's striped dress. One prisoner is mentioned, who under the older system of prison severity had been brutalised into a regular criminal, but was now in process of reformation. Under the sway of kindness he educated himself, and now does work that it would otherwise cost the State a thousand dollars a year to have done by a free man.

MURDERERS THE BEST CHARACTERS.

An extraordinary statement was made by the Deputy-Warden when asked whether it was safe to have so many men-killers strolling about. He said:—

From the standpoint of honesty, trustworthiness, and reliability, the murderers are the best men in the prison, as a class. Men generally kill while under the influence of an overpowering passion. They may have great provocation, and believe they are only protecting their property or families, or avenging an unpardonable wrong; and a very decent sort of chap may have a bad temper but still be an honourable man. Of course, thieves who kill to save themselves from arrest, or those who commit wilful murder, hardly come within this category. But in actual practice we find the men of best character to be those who are here for murder. I do not attempt to explain the fact, but it is a fact. The contractors (men who contract with the State for prison labour) find them so, and are always anxious to secure them. The thieving tramps and city loafers, who ordinarily are only sentenced to short terms, are the worst people whom we have to deal with.

All prisoners are treated alike, until they qualify or disqualify themselves by conduct. All sentences for crimes less than murder are indeterminate. The prisoner is detained until his conduct justifies his being released on parole, after having served the minimum sentence. He must, however, before release provide himself with a first friend, who will find him employment or look after him on his discharge. The prisoners are allowed to talk at their work, but must be silent during meals and on the line of march. After doing the amount of work required by prison regulations, they are allowed to work for themselves, and what they earn is put to their credit. They are allowed to have musical instruments in their cells. Often theatrical companies visiting the town give a performance in the pretty little theatre built by the convicts. This management by kindness is long past the experimental stage. It has been found that discipline by force and fear, though easy, is most destructive of the self-respect and the manhood of its subjects.

"The Chief Secretary for Ireland at Home" is the subject of an illustrated character sketch, by Emmie Avery Kiddell in the *Young Man*.

THE HOHENLOHE MEMOIRS.

DR. HANS DELBRÜCK'S VIEWS.

With the exception of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* all the German reviews for November are silent in regard to the publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs, and even Dr. Hans Delbrück's article appears among the book reviews at the end of the magazine.

For the historian, writes Dr. Delbrück, there are no such things as indiscretions. On the contrary, what are indiscretions to contemporaries may be the most valuable sources for the future historian. It is only consideration for the living which sets certain indefinite limits to revelations. Does the publication of the Memoirs partake more of the character of an indiscretion than of an historical document? He leaves the reader to judge, but remarks that the book reveals a good deal of intrigue, and thinks that Prince Hohenlohe himself does not always appear in the most favourable light.

Dr. Delbrück then considers the story of Prince Bismarck's dismissal, and says the fact is that the Chancellor, who had directed the policy of Prussia and Germany for twenty-seven years with so much success, had arrived at the stage when his ideas were exhausted. But public opinion will always think it was wrong and unjust of the Kaiser to break with him. To the people, Bismarck was the creator of the Empire and the great statesman of the epoch, and they naturally think he should have been allowed to remain at the helm till the end of his life. But,

adds Dr. Delbrück, the masses cannot unite appreciation and gratitude for the services of the statesman with the conviction that the time had come for separation. It is of the highest value, he continues, that through the publication of the Memoirs, the last veil has been lifted from the incident, and we see it was not merely political wisdom which spoke but a moral *Weltanschauung* which at this critical hour saved Germany. Those who reflect on the case to the end may indeed say Bismarck himself was that time rescued against his will. Yet even when he is shown to be in the wrong, Bismarck stands out victorious, like a Titan, in the Memoirs, while the Kaiser, the Grand Duke of Baden, Prince Hohenlohe himself, and also Caprivi gain our sympathy.

Bismarck is reported to have desired to end the Alliance with Austria, and to have sought an Alliance with Russia alone, while Austria was to be abandoned to her fate. Happily, the Kaiser would not play this game, says Dr. Delbrück in conclusion.

WHAT WAS THE PRINCE'S MOTIVE?

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of November 15th T. de Wyzewa reviews the Hohenlohe Memoirs, and says that what gives the Memoirs a singular and exceptional character, independently of the interest of their contents, is the fact that, according to the express wish of their author, they should have been published so soon after his death, while so many personages figuring in them are still alive. Here is a man, says M. de Wyzewa, who for more than half a century was a model servant, sure, submissive, and so devoted that his masters imparted to him their greatest confidences; he dies at the age of eighty-two, rich, full of honours and universally respected; and yet on his death-bed orders his heirs to publish as soon as possible all the confidences he has received in the exercise of his various functions. In acting thus, what motive did he obey? Did he wish to glorify himself or to be avenged, or simply to surprise us, and thus force himself on our attention? It was this problem which M. de Wyzewa hoped to solve in perusing the volumes, but he says he cannot flatter himself that he has succeeded.

On August 1st, 1899, and while he was still Chancellor, the Prince wrote: "It were better for every man never to have been born. . . . Everyone does his best to the evening of his days, obtains honorary posts and decorations, and then departs and is forgotten." This reads, says M. de Wyzewa, as if the Prince's natural melancholy had been changed at eighty into hopeless bitterness. Could he therefore have been consoling himself on his death-bed with the thought that his rôle was not yet finished, and that the fear of oblivion which desolated him was only provisional, for he would soon force all Europe to accord him the attention which it had obstinately refused him in his lifetime?



Lustige Blätter.

A Clever Bismarck Cartoon.

(In a special Hohenlohe number.)

THE SCIENCE OF YOGA.

By ANNIE BESANT.

Mrs. Besant discourses in the *Annals of Psychical Science* for November on Hâtha-Yoga and Râja-Yoga.

THE TWO KINDS OF YOGA.

Those who follow Yoga are called Yogis. The Hâtha-Yogis have two aims: one is to secure perfect bodily health and a long extension of life on the earth; the other is to subjugate, for their own advantage, the entities of the other plane, who are not of a very advanced order. It is usually the Hâtha-Yogis who display phenomena. The Râja-Yoga is a development more and more intense of the mental powers, complete insensibility to the senses, but perfect interior consciousness. In this condition the Yogi can vacate his body consciously without losing consciousness, and, having left his body, can perceive it distinctly lying there as an exterior object beside him. Then the conscious being, who is thus able to regard his body like a cast-off garment, can rise from one sphere to another, make his observations, fix them on his memory, and impress them on the brain, so that they will persist when he returns to the body.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF YOGA.

It is said in the Upanishads:—

The Self, that is to say consciousness, desired to see: the eye appeared; it desired to hear: the ear made its appearance; it desired to think: intelligence was there. According to Indian ideas, if you can fabricate the instrument necessary for the manifestation of an energy, that energy can show itself, and what is called consciousness in men is only a part of the universal consciousness which is found everywhere in the universe, and which is translated into human forms.

THE CONTROL OF THE BODY.

Mrs. Besant gives a marvellous and somewhat novel account of the control some Yogis have over their bodies:—

All the interior of the body should be absolutely clean. The Yogis make a habit of bathing the interior of their bodies as they do the exterior. They do it sometimes by swallowing through the mouth quantities of water; but they frequently do it also by reversing the peristaltic action of the intestines; they take in water by the lower orifice and eject it by the mouth. I have seen a man who could do that for two or three minutes; he placed himself in water, and, after a few moments of these reversed peristaltic movements, he ejected from his mouth what seemed like a fountain of water as long as it was desired that he should do so. This experiment is not beautiful, but it is interesting because it shows the power of the human will when directed upon a portion of the body. It is not then surprising that experiments can be carried out with the human body which seem even less credible. The result of all these practices is a marvellous state of health, a bodily strength that nothing can break.

INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN.

By practising Yoga men become quite unconscious of physical pain. "It is thus that a man whose skin is apparently quite sensitive can lie on a bed of iron points, and yet appear to feel very comfortable. He feels no pain whatever." A friend of hers, who had a bullet cut out of his leg without wincing, said:—

"I assure you that I did not feel the least pain. I fixed my consciousness in my head; it was not in my leg. I felt nothing." He was not a Yogi, but he had this power of

concentrating his mentality, which is sometimes found among educated Indians. A hereditary physique is transmitted from generation to generation among those who practise Yoga.

KNOWLEDGE OF HOUR OF DEATH.

The Yogis can predict the exact hour of their death; that is to say, they can choose this hour. I know one who said, "I will die to-day at five o'clock." His disciples were with him, and at five o'clock exactly he died. They are able to quit their bodies either in a trance, from which they can return, or in death, from which they do not return. They generally die in this way, choosing the exact hour at which they wish to quit their bodies.

Mrs. Besant thinks the famous basket trick is due to hypnotism. The performers "have very strange chants which produce marvellous effects on the brain; it is thus that they hypnotise a crowd, which sees only what the hypnotiser wills shall be seen. This experiment is fairly easy; it consists in the knowledge of a succession of sounds that hypnotise."

FATHER VAUGHAN'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Among the seasonable articles contributed to the December number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a "Christmas Sermon for the Present Day," spoken by Father Bernard Vaughan for the *Pall Mall Magazine* alone in his "cell" at Mount Street. The passage about to be quoted was, however, written as an after-thought on his proof by the preacher:—

In the Parliaments of the world there is no room for God, for there men are pledged to party politics; on 'Change there is no room for Him, for there men are gambling on the fluctuations of the market; in Society there is no room for Him, for Society has long since discovered that it can get on better without Him and His religion, which is out of date and dull.

Is there any room for Him in our schoolrooms? No, for He will not come without introducing Dogma; and dogma is a forbidden science. No, nor may He enter the Law Courts, for there His teaching about divorce is laughed to scorn. And above all keep Him out of our workshops, lest the sweaters of labour might feel the lash of His scourge as well as of His tongue!

The sermon concludes:—

Let us make an attempt this Christmas to deny ourselves, so as to make more room in the inns of our hearts for Jesus Christ. Bid the beasts within you—your passions—bow down and adore. Summon the four royal friends (Humility, Poverty, Purity and Charity) as attendant spirits to come and greet Him at the door of your hearts. Open wide the gate of your hearts, and sing to Him the hymn of the Incarnation—*Gloria in excelsis*.

Invite Him to your homes, hold Him for ever in possession, offer Him all you have and all you are. Be not a niggard of your gifts. Lay before Him your freedom, your memory, your will and your heart. And from time to time test the reality of your love of Him by your devotedness to His four inseparable friends. Study them, follow them, love them; let us share our good things with them, for in the measure of our love to His friends during this Christmas we shall be able to gauge the room in our hearts for Him.

Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare.

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his famishing neighbour, and Me.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE ORIGINALS OF TOM SAWYER AND "SID."

Mark Twain continues in the *North American Review* his delightful gossip about his early days when he lived through all the adventures of Tom Sawyer, with whom he now frankly identifies himself.

MARK AS TOM SAWYER.

He says complacently:—

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I; and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before, but now I see it.

There was a fine indiscriminating sense of justice in Mrs. Clemens. On one rare occasion, when the immaculate Henry broke a treasured sugar-basin, she rapped Mark Twain over the head for the offence. When he expostulated that he was innocent that time, she said, without emotion, "It's all right. It isn't any matter. You deserve it for something you've done that I didn't know about; and if you haven't done it, why then you deserve it for something that you are going to do that I shan't hear about."

The "Painkiller" with which Tom Sawyer dosed the cat was really measured out to Mark Twain as a preventive of the cholera. He usually poured it through a crack in the floor, with excellent results. "No cholera occurred down below."

MARK TWAIN'S PROFANITY.

Commenting upon his natural propensity to use strong, not to say profane and blasphemous language, Mark Twain tells the following entertaining account of how his wife found him out:—

All through the first ten years of my married life I kept a constant and discreet watch upon my tongue while in the house, and went outside and to a distance when circumstances were too much for me, and I was obliged to seek relief. I prized my wife's respect and approval above all the rest of the human race's respect and approval. I dreaded the day when she should discover that I was but a whitened sepulchre partly freighted with suppressed language.

HOW HIS WIFE FOUND HIM OUT.

The day came, however. He forgot to close his dressing-room door. That fatal morning he put on three shirts in succession, each of which was found to be lacking a button, and was promptly flung out of the window. When the third shirt was discovered to be buttonless, Mark Twain says:—

Then I straightened up, gathered my reserves, and let myself go like a cavalry charge. In the midst of that great assault my eye fell upon that gaping door, and I was paralysed.

It took me a good while to finish my toilet. I extended the time unnecessarily in trying to make up my mind as to which I would best do in the circumstances. I tried to hope that Mrs. Clemens was asleep, but I knew better. I could

not escape by the window. It was narrow, and suited only to shirts. At last I made up my mind to boldly loaf through the bedroom with the air of a person who had not been doing anything. I made half the journey successfully. . . . Then against the white pillows I saw the black head—I saw that young and beautiful face, and I saw the gracious eyes with a something in them which I had never seen there before. They were snapping and flashing with indignation. I felt myself crumbling—I felt myself shrinking away to nothing under that accusing gaze. I stood silent under that desolating fire for as much as a minute, I should say—it seemed a very, very long time. Then my wife's lips parted, and from them issued—my latest bathroom remark, the language perfect, but the expression velvety, unpractical, apprentice-like, ignorant, inexperienced, comically inadequate, absurdly weak and unsuited to the great language. In my lifetime I had never heard anything so out of tune, so inharmonious, so incongruous, so ill-suited to each other as were those mighty words set to that feeble music. I tried to keep from laughing, for I was a guilty person in deep need of charity and mercy. I tried to keep from bursting, and I succeeded—until she gravely said, "There, now you know how it sounds."

Then I exploded; the air was filled with my fragments, and you could hear them whiz. I said, "Oh! Livy, if it sounds like that I will never do it again!"

Then she had to laugh herself. Both of us broke into convulsions, and went on laughing until we were physically exhausted and spiritually reconciled.

By the way, Mark Twain says that on his mother's side he is descended from the Lambtons of Durham, "a family which had been occupying broad lands there since Saxon times. I am not sure, but I think that those Lambtons got along without titles of nobility for eight or nine hundred years, then produced a great man, three-quarters of a century ago, and broke into the peerage."

DUELLING AMONG GERMAN STUDENTS.

In *C. B. Fry's Magazine* Sir Lees Knowles gave recently some notion of the prevalence of duelling among German students. After a graphic account of a duel—duels seem as necessary a part of a student's life as eating and drinking—he vividly describes the combatants sitting on chairs in the lead-bath in the ante-room, to be treated, covered with gashes, streaming with blood, the surgeon cutting hair, washing and stitching, the student smiling the while. The work of the surgeon must be enormous, he says, during the five hours' business of a duelling day. If we calculate, he says—

that the students fight two days a week for perhaps thirty weeks, and about ten duels per day, we find in effect 1200 students take part in fights in a year. This is considerably below the mark. If we take forty stitches per student—a very moderate number—the surgeon will make 48,000 stitches a year. I was told that this surgeon had in three years made 85,000 Nadeln, or stitches.

The pluck of the German student is enormous. One gash, received without a grimace, opened a man's head about the width of an ordinary thumb, and required fourteen stitches, and this without a sign of pain.

Sometimes, but not often, the duels end fatally.

THE CHINAMAN IN CALIFORNIA AND IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* Mr. William Maitland, writing on the above subject, gives some reasons why so hard-working, law-abiding a race as the Chinese should be guilty of constant outrages and continually need flogging to make them work in South Africa. Any unprejudiced person knowing anything of Chinese in Australia will know how true and just are his remarks. Mr. Maitland has been called upon to dismiss his Chinese cook in California, and been boycotted by the tradespeople on declining. But he stuck to the cook, and after a time the tradespeople came to their senses. Ill-treated as the Chinese have been in California by the white labourers, he has never known an instance of their retaliating. Indeed, it was to Chinese competition, and not to the Chinese individually, that the white men objected. This, says the writer, is not to be wondered at, "as they are a most good-natured and obliging set of men." As servants they are excellent, capable of great attachment to families who have treated them well, fond of children and free from the vice of whisky-drinking. His experience also is that they are a very gentle, kindly people, always humane in their treatment of their animals. Let it be remembered also that they are all educated; the writer never saw one who could not read and write.

EXACTING WHITE STANDARD.

He is, however, speaking of the labouring class. With the Chinaman in the States it is evidently as it is with the Chinaman in Australia. The white man may steal a horse, the Chinaman may not look over the fence; the white man may gamble, and it is not very wrong, but the Chinaman who gambles is at once an immoral wretch, a danger to the community. Of course he is a confirmed gambler when he lives in the towns. When in California, however, he becomes a criminal, he commits his outrages against a brother Chinaman; but it would not be true to say that the white inhabitants of California confined their outrages to their fellow whites. As to the Chinaman's honesty, the writer does not seem to have any doubt.

CHARACTER AS WORKER.

Now as to the Chinaman as a worker:—

They are very hard-working and really intelligent workers, and, when fairly treated, are very easily managed. They will not, however, stand bullying or ill-treatment, and more than one foreman on the Pacific Coast had to run, or thought he had to run, for his life when he had tried it on them; but then, perhaps, bullies are easily scared. This, however, is the difficulty; and although there are many foremen in California who like them and can manage them easily, there are many more, excellent hands at running a white crew, who can do nothing with them. They do not recognise that the Chinaman is no ignorant savage like the Red Indian, the Negro, or the Kaffir, but an intelligent, civilised man.

The chief difference between his civilisation and ours is that his is so much older:—

The best way to manage them is to choose, or, better still, to let them choose, one of their number as "boss," and give him a little extra pay. Such a man will do his very best to give every satisfaction, and, understanding his men, can get far more out of them than any outsider.

The writer has never known a Chinaman leave his employer in the lurch, nor take advantage of him being in a tight place to demand higher wages. But the Chinaman will work for no starvation wage; he requires and obtains the full equivalent of the value of his labour.

WHITE LABOUR IN AMERICAN MINES.

Now, as to the terrible muddles with Chinese labour in South Africa. In the States no such labour as that imported to work in the mines would be allowed to land. Agents must be employed in China to recruit such labourers, and everyone knows the characteristics of such a class of men—witness, for instance, crimps in seaports, who do similar work. Doubtless they were guilty of misrepresentation; doubtless the Chinese imported to South Africa went there on false pretences, South Africa has drawn largely on California for its mining talent, and if there is one thing Californian miners know it is that cheap, inexperienced labour cannot be profitable. As for white men being unable to work in the mines in South Africa, Mr. Maitland says:—

I wonder if the men who know so much about it are aware that in the lower levels of the celebrated Comstock Mines in Nevada, where there were many English miners at work, the heat was so great that the mining had to be done in three shifts of twenty minutes each, each shift working in the face almost naked and then drawing back to the shaft to cool themselves beside a great pile of ice kept there for the purpose, and wait till their turn came round again. I need not say, however, that they were not doing this for 1s. 6d. a day.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

Every parent will be deeply interested in the symposium upon "Child Discipline" in *Good House-keeping*. In it teachers and parents give their advice and experiences as to the best way of dealing with and punishing children. Summing up all the opinion received, Millicent W. Shinn says:—

First: The problem is complex and delicate. A positive code like Spencer's, a sweeping prohibition like that of the thorough-going suasionist, obscures one's perception of the complexity, and of the need of faithful consideration in the individual case.

Second: It is not really so important that one should govern with or without the rod as that one should govern with steadiness and firmness. Children are not spoiled by a stern rule nor by a mild rule, but by a fickle and jerky one. They are not likely to suffer so much from any theory of government, put in practice with love and self-devotion, as from self-indulgent indolence in their rulers; and this self-indulgence as often takes the form of weak indulgence to the child, as it does that of careless, unnecessary punishment. The balance of one's indignation will tend this way or that, according as one chances to see this or the other form of parental selfishness most frequently and most grossly developed.

"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE EARTH?"

This startling question opens a very interesting interview in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, in which Mr. Harold Begbie engaged Hon. C. S. Rolls on the eve of the Gordon Bennett balloon race. The reply is, "Unless you have seen the earth from a balloon, you have not really seen her at all." You have seen her as little as the fly on the rock sees the mountain, or the mite in the cheese sees the whole Stilton. Whereas, Mr. Rolls says, looking down from 2000 feet in the air, you really see "the dear little planet":—

How pretty it looks! One sees it for the first time. The hunched woods, the shining face of the waters, the little hills, the calm valleys, the white cliffs and the red cliffs, the unquiet sea, the stretching sweep of corn, and the congregated cities under a haze of smoke. How different it all looks! One receives the impression of a perfect picture, the most harmonious combinations of colour and form, the completest rendering of creative faculty. And then, it is always changing. No balloon trip is exactly like another. The wind, we find, never takes us in exactly the same course. And even if we start always from the same place, and the wind is more or less in the same direction for a week together, still there is a real difference of view every day, and still the effect of moving over the scene presents and renders the earth in a fresh and newly beautiful fashion on every excursion. No; I assure you, until one has made a journey through the air one has never wholly realised the beauty and the charm of our little planet.

Mr. Begbie confesses that he is under the spell of an aeronaut who talks like a poet. He describes Mr. Rolls as "a modern young man very much in earnest, very clever, very quick and shrewd, with no bounce and no pose, sure of himself, the master of all his nerves."

THE FIRST SENSATION.

Asked what his feelings were up in the air, Mr. Rolls said:—

The first sensation is one of extraordinary quiet. I cannot tell you exactly the effect it makes upon the mind. One ascends from the noise and stir of a place, and in ascending all these sounds gradually decrease and die softly away. After that one only knows that it is pleasant to be moving without effort and without sound through an all-pervading stillness. The hush of the universe seems like a new world, something clean contrary to every other thing in existence—a continent to itself.

GIDDY IN A BALLOON?—NEVER.

More startling, perhaps, are Mr. Rolls' statements that the balloon never causes sea-sickness—only in the old captive balloon, which hung jogging, swaying, rocking and tugging at its anchor, was that possible, and that giddiness is quite impossible in a balloon:—

I myself cannot look down from a church tower or a sea cliff with feelings that are quite composed and cheerful; but I am never in the least giddy 2000ft., 3000ft., or 4000ft. above the earth. Why is this? Because one is unaware of height in a balloon. It is at first sight a strange thing that a man who is giddy on the top of Notre Dame or the Eiffel Tower should be free from that cerebral disturbance at such tremendous heights as 10,000ft. or 18,000ft. But in the vast empty air there is nothing to guide the eye downward to the earth. Look from a church tower straight ahead of you, and

you do not feel giddy; but look down, with the line of the tower to guide your eye, and you become immediately sensible of your altitude, and feel that you must incontinently tumble over. Looking straight down from a balloon is precisely like looking outward and forward from a church tower. There is no straight line running down from your ear to the solid earth, informing you of your altitude. Under your feet there is nothing but air and land and water. No; one is never giddy.

Mr. Rolls maintains that the danger of being smashed to pieces is now a fear of the past. The danger of being carried out to sea can also be avoided in time, or transcended.

As to the cost of ballooning, Mr. Rolls says you can buy a very good balloon for £150, and the expense of charging the balloon would work out at two guineas each for a day's excursion for four good sportsmen. Mr. Rolls is not at all certain whether the utility balloon will ever come which is to steer against the wind and ride out a tempest. Not utility, but pleasure is the *raison d'être* of the balloon.

THE MORAL OF THE NEW YORK ELECTIONS.

The *North American Review* (November 16th) says:—

The election of the Republican candidate for Governor of New York was not a definite triumph of good over evil; it was only a temporary deliverance from impending disgrace, above all, it was a warning. It could not have been achieved, for example, if (1) the present Governor had accepted the re-nomination tendered to him, or (2) practically any candidate other than Mr. Hughes had been nominated, or (3) precedent had not been utterly disregarded by the National Administration, or (4) the radical candidate had possessed character as well as daring, or (5) conservative Democrats by tens of thousands had not placed patriotism above partisanship, or (6) the radical candidate had never let loose the torrent of personal abuse which, too late, he abruptly stopped, or (7) close association with disreputable "bosses" had not vitiated his claim of independence, or (8) Democratic and Independent newspapers had been lukewarm, or even perhaps (9) the weather had been inclement. In not all, but in *any one* of these contingencies, barring possibly the last mentioned, the appeal of an utterly discredited political adventurer to the spirit of discontent would have been made not in vain. Surely the wrath of God was upon us for our sins; why it failed to descend, or how long it will be withheld, He alone knows.

President Roosevelt has heeded the dictates of zeal rather than of wisdom, and unwittingly has played the part of a Frankenstein. No good purpose would be served by attempting now to fix the share of responsibility that should be thus ascribed, but if to the mind and conscience of him most deeply concerned there should seem, upon reflection, to be the smallest, we may rest assured that the suggestion will be received, not with scoffing, but as a lesson to be taken to heart. But the true cause of discontent lies not in its fomentation, but, itself, make way for breadth, patriotism and consideration of the common weal, this is that time. Else the whirlwind!

Apart from the two presentation plates, the chief feature of the Christmas number of the *Young Woman* is the Rev. A. Forder's account of the women of the Holy Land and their costumes.

THE BOYS' JUDGE.

America has evidently produced another of those unconventional geniuses that mark a new epoch in their particular line of life. Ben B. Lindsey, described by Lincoln Steffens in a recent number of *McClure's* as "The Just Judge," seems to be as much an inventive genius in dealing with juvenile criminals as Edison is in dealing with electricity. One day the judge having passed sentence on a boy chief in the Denver Court in the conventional way, was startled into his new methods by the shriek of the boy's mother. He went home to the mother, who lived in a cave, and got into touch with the human element in mother and son. The judge accordingly stopped the machine of justice to pull the boy out of its grinders. Through the judge's influence he became a reformed character and a good man. The judge's methods are as unconventional as can be conceived, but they transform the juvenile offender into a promising citizen. Out of a score of incidents given by the writer one may be quoted:—

One of the early cases in the Juvenile Court was that of seven boys brought before him by a policeman who had caught them wiring up signal-boxes, hopping cars, stoning motormen and otherwise interfering with the traffic of the street railway. The boys were either tearful or sullen, and they denied the testimony of the officer and his witnesses. The Judge took them into his chambers. There he cleared away all ideas of punishment, and got down to the truth. The Judge could see that it was fun, but also he could see that what was fun for the boys was trouble for the conductors and motormen; it made life hard for them, delayed them, and got them home late. The boys hadn't thought before of these railroad men as human beings, only as "fair game," an "fellers what'd give you a chase if you held 'em up." So the Judge gave the boys a good view of the men's side of the fun, then he said:—

"Tain't fair, is it, fellers?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what do you say to cuttin' it out?"

They agreed. But there was more for these boys to do than simply to quit, themselves. There was an evil deed done to be overcome with good. There was the gang.

"Will you fellers bring in the rest of the gang to-morrow?"

"Sure they would." But they didn't. The seven turned up the next day without their "crowd."

"Well, what are you going to do?" the Judge asked the seven.

They believed that if the Judge would write a letter to the gang they would come.

"A warrant," said the Judge, seizing the chance to take the terror out of another instrument of the Law. "I'll write you out a warrant, and you shall serve it on the gang. But what'll I write?"

One little fellow spoke up. "You begin it," he said, "begin by saying—'No kid has snitched [sneaked], but if you'll come, the Judge'll give you a square deal.'"

This showed what the matter was, and it brought home to the Judge the force of his own feeling against snitching.

The Judge began the "warrant" as the little fellow suggested, and thus he ended it, too. The boys took it, and evidently they served it, for the next day the gang came pouring into the court, fifty-two kids. There was a talk, straight talk, like that which he gave the seven. Only the Judge put more faith into it. He was going to see if they couldn't get along out where the gang lived without any policemen. The

peace of the neighbourhood was to be left to the gang, but the gang had to play fair and give him a square deal.

"For," said the Judge, making a personal appeal to their honour, "I have told the company that I would be responsible for their having no more trouble. The company don't trust you kids; and they say I'll be fooled. They said you'd go back on me. But I said you wouldn't, and I say now that you won't. So I'm depending on you fellers; and I don't believe you'll throw me down. What do you say?"

"We'll stay wit' you, Judge," they shouted. And they didn't throw the Judge down. They organised, then and there, a Kids' Citizens' League, and the League played square with the Judge.

It will be noticed that Lindsey made effective use in this case of the "gang" which the police and all prematurely old reformers seek only to "break up." The "kids' Judge" never thought of breaking up such organisations. His sense is for essentials, instinctively, and there's nothing wrong about gangs as such. They are as natural as organisations of men.

When one of his "kids" is in a critical struggle with its besetments, the judge will interrupt a trial in which millions of dollars are involved, in order to have a talk with the lad:—

This, then, is Judge Lindsey's "method." It is an old method. He didn't discover it. A great religion was founded on "faith, hope, and love" once. That was long ago. The only new and interesting thing about Lindsey's experiment is that he finds that this ancient, neglected method "works"—works, too, as I said at the outset, with grown-ups as well as with children, with cops as well as with kids.

TO EDUCATE THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

There are signs not a few which suggest that before long progressive policy will focus on a demand for the elementary education of the whole of the people of India. In the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* is published a paper by the Hon. G. R. Gokhale, on Self-government for India. Mr. Gokhale insists that any further alienation of the educated classes in India would be supremely unwise, and that this alienation cannot be prevented unless the policy of equal rights promised in 1833 and 1858 is carried out. In the expectancy of this promise India has patiently waited, receiving and learning much from her conquerors. But now Lord Curzon has practically declared that "as long as British rule lasted there could be no real equality between Englishmen and Indians in India." One result of the present arrangement is, says Mr. Gokhale, that "the true well-being of the people is systematically subordinated to militarism, service interests, and the interests of English mercantile classes." Now the educated classes of India "want their country to be a prosperous, self-governing, integral part of the Empire, like the Colonies, and not a mere poverty-stricken, bureaucratically-held possession of that Empire."

SEVEN OUT OF EIGHT CHILDREN UNTAUGHT!

He shrewdly points out that while the officials ask us to wait till the mass of the people have been qualified by education to take an intelligent part in public affairs, they have never seriously undertaken

the problem of educating the people. He says:—

After more or less a century of British rule, and forty years after England herself woke up to the responsibilities of Governments in regard to mass education, seven children out of eight in India are growing up to-day in ignorance and darkness, and four villages out of five are as yet without a school-house!

ANOTHER, AND A BIGGER IRELAND.

Surely, Mr. Gokhale adds, what Japan has been able to achieve in forty years India should certainly have accomplished in a century. He utters the emphatic warning:—

Unless the old faith of the educated classes in the character and ideals of British rule is brought back, England will find on her hands before long another Ireland, only many times bigger, in India. The younger generations are growing up full of what may be called Irish bitterness.

To prevent this menace, and to approach self-government, Indians must, he urges, be admitted to the higher branches of the public service, to the Executive Councils of the Viceroy and Governors, and to the Secretary of State's Council in London. Competitive examinations for recruitment to Indian services should be held simultaneously in India and in England. District administration should be decentralised and entrusted more and more to Boards of leading men elected by the people. Local self-government should be increasingly entrusted to the people. Legislative Councils should admit elected members up to the point at which the officials have a small standing majority. Commission ranks in the army should be thrown open to carefully selected Indians.

THE COST OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

His most important plea is:—

Side by side with these reforms, mass education must be taken vigorously in hand, so that in twenty years from now, if not earlier, there should be free and compulsory education in the country for both boys and girls.

In the discussion following this paper Mr. Thorburn, in a trenchant speech, declared that free and compulsory education for both boys and girls would cost fifteen million sterling, which may strike the initiated reader as a very small sum indeed to pay for so colossal a revolution in the life of India. Mr. Gokhale replied that he had carefully gone into the matter, and estimated that no more than five to six millions would be required—a still more astounding figure. Lord Reay emphatically declared that self-government was an experiment which could not be made until the masses had been educated. The claim that India should be governed as a self-governed colony was a claim which seemed to him unreasonable. He entirely agreed that we must not alienate the educated classes in India, and that more scope should be given to native talent in other than judicial appointments. He would also separate the judicial and administrative functions.

If for six millions, or fifteen millions, all the children of India could be educated, the sooner we launch on the undertaking the better. It is cer-

tainly one of the cheapest bargains ever offered to one of the wealthiest of Empires. The papers and discussions make this October magazine a most valuable text-book for politicians concerned about the future of India.

MUSIC BY ELECTRICITY.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker tells in the *Windsor* the story of the dynamophone, "an electrical invention for producing scientifically perfect music." Its inventor, Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, has made, after years of constant invention and combination, a machine costing some £40,000, for the creation and supply of music. He avails himself of Helmholtz's analysis of different musical tones; to the pure tone he adds harmonies of various vibrations until he can reproduce the sound of the violin, the flute, the 'cello, the fife, etc., etc. The present instrument has 145 alternators. He combines the currents from various alternators in what he calls tone-mixers, where the various vibrations carried on wires are combined. The machine itself is silent, except that there is much noise about. The electrical vibrations are by telephone transmitters turned into vibrations of the air. Sound is thus entirely at the disposal of the executant, who is no longer at the mercy of the varying vibrations of violin or piano springs, etc. The kind of music produced when rendered audible by the telephone is described as blending a hundred instruments in one:—

The first impression the music makes upon the listener is its singular difference from any music ever heard before, in the fulness, roundness, completeness, of its tones. And truly it is different and more perfect; but, strangely enough, while it possesses ranges of tones all its own, it can be made to imitate closely other musical instruments. When the music began, it seemed to fill the entire room with singularly clear, sweet, perfect tones.

The machine perfectly responds to the skill and emotion of the player, so that his individuality is not destroyed. Dr. Cahill's first desire was a perfect instrument.

THE MUSIC SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE.

Only afterwards did he think of distributing music by wires. The present machine can supply over a thousand subscribers:—

With its wires spreading in every direction, not only in the streets of cities and into city homes, but by means of a system of long-distance transmission, even now quite feasible, the best music may be delivered at towns, villages, and even farmhouses up to a hundred miles or more from the central station. Small country churches, town halls, schools, at present holding up no ideals of really good music, may be provided with the same high-class selections that are daily produced by the most skilful players in the cities.

In New York the plan is ultimately to have four different sets of wires, one carrying operatic music, one classical music, one sacred music, and one popular airs, so that subscribers may take their choice.

After a machine is installed in a city a dozen or twenty highly-skilled performers may easily supply thousands of restaurants, churches, schools, and homes with music.

RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN FINDS.

By MR. SIDNEY LEE.

Mr. Sidney Lee, in the *Nineteenth Century* recently, tells of five recently discovered manuscript references to Shakespeare. One is from a recently discovered pocket-book of Archdeacon Plume, who jotted down a statement concerning Shakespeare—"Sir John Mennes saw once his old father in his shop—a merry-cheeked old man that said 'Will was a good honest fellow, but he darest have crackt a jeast with him at any time.'"

SHAKESPEARE'S EARLY RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

The second new reference mentioned is a document recently found in the Public Record Office, to the effect that one William Shakespeare inhabiting a tenement in the Parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, was distrained upon for non-payment of taxes, and that later the defaulting William Shakespeare had removed from Bishopsgate to the liberty of the Clink in Southwark. The default apparently was due to the change of residence, and the amount owing was generously paid by Shakespeare later. This has finally settled the doubt as to his early place of residence in London.

The third new reference is found in two heraldic manuscripts which inveigh against the grants of arms granted on false pretences by the Garter King. In both lists the name of Shakespeare occurs. It is known that Shakespeare induced his father to obtain the valueless luxury of a coat-of-arms.

The fourth reference has been recently unearthed from the Earl of Rutland's household books for the year 1612-13, preserved at Belvoir Castle. An entry shows that the steward of the earl paid Shakespeare, on the 31st of March, 1613, the sum of forty-four shillings in gold for "my Lordes Impreso."

A CHANCERY SUIT.

The fifth find consists of three documents discovered by an American professor at the Public Record Office. Touching the Chancery suit in which Shakespeare's name figured as that of plaintiff, together with six other persons, all of whom are of good social position. The earliest is dated 26th of April, 1615. It is a bill of complaint praying the Lord Chancellor to compel one Matthew Bacon to deliver up a number of letters patent, deeds, evidences, charters and writings concerning their title to certain house and lands within the precinct of Blackfriars. Mr. Lee tells of the discovery of the missing quarto of "Titus Andronicus" bearing the date of 1594, which was discovered in the Swedish town of Lund at the close of the year 1904, which was promptly passed through a London dealer to an American collector.

Mr. Lee urges that more systematic search for Shakespearean relics and references should be made, and that the two English-speaking peoples should combine in the quest.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON LIFE.

In the *Hibbert Journal* some time ago Sir Oliver Lodge discusses Life. He maintains that life is a directing principle. He lays down the hypothesis that life is not even a function of matter or of energy, but, though depending on matter for its phenomenal appearance, is otherwise independent—that its essential existence is continuous and permanent, though its interactions with matter are discontinuous and temporary; and I conjecture that it is subject to a law of evolution—that a linear advance is open to it—whether it be in its phenomenal or in its occult state.

To indicate what he means by conceiving of the possibility of life possessing an existence apart from its material manifestations, he takes two analogies—one ethical, the other physical:—

"Parliament" is a body which consists of individual members constantly changing, and its existence is not dependent on their existence; it pre-existed any particular set of them, and it can survive a dissolution. As to its technical continuity of existence and actual mode of reproduction, I suppose it would be merely fanciful to liken the "Crown" to those germ-cells or nuclei, whose existence continues without break, which serve the purpose of collecting and composing the somatic cells in due season.

The other analogy is that of magnetism:—

Within the nineteenth century a fresh process of magnetisation has been discovered, and this new or electrical process is no longer obviously dependent on the existence of antecedent magnetism, but seems at first sight to be a property freshly or spontaneously generated, as it were. The process was discovered as the result of setting electricity into motion.

Directly electricity was set in motion, constituting what is called an electric current, magnetic lines of force instantly sprang into being, without the presence of any steel or iron; and in twenty years they were recognised. These electrically generated lines of force are similar to those previously known, but they need no matter to sustain them. They need matter to display them, but they themselves exist equally well in perfect vacuum.

If anyone should assert that all magnetism was pre-existent in some ethereal condition, that it would never go out of essential existence, but that it could be brought into relation with the world of matter by certain acts—that while there it could operate in a certain way, controlling the motion of bodies, interacting with forms of energy, producing sundry effect for a time, and then disappearing from our ken to the immaterial region whence it came—he would be saying what no physicist would think it worth while to object to, what indeed many might agree with.

Well, that is the kind of assertion which I want to make as a working hypothesis concerning life.

The *Laresol Review* is the name of a new seven-penny quarterly, started in November by Mr. Ernest Newlandsmith, the musician, "to proclaim the unity of Religion, Science and Art in the knowledge and love of God." The first number is made up of one long article entitled "The Temple of Life: The Royal Academy," written by the editor, who recognises Art as the divinely-appointed medium through which to bring about a right attitude of heart towards the Good and the True.

M. CLEMENCEAU: A WORLD-FORCE.

"X," writing in the *World's Work* for December, contributes an interesting character sketch of M. Clémenceau, with illustrations which I do not remember having seen elsewhere. Many of us forget, or did not know, that M. Clémenceau, when very



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

Clémenceau as Cabinet-maker.

We'll get along very well with these puppets, if only the string is long enough to work them.

young, spent much time travelling in America, observing the manners and customs of what was then, at least in France, almost an unknown nation. In order to gain enough money to keep him some time in the States he was forced to accept a post as professor of French literature in a girls' school in Stanford, Connecticut. On his return to France in 1868 he determined to practise his real profession—that of a doctor—in Montmartre. The writer gives the following pen-portrait of M. Clémenceau:—

Physically, M. Clémenceau is the perfect type of the man of action. His square head, with its overhanging brows and short chin, proclaims the stubbornness of his race, of the Breton, which everything else in him reveals; the bristling eyebrow above the clear, malicious eye . . . ; the thin lips hidden under a heavy moustache . . . ; the tall, thin silhouette, the proudly erect figure, the vigorous gait, the nervous gestures, and even the voice.

M. Clémenceau has been compared with Bismarck, and the writer thinks there is a real physical resemblance between the man of blood and iron and the present French Premier, who certainly suggests iron, if not blood. His tastes, habits and costume are alike simple. Till the last few weeks he might have been seen daily going from the Trocadéro quarter, where he lives in the Rue Franklin, to the Ministry, in the Passy-Bourse omnibus. Of his home the writer says:—

The life that is lived within these walls is indeed a life of toil. Often the master rises at half-past three in the morning to get through the work that lies before him in the coming day, and does not seek his well-earned rest till ten or eleven at night. Of these eighteen or nineteen hours but few minutes are snatched from work for meals.

He has, it seems, a miniature garden in which he takes delight, and he has always been much of an outdoor man:—

The President of the Council is still a determined sportsman, a sportsman who, accoutred like a peasant, wades through morasses and strides across fields and plains, a sportsman who brings down his bird, even at official shooting-parties, and rarely misses a shot. M. Clémenceau is further a fine marksman; he long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best fencers in France.

MR. C. B. FRY ON THE SPRINGBOKS.

The South African Rugby Team, its Methods and Merits, are discussed by Mr. C. B. Fry in his magazine for December. He says that Rugby football in South Africa is of comparatively recent origin. "It was started there on a purely British pattern, and throughout the whole course of its development regard has been carefully paid to what was being done in Great Britain." Unlike the New Zealanders, who were mostly of pure British extraction, the Cape Dutch have no devices alien to British football. The football area in South Africa covers an immense range, in most of which there is no grass field to play on. The arena consists of bare earth. Play on these dry grounds tends to produce exceedingly fast players: "brilliant individualism is at a premium." To keep the teams scattered over so wide a continent, and playing under such diversity of conditions, in touch with one another, the South African Board organises once every two years a football carnival, when the best football forces of South Africa are mobilised at one spot for a period of three weeks. South African players confess to deriving immense advantage from these meetings. They urge that "something of the same kind is evidently wanted in Great Britain." A periodical assembly of representative English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh football players would do everything to consolidate all the best elements of play now practised under the different Unions. The South Africans have brought a purely British style of play to a very high degree of excellence. Speaking of their distinctive characteristics, Mr. Fry says:—

The features of the South African game are an all-round excellence and a super-excellence of their three-quarters and halves. The former have an amazing turn of speed and capacity for scoring, and their half-back play is superb.

The single difference between the British system at its best and the South African is in the method of packing. As against the British three-two-three formation and the New Zealand two-three-two our visitors adopt a three-three-two arrangement, and they have a great belief in it.

Mr. Fry mentions the curious coincidence that the average weight of the South Africans, 12 st. 9 lbs., is exactly the same as that of the New Zealanders.

ALAS! POOR SHAKESPEARE.

COUNT TOLSTOI COMES TO JUDGMENT.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for December Count Tolstoi tells us that he cannot stand Shakespeare, and, unlike the hater of Dr. Fell, he gives his reasons. It is a very curious article, and one that is very characteristic of its author.

HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Count Tolstoi says:—

I remember the astonishment I felt when I first read Shakespeare. I expected to receive a powerful, æsthetic pleasure; but having read, one after the other, works regarded as his best—"King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth"—not only did I feel no delight, but I felt an irresistible repulsion and tedium.

HIS SECOND THOUGHTS.

For a long time I could not believe in myself, and during fifty years, in order to test myself, I several times recommenced reading Shakespeare in every possible form, in Russian, in English, in German, and in Schlegel's translation, as I was advised. Several times I read the dramas and the comedies and historical plays, and I invariably underwent the same feelings—repulsion, weariness, and bewilderment.

HIS THIRD AND LAST TEST.

At the present time, before writing this preface, being desirous once more to test myself, I have, as an old man of seventy-five, again read the whole of Shakespeare, including the historical plays, the "Henrys," "Troilus and Cressida," the "Tempest," "Cymbeline," and I have felt with even greater force the same feelings, this time, however, not of bewilderment, but of firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of a great genius which Shakespeare enjoys, and which compels writers of our time to imitate him, and readers and spectators to discover in him non-existent merits—thereby distorting their æsthetic and ethical understanding—is a great evil, as is every untruth.

"KING LEAR" AS A SAMPLE.

I will endeavour as well as I can to show why I believe that Shakespeare cannot be recognised either as a great genius or even as an average author. For illustration of my purpose I will take one of Shakespeare's most extolled dramas, "King Lear," in the enthusiastic praise of which the majority of critics agree.

"BAD AND CARELESSLY COMPOSED."

After describing the play from beginning to end, he says:—

Such is this celebrated drama. However absurd it may appear in my rendering (which I have endeavoured to make as impartial as possible), I may confidently say that in the original it is yet more absurd. For any man of our time—if he were not under the hypnotic suggestion that this drama is the height of perfection—it would be enough to read it to its end (were he to have sufficient patience for this) in order to be convinced that, far from being the height of perfection, it is a very bad, carelessly-composed production, which, if it could have been of interest to a certain public at a certain time, cannot evoke amongst us anything but aversion and weariness.

HIS FINAL VERDICT.

"King Lear" not only is not representing a model of dramatic art, but does not satisfy the most elementary demands of art recognised by all. The positions into which the characters are placed quite arbitrarily are so unnatural that the reader or spectator is unable not only to sympathise with their sufferings, but even to be interested in what he sees or reads. This in the first place. Secondly, in this, as in the other dramas of Shakespeare, all the characters live,

think, speak, and act quite unconformably with the given time and place.

The article is to be continued next month. Count Tolstoi is magnificent. He reminds us of the old couplet:—

The sun and moon may both go wrong,
But the old clock of Jedbro never goes wrong.

Jesus Christ and Shakespeare have now both been weighed in Count Tolstoi's balances and found wanting.

"WOMAN MAN'S MORAL PROVIDENCE."

WHAT POSITIVISTS BELIEVE.

In the *Positivist Review* for December Mrs. Bridger sets forth the Positivist conception of the position and mission of woman in the world. Mrs. Bridger says:—

Our religion points to Woman as Man's moral providence, and Comte is in himself a powerful example of the truth of that principle.

I believe there are some among the advanced schools of to-day who look with scorn upon the Positivist attitude towards women, and who say that we put them in a low and unworthy position, as dependent upon men, and would hamper their freedom and their social activity. That idea, I think, arises very largely from misunderstanding and misconception of our true position. In the first place, can any higher place be assigned to women than that which Positivism insists upon, the Moral Providence of the world, the strongest force that makes for purity and goodness in both private and public life? Could there be any wider field of activity than this, any higher level of social standing, any nobler function to perform? Positivism seeks to free women from the slavery of wage-earning in order that they may be at liberty to fulfil their natural function in the home as wives and mothers, as the trainers and teachers of the young. The home is the centre from which a woman exercises her spiritual influence upon the family, and through them upon the world around her; but it is not her only sphere of activity. *She is citizen as well as wife and mother, and in all social and public duty she has her part to take and her work to do.* But it is always the same kind of work. She is always the moralising and purifying influence, the power that appeals, persuades, restrains, and softens. Material power she has none. She leads by love alone; and her very weakness is her moral strength. Surely this is the greatest power of all, the power to mould character, to modify public opinion, to hold aloft the standard of purity, justice, and mercy in national and international affairs, to keep alive the faith in the righteous cause, to stimulate and encourage all social progress. *There is nothing in Positivist teaching, as I understand it, to hinder or impair a woman's freedom to act or speak in any capacity for which she may be fit.* Much good public work is at the present time being done by women in many and various directions, and I wish it hearty success and long continuance. But active participation in the government of the country the large majority of women do not desire. I believe that this will still be so in the future, and that their spiritual influence would be weakened if political power were placed in their hands.

But why in the name of common sense and logic should Mrs. Bridger and her Positivist friends oppose woman's suffrage? Is the House of Commons the one place in the world which stands in no need of the moralising and purifying influence of woman? Surely if any department of life stands in sore need of "the moral providence" it is politics.

THE CENTENARY OF JENA.

THE PRUSSIAN DISASTERS OF 1806.

Both the French and the German reviews for October commemorate the events of October, 1806, in Prussia, but it is left to the French reviews to recall the memorable battles of Jena and Auerstädt, in which the Prussians were beaten by the French. As Auerstädt is only fourteen miles distant from Jena, and as the two engagements took place on the same day and at the same time—October 14th, 1806—the battle of Jena is frequently used as a collective name for the two separate battles.

"THE ARMY OF THE GREAT KING."

Writing in the *Correspondant* of October 10th, the Comte de Sérignan precedes his account of Jena and Auerstädt by some particulars of the condition of the Prussian army of Frederick William III. in 1806, the army which under Frederick the Great was known as "the army of the great King" or "the victorious army."

In 1806, he says, the idea still prevailed throughout Europe that the army of Frederick the Great had lost none of its great qualities. Even Napoleon seems to have held the same opinion, for in his Proclamation read to the troops before the battle he invited his soldiers to form compact squares to receive "the celebrated Prussian cavalry."

But in the twenty years following the death of Frederick the Prussian army had greatly deteriorated in spite of the active, theoretical and practical training of officers and soldiers.

It is difficult to realise how Frederick's army could have lost in so short a time most of the qualities which had made it the best in Europe, but the writer attributes it to the following causes:—The disappearance of Frederick, the appearance in France at the same time of a captain at least the equal of Frederick, and the introduction into the French army of new tactics, while the Prussian army continued to adhere to antiquated methods. Other causes were the indifference of the sovereign and the ignorance and incapacity of the older officers and the ineptitude of the younger ones. A table of the ages of the Prussian and the French generals shows that the ages of the former ranged from fifty-nine to eighty, with an average of sixty-five years, whereas the French generals were comparatively young men, their ages ranging from twenty-seven to fifty-three, with an average of thirty-seven years.

BUT FOR JENA, NO SEDAN!

In *La Revue* of October 15th, Alexandre Coutet first reminds us of the inscription on the bronze statue of Bismarck at Jena, which runs:—"With grateful pride let us think of him who restored to us unity and greatness and effaced the shame of the battle of Jena," and he quotes the memorable words to which Bismarck gave utterance in Jena on July 31st, 1892, on the occasion of the Jubilee fêtes:—

"If Jena had not existed, we should perhaps have had no Sedan!"

AN UNKNOWN EPISODE.

In the same article M. Coutet relates an episode of a pastor of Jena, hitherto unknown, but declared to be authentic.

Napoleon and his troops were shut up in Jena. The greater part of the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, was posted at Auerstädt, to be defeated by the French under Davout, but the weaker part, commanded by Prince Hohenlohe and General Ruchel, was encamped on the route to Weimar, not far distant from Jena. On October 13th, while Napoleon was meditating on the course to pursue, a Protestant pastor arrived and explained that he could direct him to a quick and safe path up the Landgrafenberg, a height from which he could easily fall on the Prussian army.

What was the pastor's motive? Probably the hatred of the Saxons of Jena towards the Prussians, who had compelled them to join the Prussian troops and who had set fire to their city.

Napoleon sent some of his men to accompany the pastor to the summit, and not content with their favourable report, satisfied himself as to the advantages of such a discovery by ascending the heights himself. In the night by torchlight he made his men widen the path, and in the morning, to their intense amazement, Hohenlohe and Ruchel found themselves surrounded by the French, and it was too late to offer resistance.

General Marbot is stated to be the only writer who alludes to the pastor episode. Napoleon overwhelmed the pastor with rewards, but the Prussians naturally looked upon him as a traitor, and when he sought refuge in France, obtained a sort of extradition against him and shut him up in a fortress for three years. The King of Saxony eventually interceded for him, and when he was released he settled in Paris. His name has not been discovered.

PRUSSIAN HEROISM.

Edward Gachot, who writes in the *Nouvelle Revue* of October 15th, bases his article on Prussian documents, and presents the action from the Prussian point of view. The conflict between France and Germany, he writes, was due to the intrigues of England, the intrigues of Queen Louisa of Prussia, and the chauvinism of a military party blinded by pride. On the eve of the battle the Prussians did not anticipate any engagement. They desired and hoped that the main body of the French troops would direct their steps towards Leipzig and Naumburg, and that the rest which they themselves sorely needed would be possible on the 14th. In the plain between Jena and Weimar, however, 40,000 Prussians and Saxons fought for six hours against the superior forces of the French—at least double their number. That day, concludes M. Gachot, Prussian valour attained to heroism.

GERMAN AND JAPANESE COMPETITION.

Major-General Sir Alex. Tulloch, returning from a tour in South America, writes in the *Nineteenth Century* on German trade in that continent, which ought to rouse British energy. He admits that our trade there is increasing, but at nothing like the rate of that of Germany, which has doubled during the last ten years. The Germans, he says, have just arranged a huge company to run the river trade of Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Bolivia and North Argentina :—

In certain instances German firms have secured special trades which were formerly entirely British, such as the rice trade of Brazil, from our possession of Rangoon to Rio. There is not now a single British house at Rio so employed.

OUR WRETCHED PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Asking why we are thus beaten, the writer points to the contrast between German and English education. He says :—

Our much-vaunted public school system is really to blame for it, the well-known great schools being really responsible for setting the pace in the mental training of the better classes. Fine gentlemanly young men they turn out, but a system where games take the first place in a boy's ambition is hardly the training for that strenuous life which is necessary for success in the present day, no matter what the profession or trade may be.

JAPAN HEIR TO MOST OF EASTERN TRADE.

Turning Eastward, he says of Japan :—

She is entitled to try for, and will obtain, the steam traffic of the East, and in time most of the trade. The energy and push of the Japanese manufacturers of almost every description will in due course rather astonish the people of this country. I may as an example mention that some fifteen years ago, when there was a possibility of the manufacturers of warlike stores being too busy in England to supply what we might require in Australia, I got our Minister of Defence in Victoria to try what Japan could do in making rifles to special patterns. We sent a cadet's rifle (Francott) and a Wilkinson officer's sword. In a wonderfully short time we got a dozen perfectly made rifles at the same price we had hitherto given, and a dozen swords, quite equal to the Wilkinson, for £1 each—just one-third of our contract price for the same article from England.

What with the Japanese grindstone in the East and the German on the West, our trade stands a fair chance of being ground away. It requires no prophet to foretell that if we do not wake up to the situation, our unemployed in a decade or two will be numbered not by thousands but by millions.

HAMLET AN ÆSTHETE.

Professor Churton Collins, in a recent *Contemporary Review*, offers old and new lights on Shakespeare's "Hamlet." His own interpretation is given thus :—

The significance of Hamlet does not lie in what constitutes his attractiveness and in what links him with the expression of philosophy and poetry. It lies in the fact that Shakespeare here presents us with a profound and subtle study of a type of character in all respects the most interesting, in some respects the most tragical, peculiar to humanity. To men tempered like Hamlet life owes almost all its refinements and grace, its radiance and its romance. In every votary of the beautiful, in every transcendentalist he has his counterpart, nor can either æstheticism or sentiment-

alism assume, practically or potentially, any form or phase into which what is embodied in him does not enter. Wherever poetry, wherever painting, wherever music weave their charms, we may be very sure that all that entered into the constitution of Shakespeare's creation, entered into the constitution of the charmer. But what adorns and beautifies life strews it with wrecks. Man has no more perilous endowment than æsthetic sensibility, for it stands in the same relation to the nature which differentiates him from the brutes as animal passion stands to the nature which links him with them. If that sensibility be undisciplined, if it be without the balance of reason and of the moral sense, it results in a form of profligacy infinitely more disastrous and ruinous than physical profligacy. For, while generally involving that, and in involving intensifying, it makes havoc of the whole nature. From the end—and aim of man, which is moral action, it turns not merely with indifference but with contempt. The very alcohol and quintessence of egotism, it regards the world and all that the world contains as simply designed to administer to its gratification. For this end the beautiful was created, to this end the beautiful is prostituted. The affections it regards as mere modes of hedonism. Setting up one idol after another both in friendship and love, its homage lasts just as long as caprice or passion may hold, caprice, when the turn comes, transforming itself into repulsion, and passion into indifference or cruelty. The slave of every impulse and impression, of every appetite and whim, now wallowing in the mire and filth of the flesh, now soaring on Icarian wings of transcendental ecstasy, it vibrates with equal fidelity to the Priapola and to the Sermon on the Mount. For it must not be supposed that the sympathies of the æsthete are confined to the appreciation of sensuous beauty. Sentimentally he is moved and thrilled by all that is morally and spiritually noblest and most exalted in humanity. He will dilate with fervid eloquence on the moral grandeur of Christ and denounce and bewail with a sincerity which none could doubt the infirmities and vices into which he will so shortly lapse. An heroic action is pretty sure of the tribute of his tears, and even the unpretending virtues of common life, if there be any element of picturesqueness in their surroundings, will touch and please him. But perhaps the most fearful characteristic of this temperament is its proximity to what may be called those moral wastes on which

Nature breeds

Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things, sexual abnormalities, extraordinary refinements of cruelty, and all those inextricable complications of sanity and insanity, of health and disease, which are so terrible because so elusive and so indistinguishable.

Food and Work.

In a paper on the Filipino labour supply, written in the *American Review of Reviews* by Mr. George G. Guy, there is an interesting illustration given of the intimate connection between food and work. At first the Filipinos were unwilling to work, fearing that they would get no pay for their work, as had been too often the case under their Spanish masters. At last a day's wage in advance calmed their doubts. Then :—

When the first batch of men mustered for work they looked small and pinched and half-starved, and many of them were hollow-chested and weak of limb. The manager gave them daily an allowance wherewith to buy a hot lunch, and saw that it was duly spent. There were *tiendas* attached to every gang, where wholesome food was served. The better fare soon worked a wonderful change in the physique of the men. Their muscles filled out, they grew bigger, and held themselves straighter. They began, too, to put on the airs of prosperity, for such wages as they were earning had never before been dreamed of.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

An ex-patient of the London Hospital writes in the *Quiver* a short article on a hospital nurse's daily life, which is highly complimentary to the hospital nurse, and calculated to cure the "nursing fever" which the writer seems to think most young girls have at some time or other. A hospital nurse is supposed to be undomesticated. Not so, says this writer. She knows as much about domestic work as model servant, and much more than the average housewife. She would make an excellent charwoman: could give points to a scullerymaid; thoroughly knows a housemaid's and parlourmaid's duties, and is even a superior plain cook. This is the result of her probationer's training. From early morning till late at night the day nurse's life is one perpetual rush, with the shortest possible interval for meals, and a short "time off" for exercise. Theoretically the ideal nurse should be slow and graceful in her movements, walk noiselessly, and never be in a hurry. Practically, she absolutely must be uncommonly quick and active, and if not exactly always in a hurry, at least something very near it. Always "looking alive" perhaps expresses it. As for the charge that hospital nurses attend to a "nice" patient, and neglect others not so nice, the writer will have none of it. All that he saw went to prove that all patients were treated exactly alike. In fact, this paper is really a very high tribute to nurses, at any rate to those of the London Hospital.

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S SCHEME FOR A NATIONAL CHURCH.

In the *Hibbert Journal* Sir Oliver Lodge puts forward a plea for essential unity amid formal difference in a National Church. He argues that the dispute between State and Free Churches to-day is not exactly religious, but rather rooted in divergent views taken of religion by two different types of mind. "In the ancient controversy between Catholic and Protestant, between Priest and Presbyter, between High Anglican and Free Churchman, between upholders of public ritual and insists on private conscience, between the objective and subjective types of worshippers, between those who lay stress on the brotherhood and those who emphasise the individual life," he maintains that it is quite absurd for either side to pretend that the other is wicked and schismatic. So he urges:—

Perhaps there is a third course—what some think the fatal course of compromise—in which the permanent vitality of the two types of religious humanity is recognised, and something of absolute truth admitted to be visible from both points of view. In which case it might not be too much to hope that the two groups, no longer hostile, could ultimately agree to live together in harmony, as two wings of an enlarged National Church; without need for anyone to abandon the phase of truth, or the form of worship, which specially appeals to his disposition and theological understanding. At present there are Nonconformists, obedient to pri-

vate judgment and disobedient to authority, at both ends of the Church of England.

"BE A CHRIST."

He would allow freedom to use or not to use the Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist. Everyone equipped by the Holy Spirit is a priest by right divine. Only because such equipment is comparatively rare a professional priesthood is a necessity: but—

It is not an ideal. The ideal held out by Christ Himself was a high one. "Be ye perfect," He said. Be a Christ He might have said: be thyself a messenger and revealer of divine truth up to the measure of thy capacity. "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." He did not say these things to the priests and orthodox worshippers of His own day—to them He said quite other things:—these high injunctions He laid upon a body of trained and chosen peasants who had loved and followed Him, and thus ordained them with genuine priesthood.

He urges that the time is ripe for revision of the Prayer Book on the intellectual side. Artificial boundaries, he declares, must be broken down, and the domain covered by the National Church must be broadened till it include all aspiring workers who are casting out devils in the One Name.

THE SUB-TARGET RIFLE.

Colonel Maxse writes enthusiastically in a recent *National Review* concerning an American invention for teaching shooting without the use of cartridges. He says:—

But in the invention referred to, known as the Sub-target Rifle, the office of the cartridge is performed by a sensitive pointer, which traces on a diminutive paper target (called the Sub-target) every motion of the rifle whilst it is in the act of being aimed by the pupil at an ordinary target. When he pulls the trigger, the pointer, actuated by electricity, instantaneously punches a small hole in the Sub-target, and thus indicates the exact spot where a bullet would have struck the real target aimed at by the pupil. The act of reloading readjusts the whole machine for the next shot. Thus, from the moment the firer takes the rifle in his hand until he finally releases the trigger, each movement is distinctly reproduced by the pointer, and any fault which might influence the flight of a bullet is plainly visible. The process is quite simple and easy, yet there is no range, no bullet, no noise, no danger.

The apparatus only costs £50, and it can be fitted up for use in any room 30ft. long. By its aid schoolboys learn to shoot accurately without ever having burnt powder.

In an article in the *Royal Magazine* for July, Mr. F. E. Baily writes on Feathers as an article of dress, giving particulars of the various birds used and the countries they come from. Most of them come from foreign countries, he maintains, but as the fashions vary, so also do the birds in favour vary. The small birds are usually worn whole. Terns are in demand now, and the plumage of the bird of paradise is stated to be so popular that the species is in danger of extinction!

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

A PLAGUE OF PANS.

The *North American* for November 2nd publishes an article by Mr. A. B. Colquhoun describing the plague of Pans from which the modern world is suffering. He calls his article "Pan-Mania." He says:—

The latest and most virulent political disease, whose character is indicated by the title at the head of this article, is more difficult to diagnose than appears at first sight. It is capable of many variations and inconsistencies; and, in fact, its one distinguishing symptom is a tendency to megalomania and an arbitrary use of the word "Pan." The principal developments of Pan-mania at present (there is no reason to suppose that we may not have others in due time) are the Pan-American, Pan-German, Pan-Slav, Pan-Islamic, Pan-Buddhist and Pan-Hellenic.

AN AWKWARD QUESTION FOR UNCLE SAM.

Mr. E. L. Andrews points out how awkward it is for the United States to support the right of the Hague Tribunal to adjudicate in all financial claims against South American Republics while it refuses to allow financial claims against the separate States in its own Union either to be heard by the Supreme Court or to be sent to arbitration. Mr. Andrews says:—

Our State Governments, having annulled the forensic remedies against them, now refuse to arbitrate. On the other hand, our sister republics which are liable to forcible compulsion open their tribunals to foreign claimants; and, if these Courts be inadequate to determine this class of controversies, they are willing to submit to the decision of the International Tribunal. These are the contrasted positions of the North and South American republics; and the physical protection which the General Government throws around our repudiating debtor States enhances the moral duty of the United States to provide some remedy.

A TRIBUTE TO THE TSAR.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *North American Review* says:—

The Premier, whose conscientiousness, integrity, and patriotism are acknowledged by friend and foe alike, reckons on his subordinates' sense of duty for the maintenance of order. But his subordinates are, for the most part, trimmers. They would fain run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. . . . If the intelligent supporters of the Tsar had but a little of the courage displayed by these ignorant soldiers who die unwept, unsung and generally unhonoured, the cause of the Russian Monarchy would be in safe hands. For the Emperor himself has taken his stand definitely, resolutely and wisely, throwing in his lot with the Constitutionalists. And all his actions seem to be in keeping with it. That is why he has recently turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, made by some members of the Cabinet, that certain modifications should be introduced into the electoral law.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

In the number for November 16th Mark Twain records a conversation which he had with General Grant, in which they discussed the responsibility for Sherman's march to the sea. General Grant said that neither he nor Sherman originated the idea; the enemy did it; but his chief of staff went to Washington to protest against the march being undertaken, and the authorities telegraphed to the General to stop Sherman. Out of deference to the Government General Grant stopped Sherman for twenty-

four hours, then, considering that that was deference enough, he telegraphed him to go ahead again.

Mr. Karl Blind makes mincemeat of M. Yves Guyot, who wrote recently an article declaring that Pan-Germanism was a menace to Holland and Belgium. Mr. Karl Blind has little difficulty in turning the tables upon M. Yves Guyot, whose lamentable defection from the cause of liberty and justice at the time of the Boer war puts him out of court as a defender of the independence of small States.

THE INDUSTRIAL JUGGERNAUT.

Dr. Strong says that in the United States—

It seems reasonable to conclude that the minimum number of industrial accidents in a year must be considerably above 500,000. Taking the lowest of our estimates of industrial accidents, the total number of casualties suffered by our industrial army in one year is equal to the average annual casualties of our Civil War, plus those of the Philippine War, plus those of the Russian and Japanese War.

What is worse, the proportion of casualties on the railways is growing worse. He quotes statistics which show "that the chances of fatal accident to the traveller increased about 61 per cent in ten years, and that the chances of non-fatal accident considerably more than doubled during the same period."

CORRUPTION IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

Mr. E. Porritt writes on this subject, but he says nothing about the prices paid for honours. He says:—

Candidates are now expected to contribute to the local



International Syndicate.]

[Baltimore.]

The End of the Journey.

churches, flower shows, cricket clubs, school sports and friendly society galas; and in a large proportion of the constituencies in England these subscriptions amount to a charge of from £500 to £1500 a year. It will thus be realised that, although squalid bribery has at last almost reached a vanishing point, bribery has by no means disappeared.

THE DEFEAT OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Review*, in a letter describing the present position of the Social Democrats, maintains that Bebel's change of front at the Congress of Mannheim is practically a confession of failure:—

The man who fifteen years ago committed himself to the definite prediction that the grand upheaval—the cataclysm of Marxian theory—would occur in Germany in the year 1896, confesses in 1906 that the forces of Social Democracy would be hopelessly worsted in an armed conflict with the State, and that their leaders would be criminals if they were to sanction the experiment.

HOW SHOULD MOROCCO BE REFORMED?

A Moroccan, whose name is Asaad Kalarji Karam, maintains that the attempt to reform on Christian lines is a great mistake. What is most necessary is the reform of the European legations in Morocco, who ignore justice and who smuggle arms into the country. The second part of the reform is the application of the law of the Koran by competent and honest judges. The Mahomedan law contains all that is necessary for the good government of the country.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

Mr. William Inglis, who has been for two months correspondent in Cuba for *Harper's Weekly*, is quite satisfied that the Cubans are unfit to run a Republic of their own. He thinks the United States must remain in charge until a new generation arises which believes that ballots, not bullets, shall govern the island. If the American forces are withdrawn a new revolution will begin very soon. Three-fourths of the fighting men were negroes of varying shades of colour, who were all hungry for office, and wanted "fat jobs" without any work. The Moderates practised frauds and violence at the elections without blushing; the Liberals would have done the same if they had been in office.

C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE.

The chief features of the December issue are Mr. Harold Begbie's conversation with Mr. C. S. Rolls, and the Editor's description of the South African Rugby team. Both of these have been separately noticed. Mr. Fry gives a character-sketch and conversation with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, in which the history and the prospects of motoring are discussed. Lord Montagu, averring that dust is the main and persistent problem, recalls the fact that in the old days of the coaches there was a dust trouble. Farmers and gardeners complained bitterly, as they now complain of the motors. Mr. F. G. Aflalo recommends the sea for sport. He says the inland waters are getting fished out. The high-priced salmon-trout fishings are above the average pocket, and the coarse fishing will soon be a thing of the past. But there remains the sea, open to every angler in the kingdom. Mr. Horace Hutchinson discusses which is the best dog-friend, and declares in favour of the Dandie Dinmont terrier. Mr. E. T. Cook gives some valuable hints on English gardening, showing by vivid photographs the right way and the wrong way of planting trees. There is much breezy chat about other forms of sport.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The December *Strand Magazine* is a double number, and a new feature is introduced in the shape of coloured reproductions of famous pictures. These are to be continued in subsequent numbers, and the new departure will no doubt increase the popularity of the magazine.

Pianists will read with interest Mr. Mark Hambourg's article entitled "Emotions and the Piano." He very wisely recommends musicians to widen their intelligence in every possible way, by travel or by reading, and he is sure it will result in a widened intelligence being brought to bear on their music. Musicians are too often indifferent to everything outside their art. Further, emotion should direct the playing, especially the playing of the piano. Many of the great emotional and imaginative pianists have been either Russians or Poles, or have been trained in the Russian schools, where organ-music is very little known. In Western Europe, where the organ is more used, emotional piano-playing is much less developed, for the pianist can learn nothing about touch or emotional playing from the organ.

Madame Patti contributes some reminiscences of her operatic life. Her operatic *début* was made at the age of seven, in the rôle of Amina in "La Sonnambula." Her next heroine was Lucia di Lammermoor; she was then nearly sixteen, and with this part her real operatic career began. Her favourite part is Violetta, in "Traviata." It was in "Martha" that she first sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and in "The Barber of Seville" that she first sang "Home, Sweet Home."

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

The outstanding feature of the *Windsor Magazine* Christmas number is the series of illustrations of Mr. Austin Chester's paper on the art of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., comprising as many as nineteen reproductions of the artist's pictures. The articles of most importance are Mr. Stannard Baker's description of the dynamophone, and Mr. FitzGerald's account of the German Chancellor. Mr. A. J. Dawson tells the story of Trinity House and its work from the time of Henry VIII. forward. Mr. H. A. Vachell gives a vivid and illustrated account of life at Harrow School. The cartoons of *Vanity Fair* of leaders of religion are well reproduced, with comment by Mr. Fletcher Robinson. There is any amount of light fiction, interspersed with pictures and poetry.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

The December number is full of thrilling adventures and striking novelties. Mr. V. M. Hamilton's account of "World's Model Prison" in Michigan claims separate notice. From the papers of the late Lord Currie is taken an account of how a Turkish officer captured a Greek battleship by chaining its propeller, under the cover of night, to a rock on the coast, and thus rendering it helpless. Mr. Reginald Wyon gives a humorous but somewhat appalling account of Christmas in Montenegro, when it is compulsory on everyone to visit as many friends as possible, and to eat and drink at every house to an extent impossible to an ordinary European. Mr. F. Sears describes how the New Zealand steamer "Hinemoa" calls at Macquarie Islands and takes away castaways that may have been shipwrecked on that barren island. Mr. H. M. Vernon tells of the man-killing exploits of a sheriff of Missouri. There are many other stories on the borderland of romance and sober recital of fact.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The *Fortnightly Review* for December is a capital number, full of ideas and good readable matter.

A VINDICATION OF SIR JOHN FISHER.

Mr. Archibald Hurd, in an article entitled "A 'Dreadnought' Naval Policy," brilliantly vindicates the policy of the present Board of the Admiralty, which has at the same time reduced expense and increased efficiency. He says:—

The nation has, on the one hand, the official assurance of this highest *responsible* court of naval experience and knowledge that "the redistribution of ships about to be made adds to the fighting efficiency of the Fleet." On the other hand, there is the *ipse dixit* of a few irresponsible writers, who may or may not have other motives than the efficiency of the Fleet. The contrast is sufficiently effective.

THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA.

Mr. Frederic Greenwood says:—

What we see in China now is a steadied, sobered, yet more rapid and confident advance, favoured by conditions which had no existence when "China for the Chinese" was first heard as an articulate cry. The future of our relations with that country has to be viewed from this state of things, from the unlikelihood that an instructed and disciplined China will ever consent to be a satellite of our Eastern ally, and from the possibility of a confederate Asiatic Empire in consequence.

HOW TO REFORM THE DIVORCE LAW.

Mr. E. S. P. Haynes proposes the following reforms:—

- (1) To make wilful desertion for three years a cause for divorce.
- (2) To give equal rights to both sexes.
- (3) To give a discretionary relief of divorce where the home is broken up by lunacy.
- (4) To afford facilities for divorce in the County Courts.

He also suggests that—

the same procedure should be adopted as prevails with regard to the solicitors accused of professional misconduct. The proceedings are heard in private, and if the solicitor clears himself the accusation against him is not made public; if, however, he is found guilty, the conviction is publicly recorded against him. Surely an innocent man or woman should have the same privileges when confronted with an accusation the very utterance of which may irreparably damage him or her.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

Mr. Francis Gribble, in the course of an appreciative article on Sir Leslie Stephen, says:—

If one had to sum up his favourite activities in a sentence, one might say that he never thoroughly enjoyed himself except when he was pulling the discarded surplice out of the cupboard and kicking it back again. For him, the history of thought was the history of the revolt of the independent intelligence against the authority of the Churches. One always has a suspicion that Tom Paine blaspheming was a bigger figure in his eyes than Kant awaking from his dogmatic slumbers.

A PIN-PRICK FOR MR. WELLS.

Vernon Lee addresses an open letter to Mr. H. G. Wells on Modern Utopias, in which he says:—

I confess to a superstition in favour of the secret and ironical ways of the Universe, and a perhaps mean-spirited fear of human pre-arrangement of all things; deeming, as I do, that our intellect, though vast, cannot yet compass the multitudinous unexpected; and that what little intelligence and sympathy and will we possess is barely sufficient for everyday use and everyday's unaccountable surprises.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL.

The October number is as suggestive and challenging as ever. We have quoted elsewhere Sir Oliver Lodge's plea for a National Church large enough to include Ritualist and Nonconformist. Rev. Dugald Macfadyen writes on the idea of Protestant reunion, which he seems to think both practicable and imminent. The Editor protests against the dualism which divides the Church and the world, and insists that by the application of the idea of the Kingdom of God as the whole of human society organised for the spiritual ends of man, the Church will maintain her position as leader of all that is best in human life. D. Ffrangcon Davies contributes a paper on "Christ in Education," the chief value of which is a personal confession of how the writer, after much intellectual wandering, found his God in art. Professor Muirhead argues against Bishop Gore that the Education Bill is essentially a Liberal measure. Mr. James Collier describes the reaction of religion in France and Germany. He traces M. Brunetière's movement from Voltaireanism to Catholicism *via* Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution." "The elect youth of France is following in his footsteps." He finds a similar movement in Germany, in Christian Wagner's scientific metempsychosis, with its Christian basis. Mr. Henry Sturt asks, do we need a substitute for Christianity? and suggests the formation of a Theistic Church which will not attempt to live as a parasite of Christianity. Dr. Smythe Palmer gives an interesting account of the Zoroastrian Messiah, whom he traces back to the Babylonian Sun-God. Rev. Canon Kennett writes on Jesus the Prophet, and traces interesting parallels between the teaching of the prophets and the teaching of Jesus. Mr. J. Arthur Hill looks forward to the rise of a new religion founded on scientific proof of the survival of human personality past bodily death. While the balance of the journal lies in the direction of Liberal thought, the older views are not neglected. There is a dialogue on eternal punishment by Rev. John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus.

THE ART JOURNAL.

With the December number the *Art Journal* completes its sixty-eighth annual volume, a record of which it may well be proud. To be quite accurate, the first part of the *Journal* was published in February, 1839, as the *Art Union*, and the idea of the magazine was due to Mr. S. Carter Hall, who had literally to create his public. The present editor is Mr. A. Yockney.

In the current number Mr. Addison McLeod discusses on the Portraits of Dante, and remarks that the portraits of Dante, as well as the portraits of Shakespeare, are still subjects of dispute. The best representation we have of Dante, as he was in life, is a drawing made by Mr. Seymour Kirkup of a portrait in the Bargello at Florence before that portrait was restored. Probably it was painted by Giotto or one of his pupils. All the other portraits of Dante, says Mr. McLeod, show a mature or elderly man, and with one exception cannot pretend to be taken from life. The writer quotes Boccaccio and passages from the "Purgatorio" to show that Dante in mature life was a bearded man, whereas not one of the portraits presents a man with a beard. The portraits, in fact, are shown to have been painted some time after Dante's death, and are therefore more or less imaginary; and as the Florentines did not know Dante with a beard, the painters, on Dante's restoration to honour, had to furnish them with a Dante that they did know.

Mr. Claude Phillips has an article on Dosso Dossi, *à propos* of an unknown "Pieta," by this artist, which he discovered in a London auction-room. Dosso, he says, was the greatest colourist and the most original worker of the Ferrarese school in the sixteenth century.

A beautiful photogravure of "The Magic Crystal," by Frank Dicksee, is the premium plate, which annual subscribers to the magazine for 1906 may receive on payment of two shillings.

The extra Christmas number of the *Art Journal*, as will be seen in our "Contents" pages, is devoted to the life and work of Sir E. A. Waterlow, the eminent landscape painter. Mr. C. Collins Baker, the writer of the monograph, adds a list—a very long one—of the artist's works shown at the Royal Academy and at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours from 1872 to 1906. Other pictures have been shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, the Institute of Oil Painters, and various landscape exhibitions. This special number makes the thirty-first separate monograph issued by the *Art Journal* in connection with the magazine since 1884.

THE WORLD'S WORK

The *World's Work*, as usual, is well illustrated, though rather scrappy. There are two interesting full-page portraits—one of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the other of Mrs. Ayton, the scientist. Some excellent sea-photographs accompany an article on sea-photography and how it is done. Sou'-westers, oil-skins, and much soaking in salt water are necessary. Mr. Fred T. Jane criticises the "Dreadnought," and reminds us that, though magnificent, she is not invincible, as some of us are almost imagining, and that ten years hence we shall probably point to her and say, "That old crock was a fine ship in her time." The question, "Should boys learn to cook?" is answered in the affirmative by Mr. Eustace Miles. If boys did learn to cook, girls would certainly begin to despise cookery and domestic work generally less than they often do now. Mr. Tighe Hopkins pleads for children's courts after the fashion of one opened in Birmingham in 1905 and some in America, especially an admirable one in Denver. He has a good deal to say in praise of the methods employed in the prevention rather than the punishment of crime at Borstal. "A half-way house between prison and the reformatory-school."

MILITARY HOME COLONIES AND MOTOR-ROADS.

Mr. John S. Purcell writes an enthusiastic, highly optimistic article, containing a suggestion which is to combat rural depopulation and physical deterioration, help in national defence, encourage British agriculture by lessening the difficulties of transit and high cost of carriage of products, and attain several other much-desired ends. Briefly, he would have colonies, especially along the coast, of farmer-soldiers, who are to have a certain recognised standard of drill and shooting, and diligently to till the land. These colonies are to be connected by motor-roads, which will be strategically valuable in war-time, and in peace-time be open to motorists alone on payment of an annual sum which is to be computed according to the cost of construction. Each farmer-soldier is to have his own home, kitchen, and flower garden; and as he costs the taxpayer £2 to keep, the writer thinks it would not be unreasonable to pay for his labour and proficiency in arms one-third of a pound—6/8 weekly. As he is to be encouraged to marry and bring up strong, physically efficient children, it certainly would not, even though he is evidently to raise most of his food and his family's from his own patch of land.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

In the first November number of the *Revue de Paris* Emile Haumant, who writes on Bosnia, regrets that Austria has not understood her duty in a more generous spirit.

AUSTRIA AND BOSNIA.

It is not, he says, that the benefits of Austrian rule, the establishment of law and order, and the construction of roads and railways are not appreciated. Notwithstanding the taxation, the country continues to develop, and no Christian wishes ever to return to Turkish rule. But the drawback of the Austrian administration is that with all this progress needs and desires have been created and have not been satisfied. For instance, Bosnia has always suffered from being separated from the sea, and was it not the first duty of Austria to overcome this isolation? The real ports of Bosnia are in Central Dalmatia, and a railway should therefore have been made in that region. Austria pretends there were technical difficulties, but the Bosnians are of opinion that Austria prefers to keep them isolated from the sea.

FRANCE'S WORK IN TUNIS.

In the second number Victor Bérard recounts the benefits which have accrued from the French occupation of Tunis during the last twenty-five years, for it was in 1881 that the Treaty of Bardo, giving France the right to establish a Protectorate in Tunis, was signed. He tells that 3000 kilometres of roads and 1000 kilometres of railways have been made, and that four large ports—Bizerta, Tunis, Sousse and Sfax—have been opened. The olive and the vine have been cultivated, and trade has quadrupled.

In most Mediterranean countries the substitution of a Christian administration for Mahomedan rule has had, as a consequence, the exodus of a number of Mussulmans and the depopulation of the provinces. In Tunis a similar migration into Tripoli also took place, and 100,000 persons crossed the frontier; but, thanks to the admirable administration of the French, nearly all these people have returned to their own country. But there is still a desert Hinterland, and the writer thinks the penetration of this region the most urgent duty before France.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

In the December *Cornhill Magazine* Mrs. Richmond Ritchie publishes another of her Blackstick Papers, the present one being a tribute to the genius of Mrs. Gaskell.

"MARY BARTON."

Mrs. Ritchie can think of no other instance of one woman doing so much honour to another woman as Mrs. Gaskell did when she wrote the life of Charlotte Brontë; but her article is more concerned with Mrs. Gaskell the novelist. When "Mary Barton" was written, Mrs. Gaskell was seeking to divert her own sorrow for the loss of her only boy, and her pages, says Mrs. Ritchie, were, therefore, alive with emotion:—

Mrs. Gaskell put herself into her stories; her emotions, her amusements, all poured out from a full heart, and she retold the experience of her own loyal work among the poor, of her playtime among the well-to-do. And as she knew more and more she told better and better what she had lived through. She told the story of those she had known, of those she had loved—so, at least, it seems to some readers, coming after long years and re-reading more critically, perhaps, but with new admiration. Another fact about her is that she faced the many hard problems of her life's experience—faced them boldly, and set the example of writing to the point.

"Mary Barton" and "Ruth" are problem stories, and their very passion and protest may have partly defeated their object; and yet what influence have they not had in the enduring convictions of the age!

THACKERAY'S "MAHOGANY TREE."

In the same number Sir F. C. Burnand tells the story of Thackeray's song, "The Mahogany Tree," sung at the *Punch* table by Horace Mayhew, one Wednesday evening in 1863. Sir Alexander Mackenzie thinks the tune to which it was sung was originally a German folk-song. The song was also sung at the *Punch* dinner on the first Wednesday after Thackeray's funeral. And the Mahogany Tree which inspired the song—where was it? In the Bouverie Street dining-room; it was, in fact, none other than the table round which the *Punch* men sat for dinner and discussion.

THE CHARACTER OF SHAKESPEARE.

Professor H. C. Beeching's second lecture on Shakespeare deals with the character of the dramatist. In reference to Shakespeare's intemperate habits, the Professor says no one can say that Shakespeare's work has suffered from any such vice, and the passages in which Shakespeare censures drinking to excess are rather the warnings of a man of common sense against a foolish fashion.

In the tragedies it was the higher nature of men that was the point of chief interest to Shakespeare. Here, says Mr. Beeching, he contrives for his heroes the circumstances which shall press on their weak places and test them to the uttermost. Hamlet and Brutus show us his high esteem for nobility of character, and also his strong sense of the claim the world has upon the highest powers of the men born into it.

THE CORRESPONDANT.

M. Edouard Blanc, who opens the *Correspondant* of November 10th with an article on Russia, discusses the agrarian question. He shows that the Russian peasantry require much more money than the peasant classes of other countries, and that instead of purchasing as many necessities as possible with the little money they have, they too often spend their money on alcohol, opium, tobacco, etc. He thinks the mir should not be suppressed, but alongside of it he would create and develop individual ownership among the peasants to encourage thrift and to increase the agricultural wealth of the country, as well as the welfare of individuals. He also thinks it urgent to improve the means of transport from the interior to the sea, and he notes the advantages arising out of the Imperial ukase of October 18th. Henceforth caste is abolished, and the peasants are released from the administrative vexations of which they have so long been victims. Instead of saying the peasant has too little land, the writer's formula would be: there are too many people in the agricultural regions for the land at disposal.

Another writer, M. André Dreux, takes for his subject the Hohenlohe Memoirs—or indiscretions, as he calls them. As a Frenchman he regrets that the book contains so little about the delicate relations between France and Germany while Prince Hohenlohe was at Paris, especially in the year 1875, when it was believed that Germany was ready to fall upon France. The bellicose projects attributed by public opinion to Prince Bismarck, and obstinately denied by him, are scarcely mentioned. During the eleven years which Prince Hohenlohe was German Ambassador at Paris he succeeded, adds the writer, in maintaining acceptable relations between France and Germany with a tact which neither the Emperor nor the Empress failed to recognise.

LA REVUE.

Lysis opens the first November number of *La Revue* with an article entitled "Against the Financial Oligarchy in France."

THE FINANCIAL OLIGARCHY IN FRANCE.

The writer disapproves of the clandestine manner in which the last French loan to Russia was managed, and thinks it time that the organisation of the banks in France was looked into. Since France is the banker of the world, the question is not merely a financial one. Its great importance makes it both political and national; and yet it is the one question which escapes free discussion. Moreover, France is the only country in the world which could arrange such a foreign loan as that to Russia "in silence, without Parliamentary control, and without public discussion of any kind."

In France, bankers are free to export as much French money as they like, just as merchants are free to send French products abroad. The financial power of France being centralised in five banks, which act together, an absolute monopoly reigns, so that the placing of capital in France is in no sense determined by competition, but depends on a few persons. Even the Bourse is monopolised by seventy brokers, whereas in London there are over two thousand persons connected with the Exchange. The seventy members form part of a Syndical Chamber, which, acting in their name, shares in the profits of all great financial transactions, and thus the two financial monopolies, the banks and the brokers, are united by common interests. And what of the Press? The distribution of money in one form and another to purchase consciences at the time of the last Russian loan, says the writer, opened the eyes of the blindest optimists.

BELGIUM AND THE CONGO.

The most important topic dealt with in the second November number is the question of Belgium and the Congo Free State, "the Hell of King Leopold," discussed by Charles Géricault, a Belgian. The writer quotes financial statistics to show that in less than five years a capital of 2,937,000 francs produced more than thirty-two millions of francs in the three societies in which the King is directly represented. He regrets that all the information elicited by the Commission of Inquiry has not been published, and thinks the secret documents containing the evidence of natives, missionaries, and agents of the State, and of various societies, must be very compromising. He characterises King Leopold's Colonial Policy as a policy of exploitation, and the King as an india-rubber and ivory merchant, and says that to the spoliation of the natives has been added a slavery in disguise ten times more cruel than the slavery of the Arabs.

THE TREATMENT OF POOR ITALIANS IN FRANCE.

In the same number the Marquis Paulucci di Calboli pleads the cause of the poor Italians in France, and thinks that in the matter of public aid and charity there should be no distinction of nationality. No such distinction is made in other countries, but France refuses gratuitous medical aid to poor foreigners. At Marseilles there is a colony of 100,000 Italians, and the relief which they require from the hospitals is no doubt considerable. But no one ever seems to remember the unhygienic work performed by the Italians. These people, says the writer, recall the case of the Chinese in the mines of the Rand. No protest is raised against the Belgian invasion in the North of France; it is all directed against the Italian immigrants whom France ought rather to welcome, according to the writer, if only because of the decrease in her population.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

Under the title "Catholicism and the Modern State," Don Romolo Murri, the well-known democratic priest and orator, contributes to the *Rassegna Nazionale* a philosophic study of the relations between Church and State, pointing out that they cannot be fixed by any iron principle, but must be determined in accordance with the needs of time and place and the demands of popular conscience. The present attitude of the Church in Italy towards Democracy, and its struggle with the French Republic, supply the concrete application of the theories advanced in an article which, in brief, is a plea for less intransigence in the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs. It will scarcely restore Don Romolo to the favour of his superiors. Count T. G. Scotti, who is equally *mal vu* at the Vatican, defines further the aim of the new National Democratic League, of which he is one of the youthful founders, and which successfully held its first congress at Milan in September, as being the restoration of harmonious relations between Christianity, the Democracy, modern thought, and Italian patriotism. The first plank of this rather vast platform is independence from Vatican control. A less aggressive attitude in his plea for "Social Justice and Political Forethought" (Nov. 1st) is shown by Count E. de Parravicino, who may best be described as an Italian Tory Democrat, for whom Socialism is the *bête noire*. He urges, *inter alia*, the substitution of compulsory arbitration for strikes in all industrial disputes, the abolition of the salt-tax in the interests of the very poor, and a friendly understanding with the Vatican. In international politics he would support a somewhat bolder attitude than Italy has indulged in of late, and makes the novel suggestion that Italy should lay down a sort of Monroe doctrine for the Mediterranean—with the obvious intent of keeping out Germany. In the last of a series of articles on Protestantism in Germany, Don E. Vercesi describes in detail the brutal Germanisation policy that is being carried on in the Polish provinces, and the consequent bitter hatred against Prussia that sooner or later will break out in acts of violence.

In the *Civiltà Cattolica*, most orthodox of Catholic periodicals, Padre Franco, a Jesuit, answers in an emphatic affirmative a number of questions that had been put to him as to the reality and trustworthiness of spiritualistic manifestations, and quotes more especially the testimony of Sir William Crookes, Professor Lombroso, and other recognised men of science.

A fully illustrated article by Professor G. Boni in the *Nuova Antologia* describes the legend of the Emperor Trajan and the bereaved widow clamouring for justice, and the developments it underwent in art and literature throughout the Middle Ages, when it appears to have been a highly popular theme with painter and sculptor. G. Ferri criticises somewhat severely d'Annunzio's new play, "Più che l' Amore," which had so disastrous a reception at the Costanzi Theatre lately; and Professor Arturo Graf writes suggestively, though pessimistically, of the modern uses of a university. A translation of Gorki's play, "The Barbarians," is now running in the *Antologia*.

A writer in *La Nuova Parola* holds up to admiration the wonderfully high level of patriotism displayed by the Japanese, both men and women, in the recent war, and pleads for something similar among Italians. As he does not believe in a religious ideal, he suggests "the democratic ideal" as offering the best basis for what he calls "the aristocracy of the people."

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

In the first November issue of the *Nouvelle Revue* we have an article by Henri Marlo, on the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles.

A FRENCH COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

Since it was Provence which initiated the idea of this Exhibition, an exhibition of Provençal Arts, ancient and modern, was included. The oil industry of Marseilles and maritime life were also well represented. The writer praises the general arrangement of the Colonial exhibits, and notes particularly the maps which played so important a part. He wishes that France possessed as excellent a map of the Delta of the Rhone as the map of the Delta of Tonkin which was hung in the Exhibition, and yet the French have been 2500 years on the banks of the Rhone against twenty-five years in Indo-China. An important outcome of the Exhibition is the creation of a Colonial Institute at Marseilles.

ITALIAN SOCIALISM.

Raqueni, a well-known writer on Italian subjects, discourses, in the second November number, on Italian Socialism. In no country, he writes, has Italian Socialism developed so rapidly or made so much progress in so few years as it has done in Italy, where it has existed only some twenty years. Here it found a favourable soil, for the condition of the Italian proletariat, we are reminded, is truly lamentable. Oddly enough, it is not in the poorest, but in the richest and most cultivated provinces that it has made the greatest progress. The writer notes three leading parties.

One of these preaches the gradual emancipation of the proletariat through education and its practical programme of useful reforms, and the intellectual improvement of the workers is accepted by the Republicans, the Radicals, and even the Monarchical Progressives. The Second, the left of the Socialist Party, considers trade unions the most efficacious, economic, and political organisations to accomplish the end in view. The writer characterises this party as Collectivist revolutionaries, who preach class-wars, general strikes, and anti-militarism. The third, the Centre, is not so extreme as either of the others, yet it never loses sight of the supreme end in view of the Socialist Party, namely, the socialisation of production. The second and revolutionary party, however, only forms a small minority, and it is not surprising to learn that at the Congress at Rome it suffered a complete defeat, the votes of the other two united parties being 26,947 against 5278 of the revolutionaries.

As the reformers believe that the monarchy is not an immediate obstacle to social reform, they have the sympathies of the Liberal Monarchists. It seems to be reform first and republic afterwards, and the writer thinks that a social-reform Ministry, presided over by Signor Turati or Signor Bissolati, is what is required to realise the economic reforms which would ameliorate the condition of the Italian proletariat, and especially the agricultural population, and so avert a great catastrophe and assure the prosperity of Italy.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

The writer of a paper on Prophetic Dreams in *Onze Eeuw* speaks of the desire of all mortals to dip into the future, a desire which causes them to accept the strangest interpretations of all things which are in any way capable of such explanations. The wish is the mother of this belief in prophetic dreams and mysterious happenings. Various examples are given,

as when Pericles was assured of victory in the struggle for Athens, and we are taken through the ages down to modern times. The older of those philosophers whom we call modern did not believe in the prophetic character of dreams, but the science of later days has caused us to reflect. There is probably more in sleep visions than is dreamt of in our philosophy, advanced as it may be.

A description of the coast of Normandy, with its recollections of Mont St. Michel, is interesting reading, and will recall in many minds several items of history and folk-lore not touched by Mr. Vissering. Centuries ago, for instance, the bishop of the diocese used to cross from the French coast to Jersey on a plank!

The article on Hamelberg, in the Orange Free State, from 1856 to 1870, is concluded in this issue. Hamelberg was held in such high esteem, even as early as 1858, that he acted as President during the absence of the actual Head of the State, and there are many other testimonies to his ability and integrity as a statesman.

Vraen des Tijds takes up the story of the same man, and tells us about the difficulties that arose in connection with the diamond fields. We learn from this article that, in 1871, after he had left the Free State, Hamelberg was asked by various Governments, including the British, to return to Bloemfontein as diplomatic agent and make treaties, but he declined.

This review also contains an excellent summary of the proceedings of the International Congress in favour of Women's Suffrage, held in Copenhagen in August last. The various national branches of the International Council of Women sent delegates and the proceedings were characterised by intense enthusiasm and determination. One of the Russian delegates created a sensation by describing the sacrifices made by her countrywomen in the cause of freedom.

In *Elsevier* we have a very good article on the decorative work of Mr. A. J. Derkinderen, with illustrations representing specimens of his skill as seen in the panels and the stained glass window of the Chamber of Commerce in Amsterdam and elsewhere. The originals must be well worth seeing.

De Gids has an article on a subject which is exciting much attention in Holland—namely, the reform of Colonial Government. Holland, according to some of her most thoughtful sons, does not pay sufficient heed to the needs of the inhabitants of her over-sea possessions, and she may rue this slackness at no distant date. *Onze Eeuw* publishes an article on a similar subject; it concerns the training of officials for Colonial administration. The most notable contribution to *De Gids*, however, is a review of a German book on the influence of the atmosphere of the higher mountains on human organisms. It is a striking book, full of the results of experiments. It is to be noted that the number of red corpuscles in the blood increases greatly and rapidly when a person is translated from the sea-level to those places which are more than 1500 feet above it, especially if the person be a tuberculosis patient.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

In the first November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* Ferdinand Brunetière has a study of the Celtic origin of the Tristram and Yseult legend.

THE TRISTAN LEGEND.

The subject of "Tristan," he writes, is one for which Germany has always shown a predilection. Even Wagner has not discouraged imitators, and the philosopher, Eduard von Hartmann, belongs to the

number of those who have treated the subject in dramatic form. In considering the origin of the legend, however, we should forget all about Wagner's drama. Though Wagner sought inspiration from the poem of Gottfried of Strassburg, nothing could be more different than his drama. The human interest of his drama, its universal sense, and its real beauty is to be found, says M. Brunetière, in the conflict of love with the sanctity of marriage, the authority of the social institution, and the rights of the family and affection. It is an analysis of all the developments of remorse "in a soul rather noble," for M. Brunetière considers the character of Isolde much less high than that of Tristan, whose love is always uneasy and at war with his loyalty. His passion is mixed with much suffering, and the two exasperate each other.

WHAT IS OCCULTISM?

Professor J. Grasset, who contributes an article on Occultism to the same number, defines occultism as the study of facts which do not yet belong to positive science in the sense of Auguste Comte, but which may one day belong to it. Professor Charles Richet calls them metapsychical; Professor Grasset prefers to call them juxta-scientific or pre-scientific.

Everyone, he says, loves marvels, and the attraction of scientific mystery belongs to no one epoch. The most sceptical centuries have also been the most credulous, and Mesmer appeared at Paris in the year in which Voltaire died, when everyone cared little for miracles but thirsted for the marvellous. The nature of the marvellous is constantly changing, and many phenomena studied as occult half a century ago have now become scientific. Occultism is the promised land of science, and in studying it facts should be criticised and analysed.

THE AUSTRALASIAN FEDERATION.

In the second November number Biard d'Aunet completes his studies of Australia with an article on the Australasian Constitution. He remarks that there is as yet no instance on record of the refusal of assent to any law made by the Commonwealth, but that one is predicted for the law on Preferential Trade. The text of the Constitution, we are told, is very indefinite as to the position of the Colonies towards foreign countries, and a good deal of inconvenience has resulted from it. In Queensland, says the writer, regret at having joined the Federation is general and openly expressed. Australia, he concludes, has a splendid future if she will devote her energies to the development of her natural wealth. In her economic legislation due regard should be paid to the conditions of the soil and the climate, the aptitudes of the population, which should be reinforced by immigration, and the state of foreign markets. In a word, she should do as the Americans did in the last century—put labour first and political agitation last.

Fotografia Artistica continues to be full of interest for all experts in photography. Besides excellent technical articles it reproduces charming photos. by amateurs, and makes successful experiments in reproducing colour photography.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"Studio Sketches," by William Moore (1s.). A very nicely got-up booklet, giving reproductions of some of the works of Australian artists, and a very interesting commentary. Mr. Moore has succeeded admirably in the work to which he has set himself, and to lovers of art the sketches are cheap.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

UTOPIA OR PERDITION? DOUBLE OR QUIT?*

"THE CONQUEST OF BREAD," By PRINCE KRAPOTKIN.

Prince Krapotkin, who pleads for the immediate realisation of his millennial vision of Anarchical Communism, is one of the most amiable, the most gifted, the most interesting men of his time. He is a splendid type of the Russian idealist, as hopelessly impracticable as Count Tolstoi, and as utterly at variance with the ideals of Western civilisation as M. Pobedonostseff himself. There is about him all the charm that makes the Russian so delightful—the fascinating simplicity, the naïve earnestness, and the kind-hearted instincts of a clever child. And at the same time this man with the heart of a child has the learning of a scholar, the brain of a philosopher, and the equipment of a scientist. He has no need to become as a little child in order to possess the kingdom of heaven. It is his already. He has constructed it upon the astral plane. He dwells for ever in this beautiful castle in Spain. He sees it all so clearly, all so plainly; it is all so real to him that he cannot for the life of him understand why all mankind does not rush to enter in. Alas! mankind has not the simple faith of a little child. Mankind is distrustful of itself. Mankind, judging itself by itself even as Prince Krapotkin judges himself by himself, arrives at diametrically opposite conclusions. This is not unnatural, for mankind in the mass is about as different a being from the lofty-souled, wide-cultured Russian idealist as a Mafeking mob is from St. Francis of Assisi. If we were all like Prince Krapotkin we might not go to utter smash with Anarchy *plus* Communism. It is equally true that if the sky fell we should catch many larks; but contracts for the delivery of larks based on that contingency would be offered in vain in Leadenhall Market.

"NO ROAD THIS WAY."

"The Conquest of Bread" is probably intended by its author as a cogent plea for the Revolution which he thinks is coming "soon, very soon," which is to begin by destroying all private property, and end by making a clean sweep of the State. Its net effect upon the mind of at least one reader not indisposed to listen sympathetically to the Apocalyptic visions of every dreamer has been to convince him that the road to Prince Krapotkin's Utopia is barred and blocked by such insurmountable obstacles that it is no use considering his proposals from a practical point of view. The existence of these obstacles is not denied by Prince

Krapotkin. The most formidable of them are those to which he himself calls attention.

ALL OR NOTHING!

The first and the most insuperable is the absolute necessity, upon which Prince Krapotkin repeatedly insists, upon the impossibility of making a beginning until you are ready to make an utter end of everything. His one fear is that the revolutionary impulse might not make a clean sweep. No half measures will suffice. Half measures will do more harm than good. Society must be reconstructed from bottom to top at one and the same moment. Any limited form of expropriation would be worse than useless. Unless a sweeping revolution is brought about which will utterly and for ever and simultaneously abolish private property in every form, annihilate the State, and revolutionise every description of production—agricultural, mining and manufacturing—and reorganise commerce upon an entirely new basis, the last state of society will be worse than the first. There must be no tinkering, no piecemeal; everything must be root and branch. The new Heavens and the new Earth must be suddenly revealed, and the old Heaven and the old Earth must vanish with the suddenness of a transformation scene.

Yet upon this point Prince Krapotkin is absolute. He repeats over and over again that any attempt to carry out his great ideal step by step will be fatal. Everything must be done at once, and all at once.

PIECEMEAL SPELLS PERDITION.

Otherwise there will be a terrible shattering, with out power of reconstruction. Unless the whole scheme, perfect in all its parts, is carried out simultaneously—

A terrible counter-revolution will take place—a counter-revolution treading upon the community, sweeping towns and villages with shot and shell; there would be prosperities, panic, fright and all the terrors of the guillotine as it was in France in 1815, 1848, and 1871.

Prince Krapotkin is right, and he is right also in declaring that if any attempt was made to expropriate the capitalists or the landowners, the first result would be that thousands of workers would be thrown upon the streets:—

These starving crowds would be ready and willing to submit to the first schemer who cares to exploit them; they would even consent to return to the old slavery, if only under promise of work.

FLY BEFORE YOU WALK FORMULA.

But everyone knows perfectly well that it would

* "The Conquest of Bread." By Prince Peter Krapotkin. (Chapman and Hall.) 10s. 6d. Pp. 299.

pass the wit of man to conceive, and still more would it transcend his administrative capacity to carry through, so gigantic, so universal a revolution. The race, like the individual, always proceeds one step at a time. If we were angels we might fly, but being only human we walk. We approach every problem piecemeal. We begin at the beginning and feel our way cautiously, making sure that the ground is firm beneath our feet before we take even one step forward. If this ancient, traditional, instinctive, universal habit is to be abandoned, the first thing to be done is not to revolutionise property; it is to regenerate and transform man himself.

ANARCHY INDISPENSABLE AND FATAL.

A second obstacle which renders the adoption of his proposal absolutely impossible is his emphatic repudiation of any organised authoritative method for securing simultaneous action. To him the proposal of the Collectivist Socialist is abhorrent. He is at war with the principle of representative government in all its forms. While he insists upon the necessity of having all the immensely complex congeries of activities which make up human society simultaneously revolutionised, he angrily repudiates having resort to any central authority, representative or otherwise, for securing joint action at the same time. The collectivist plan, he tells us, "Never could by any possibility be put into practice. It is wildly Utopian!"

The attempt would lead to a universal uprising, to three or four Vendées, to the villages rising against the towns, etc.

For Collectivism to have a chance order must be maintained:—

If order is restored we say the social democrats will hang the anarchists, the Fabians will hang the social democrats, and will in their turn be hanged by the reactionaries, and the revolution will come to an end.

How, then, has this world-wide revolution to be brought about and carried through? By the spontaneous action of the free people acting by volunteers without central direction or control. "Spontaneous fiddlesticks."

SALVATION BY STARVATION.

A third insuperable obstacle is to be found in Prince Krapotkin's own admission that the immediate result of the outbreak of his Revolution, say in Paris, would be to deprive that city of any means of obtaining the necessities of life from abroad. Apply this to London, and what does this admission amount to? It is said London has never more than three weeks' provisions in its larder—some say only one week. But where would London be if her citizens adopted this genial Anarchist's counsel? Prince Krapotkin says that in the event of the Social Revolution breaking out in any city

international commerce will come to a standstill. So also will the importation of foreign breadstuffs; the circulation of commodities and of provisions will be paralysed. And then the territory in revolt will be compelled to reorganise

production. If it fails to do so, it is death. What will the inhabitants have to eat six months after the revolution?

Prince Krapotkin thinks that under the stress of so terrible an alternative the Parisians would compel the two departments of the Seine and the Seine-et-Oise to raise sufficient food to supply their wants. Prudent men would prefer to see the departments setting about this agricultural miracle before Paris stakes the lives of her millions on the chance of their success. It is but a mad counsellor who would advise a man to burn his ships in order that he may be compelled to leap into the sea, on the chance that the emergency may teach him to swim. Better learn to swim first and burn the ships afterwards. We should feel more at ease as to the chances of the Social Revolution of Anarchy and Communism if we had an object-lesson of the capacity of a civic community suddenly to quadruple the yield of any 100,000 acres at a moment's notice.

NEED MAN WORK SO HARD?

We cannot, therefore, regard Prince Krapotkin's proposals as affording matter for serious discussion. They are put out of court by the conditions which he himself declares to be indispensable. But, regarded as the ingenious speculations of an amiable and enthusiastic visionary, "The Conquest of Bread" is as interesting as a fairy story, to which it bears another resemblance. There are also to be found in the book many luminous observations, many ingenious speculations, and many interesting statements of fact. But the chief thesis of the book, to which Prince Krapotkin constantly returns—the ability of man to extract from earth ample food by an expenditure of not more than five hours a day of light and agreeable labour—is not established to the satisfaction of the reader. In Canada, in the North-West, where the Government gives the settler land for nothing, and where, therefore, the greed of the landlord cannot be invoked to explain the need for the farmer's exhausting toil, Prince Krapotkin's theory does not seem to work out in practice. I have just to hand a letter from a young emigrant in Manitoba (see end of article).

ARE LONG HOURS DUE TO RENT?

But we need not go so far afield. Prince Krapotkin refers to the case of M. Ponce, a French market gardener, who produces forty-four tons of vegetables per acre from his small holding. But does M. Ponce produce this by working only five hours a day? Not a bit of it. He works twelve to fifteen hours a day. "Oh, yes," says Prince Krapotkin—"but he has to pay £100 a year rent, and pay another £30 interest paid as tribute to the idle barons of industry." That is to say, M. Ponce has to pay 50s. a week more to-day than he would after the Social Revolution had abolished interest and rent. But M. Ponce employs eight men. Dividing the rent-charge by nine, this would be equivalent to an addition to their wages of 5s. 6d.

a week, or less than 1s. a day. If we estimate the wages of the market gardener in Paris at 4s. a day, the rent-charge would work out as responsible for one-fourth extra labour. That is to say, even on Prince Krapotkin's own showing, the elimination of rent and interest would only enable M. Ponce to reduce his hours of labour from fifteen to ten or eleven—a very long way short of Prince Krapotkin's standard of five.

The assumption that if the labourer was allowed to till the soil rent free he would be able to make it produce many times its present yield, is the pivot of all Prince Krapotkin's speculations. He never seems to recognise that, as the payment of rent is nothing more or less than the payment for labour previously invested, yet there is no more familiar fact to all those who have paid even the most cursory attention to the progress of colonisation. An emigrant on arrival is confronted with the choice between taking up so many acres—"say a hundred acres"—of unreclaimed wilderness, for which he would have to pay no rent, or to take over from an earlier settler a farm which has been partially reclaimed. In many cases he finds it cheaper—that is to say, economically more advantageous—to pay an annual charge, whether you call it interest or rent, in order to avoid the necessity of having to do the rough work of felling, draining and reclaiming. But, according to Prince Krapotkin, this payment of rent is quite sufficient to account for his inability to produce a maximum quantity of food from the soil. Yet Prince Krapotkin is surely aware of the immense difference between soil that has been prepared and unprepared soil. That he constantly holds up to our admiration—the Paris market gardeners, who carry their soil about with them. A farm in a high state of cultivation is almost as much a manufactured article as a carpet. And if labour may be paid for when invested in the making of carpets, there is no reason why it should not be recognised when it is invested in the making of "bog" into good arable soil.

It is, however, unprofitable to dwell upon those points of difference. It is much more interesting to describe how the Prince would bring about his Revolution. He tells us that it is nonsense to think of bringing it about by Acts of Parliament. The only real scientific way of going to work is for us—which means the men in the street, not forgetting the women and children—to take possession, in the name of the people, of all the granaries and shops full of clothing, and the dwelling-houses.

The Revolution, he thinks, is at our doors—and this time it has to be a Revolution that will be based upon universal confiscation, or, as he calls it, expropriation. The watchword of the Revolution is the right to well-being—well-being for all, and its foundation-stone is the needs of the people, not their duty. "The right to well-being is the Social

Revolution. The right to work means nothing but the treadmill of commercialism." Under the new *régime* society would find itself forced from the very outset to abandon all forms of wages. Every man is to have according to his needs, and no efforts must be made to apportion his takings to his givings. Such is Anarchist-Communism without government—government of the free—which begins by abolishing the State as the personification of injustice, oppression, and monopoly. Parliamentary government, representative government in all its forms, is to him an abhorrence.

The nineteenth century witnessed the failure of parliamentarism. All that he will admit in the shape of organisation is free groups and free federations of groups. When the coming Revolution, whose advent Prince Krapotkin believes is very near, bursts upon us it will be in the middle of a great industrial crisis. The number of out-of-works will be doubled. When barricades are erected for a Revolution in Europe it means the unavoidable stoppage of at least the factories and workshops; it means millions of families thrown on the streets. Therefore the moment the Revolution breaks out, the people, going *en masse* and taking immediate possession of all of the food of the insurgent districts, keeping strict account of it all, that none might be wasted—a task which I fear would severely strain the moral authority of the free groups. The same free groups would endeavour to enter into an agreement with the factory workers to supply them with the necessary raw material and the means of subsistence, while they work to supply the needs of the agricultural population. Lastly, unproductive land would be made to produce ten times as much as it does at present.

A very beautiful problem, but it is easier to draw it upon paper than to carry it out in reality.

Let us see how the Prince proposes to realise his ideal. When the Revolution breaks out the well-intentioned citizens, men and women both, will form themselves into bands of volunteers and take possession of the warehouses, cattle markets, all the provision stores in the town. They will make a rough general inventory of each shop and warehouse. In every block of houses, in every street, in every town, wait bands of commiserated volunteers, with no authority and no power, who will work in unison, keep in touch with each other, and create an immense guild of free workers ready to furnish to each and all the necessary food. Give the people a free hand, and in ten days the food service will be conducted with admirable regularity. Having begun with food, they will gradually extend communism to other things in order to satisfy the needs of all the citizens. The whole community would be put on rations, which would be distributed on the principle of no stint or limit, in things which the community possesses in abundance,

but equal sharing of all commodities which are scarce. The available food ought to be shared by all without regard to anything but their appetites. The Prince says that a society where work is free will have nothing to fear from idlers. When the Revolution comes we have to depend on foreign countries as little as possible.

A pleasant look-out for the English, who are fed from abroad. For their townfolk will have to set themselves to work to convert all the park-land and uncultivated soil in their neighbourhood into market gardens. To this, however, I will return shortly. I will proceed to the next step in the Social Revolution—namely, the expatriation of houses. Prince Krapotkin says that in the large towns of France, and in many other smaller ones also, the workers are coming gradually to the conclusion that dwelling-houses are in no sense the property of those whom the State recognises as their owners. Therefore, to be housed rent free is a right proclaimed aloud by the people. Therefore, as soon as expatriation has fairly started, all volunteers will spring up in their districts to clear into the number all flats and houses which are empty and all those which are overcrowded. In a few days these volunteers would have drawn up complete lists of all the rooms and suites of rooms, small and large, in the town. Then, without waiting for anyone's leave, these citizens will go into the slums and say to their comrades, "Come to such a place this evening; we are going to distribute dwelling-houses. If you are tired of the slums, come and choose one of the flats of five rooms that are to be disposed of, and when you have once moved in you can stay."

There will, no doubt, be some inconveniences at first, says Prince Krapotkin, but matters will soon be righted, for in all large towns there are almost enough empty houses and flats to lodge all the inhabitants of the slums. Fine ladies who were no longer able to command servants would find it nonsense to keep great houses in order. People will shake down amicably into the dwelling with the least possible friction and disturbance.

Having put the whole population on rations and redistributed the houses, Prince Krapotkin next undertakes the communalisation of clothing. He asserts that the right of each to take what he needs from the communal stores and to have it made for him at the tailors' and outfitters' is a necessary corollary. Communalisation of houses and food having these, you start by providing board and lodging for all citizens according to their needs, without regard to their capacity or their merit. Prince Krapotkin maintains that if labour is no longer wasted on the production of articles of luxury, and if everybody is made to do a day's work, it will be easy to feed the whole population liberally and provide ample leisure in which they can supply themselves with articles of luxury.

Imagine a society, comprising a few million inhabitants, engaged in agriculture and a great variety of industries—Paris, for example, with the department of Seine-et-Oise. Suppose that in this society all children learn to work with their hands as well as with their brains. Admit that all adults, save women engaged in the education of their children, bind themselves to work five hours a day from the age of twenty or twenty-two to forty-five or fifty, and that they follow occupations they have chosen in any one branch of human work considered *necessary*. Such a society could in return guarantee well-being to all its members; that is to say, a more substantial well-being than that enjoyed to-day by the middle classes. And, moreover, each worker belonging to this society would have at his disposal at least five hours a day which he could devote to science, art and individual needs which do not come under the category of *necessities*, but will probably do so later on, when man's productivity will have augmented, and those objects will no longer appear luxurious or inaccessible.

IS IT GOOD FOR MAN TO BE COMFORTABLE?

That is the dream of our modern Utopian. In place of the hard and grinding toil by which mankind, rising early and going to bed late, driven for ever by the relentless scourge of poverty, contrives to earn its daily bread, we are to satisfy all our necessary wants by five hours' work in the twenty-four. But suppose we could, would we be happier or better? There are great areas on this planet the inhabitants of which do not even need to labour five hours in order to satisfy all their wants. The banana and the bread-fruit tree have achieved more than all that the Social Revolution can hope to accomplish. But the result is not exactly ideal. Quashee amid his pumpkins has leisure enough, but he does not employ it in science, art, or literature. If John Smith were provided with the necessities of life as bountifully as is our friend Quashee, would the result in his case be much better? Upon that point Prince Krapotkin says nothing.

THE FUTURE OF WOMEN.

In the Utopia of his dreams all our boots will be blacked by machinery. Machines driven by motor-power will sweep the carpets, scrub the floors, wash our linen. One woman has invented a machine which washes, wipes, and dries twelve dozen plates or dishes in three minutes. Boiling-water will be laid on to every room. A communal furnace will cook the dinners of the community and heat every room in the commune. Woman at least will be emancipated from the slavery of the hearth and freed from the brutalising toil of kitchen and wash-house; will rear her own children and take her share in social life.

THE PLEA OF THE ANARCHIST AND HIS PRECEDENTS.

Prince Krapotkin's faith in the possibility of dispensing with all authority and annihilating the State is based primarily upon the experience of the Russian commune. But that most ineffective economic unit never forswore the use of authority and of force. From time immemorial these peasant Republics never scrupled to enforce their decrees by banishment and by flogging. Prince Krapotkin's

second foundation-stone is the success of the international organisation of railways. Here, he says, is a gigantic federation working 175,000 miles of iron-way, covering the whole of Europe, which work together in harmony by free agreement without any central governor, and even without any central congress to enforce its decrees. What railways can do, he argues, groups of free workers can also do—i.e., dispense with a Government. "It is a new principle, that differs completely from all governmental principle, monarchical or republican, absolute or parliamentary. It is an innovation that has been timidly introduced into the customs of Europe, but it has come to stay."

It is not only in railways that Prince Krapotkin finds illustrations of the potency of a common interest being able to dispense with coercive legislation. The Dutch Guilds or syndicates of boatmen, regulated the traffic on the canal by free agreements which were afterwards extended to the Rhine, the Weser, the Oder, and the Baltic. He exults in the success of the English Lifeboat Institution and of the Society of the Red Cross. He maintains that it is the voluntary and free associations that make up the real backbone of the German Army. Everywhere "the State is abdicating, and appealing in its holy functions to private individuals." It is odd, but there are not a few observers who would say that the one distinctive note of the tendency of society in recent years has been the constant encroachment of the State upon domains formerly considered to be sacred to individual enterprise.

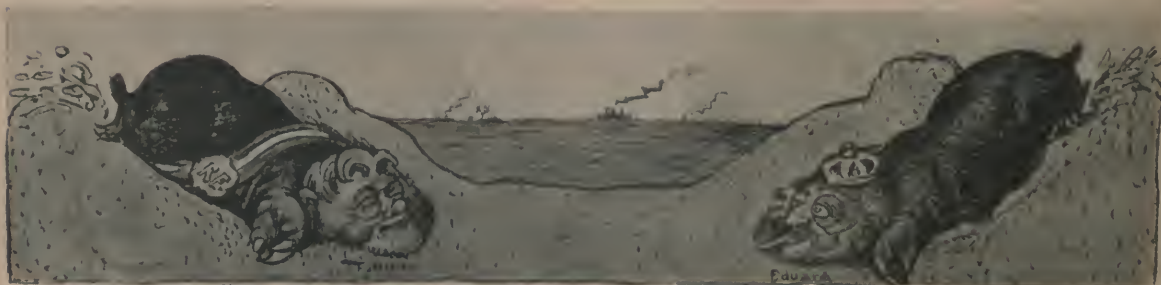
UTOPIA OR PERDITION?—1300 TO 1 ON PERDITION.

I have not space to follow Prince Krapotkin through the remaining chapters of his book, in which he demolishes Collectivism, and demonstrates to his complete satisfaction that any Socialist Utopia that is not based upon absolute liberty must go to pieces. He has already made it abundantly clear that the Social Revolution which he ad-

vocates has not even the remotest chance of ever getting itself started. The antecedent condition of even a chance of success is, as he frankly admits, a complete root and branch, bottom to top remodelling of all the arrangements by which mankind does as a whole feed itself from day to day. But mankind has hardly begun even to think out on paper the first initial steps that must be taken before such a gigantic transformation can be brought about. To upset the apple-cart, and then to rely upon the public spirit of the citizens to divide the apples fairly after a general scramble in the gutter, is to expect too much from human nature. The free groups of well-intentioned volunteers without authority or power, who are to remodel the whole of the complex and tangled congeries of human interests which have grown up in a thousand years, and to effect an immediate amicable redistribution of food, houses, and clothing to rely upon such instruments to accomplish such a task is the madness of a midsummer night's dream. The Prince may be ready to play double or quits with modern society, but mankind will hardly plunge for his Utopia when the odds are 1000 to 1 that the Revolution would land them in Social Perdition.

Letter referred to on page 197 :

There is a lot of slavery going on in this country, and it is most difficult to know how to put it down. Green Englishmen come out here in hundreds and thousands, and many of them become absolute slaves, being at the mercy of the Canadian farmers who employ them. I was a slave for awhile. We used to rise soon after five a.m., and at nine p.m. (sometimes ten p.m.) we were still at it, and the farm where I was working was not considered a hard place as things go out here. Mealtimes on most of the farms about here are comfortless affairs, the Canadian rusker being always in a hurry. I have seen a gang of threshers, after breakfasting at six, rush in to dinner at twelve, swallow a huge meal in less than a quarter of an hour and rush out again, and the man who takes a decent time to digest his food is looked upon as a slowcoach. The result is that there is more dyspepsia in Canada than any other country in the world.



Lustige Blätter.

The Channel Tunnel.

The excavations are proceeding rapidly; soon the moles will be able to clasp paws.

ESPERANTO.

The place and time of meeting for the next International Esperanto Congress is now definitely settled. The authorities of Cambridge University have kindly consented to lend such buildings as may be needed; the Town Council of Cambridge has unanimously agreed to accord to the Congress the same welcome as was given to the British Association, and has placed the Municipal Buildings at the disposal of the three conveners, who act in concert with the permanent International Central Congress Committee. These three gentlemen are Dr. George Cunningham, of Cambridge, Lieut.-Colonel Pollen, the President of the British Esperanto Association, and Mr. H. Bolingbroke-Mudie. A guarantee fund is being raised, for although it is not supposed that the guarantors will be called upon, still no one can tell as yet what may be needed. Offers to guarantee or outright donations should be sent to Colonel Pollen at 13 Arundel Street, Strand.

All lovers of the *entente cordiale* will rejoice at the opportunity of showing hospitality to members of so many countries at the same time. One thing is certain, we must all practise *speaking* Esperanto, and not be content with reading it only. In London there are so many evening classes that there need be no difficulty; and wherever there is a group, there of course is a class.

On this page reference has been made to the articles in *Modern Language Teaching*. No greater witness to the necessity of a common auxiliary language can be found than is given in its pages. Here are a few quotations:—"No child should begin a foreign language before the age of ten or eleven . . . not less than one hour a day should be given to the study . . . this should be carried on some two or three years before another is begun, and by this time an epitome of the language may be mastered" (as the child will require to spend at least a year in the foreign country to expand this "epitome," where is there room for other modern languages; and are Latin and Greek amongst the "foreign," or are they a sort of mother tongue?) "Heads of schools are bending away from the teaching of German. . . . Of Germany and its heterogeneous mass of States and inhabitants we are deplorably ignorant. . . . A certain section of the British press has combined to annoy Germany quite unnecessarily. . . . On a better understanding of language and strivings would follow a sympathy of

peoples, with schemes of international aid, bureaux, etc., etc." I have no space for further quotations. It is just because school-time is short for the majority, just because to have a strong *entente cordiale* with one nation is to give umbrage to others, that we urge on all nations the adoption of Esperanto (or some other neutral tongue) as a common bond, which will give knowledge of each to all and umbrage to none.

This is growing rapidly; science, music, history, stories are multiplying. Among the last, a quaint little play, in two acts, "*La Antaŭdiro*," has just been published by Charles Stewart, M.A. The period that of John, and the subject a Welsh border quarrel. The price is 6d.

La Revuo for November fully maintains its reputation, and the papers are particularly interesting.

ESPERANTO SPECIMEN.

No. 10, ELTIRATA EL PRIVATA LETERO.

Tie chi oni estas tre izolitaj, sed per gazetoj oni povas ekscii la tagoan demandon.

La vetero estas tre charmega kaj la maro estas libera de glaciö, kaj malmulte da negho sur la vojoj. Estas plezuro vidi la vaporshipojn preteriri. Kiam ili chesas iri oni estas preskan barighitaj de la urbo. Oni havas telefonoju en chiu aj hejmoj. Svedujo estas lando kun la plej multaj telefonoj.

Via Soeda Amikino.

B.W.

ESPERANTA KLUBO, MELBOURNA.

Meetings of the club, which are now held weekly, have taken place during the month at the Café Australasian. There have been large attendances, both of members and visitors, and many proposals for membership have been received.

Two members of the Christchurch Club (N.Z.), who are now resident in Melbourne, have been present at the meetings, and have given interesting accounts of the progress of the Esperanto movement in that country.

Members meet every Friday from 8 to 9.30 p.m., and the secretary will be pleased to see any persons who may be interested.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have had a good many letters with regard to Mr. Meggy's contribution on "Socialism v. Individualism," which appeared in the December "Re-

view," but are sorry that we cannot give space to any more.

B.C.P. (N.Z.) writes:—"I wish you continued success in what is undoubtedly the greatest factor for the brotherhood of man—"The Review of Reviews."

LEADING BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, EDUCATION, ETC.

- The Gospel History. F. O. Burkitt (T. and T. Clark) net 6/0
 Pauline Studies. W. M. Ramsay ... (Hodder) 12/0
 Plants of the Bible. Prof. G. Henslow ... (Masters) net 6/0
 What are We? L. Joseph ... (Paul) net 15/0
 Ethics and Atonement. W. F. Lofthouse (Methuen) net 7/6
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IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET.

BY H. G. WELLS.

BOOK THE SECOND—THE GREEN VAPOURS.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

So the new day came to me.

And even as I had awakened, so in that same dawn the whole world awoke.

For the whole world of living things had been overtaken by the same tide of insensibility; in an hour, at the touch of this new gas in the comet, the shiver of catalytic change had passed about the globe. They say it was the nitrogen of the air, the old azote, that in the twinkling of an eye was changed out of itself, and in an hour or so became a respirable gas, differing indeed from oxygen, but helping and sustaining its action, a bath of strength and healing for nerve and brain. I do not know the precise changes that occurred nor the names our chemists give them, my work has carried me away from such things; only this, I know—I and all men were renewed.

I picture to myself this thing happening, a planetary moment in space, the faint smudge, the slender whirl of meteor, drawing nearer to this planet like a ball, like a shaded rounded ball, floating in the void, with its little nearly impalpable coat of cloud and air, with its dark pools of ocean, its gleaming ridges of land. And as that midget from the void touches it, the transparent gaseous outer shell clouds in an instant green and then slowly clears again. . . .

Thereafter for three hours or more—we know the

minimum time for the Change was almost exactly three hours, because all the clocks and watches kept going—everywhere, no man, nor beast, nor bird, nor any living thing that breathes the air, stirred at all, but lay still. . . .

Everywhere on earth that day, in the ears of everyone who breathed, there had been the same humming in the air, the same rush of green vapours, the crepitation, the streaming down of shooting stars; the Hindu had stayed his morning's work in the fields to stare, and marvel, and fall, the blue-clothed Chinaman fell head foremost athwart his midday bowl of rice, the Japanese merchant came out from some chaffering in his office amazed, and presently lay there before his door, the evening gazers by the Golden Gates were overtaken as they waited for the rising of the great star. This had happened in every city of the world, in every lonely valley, in every home, and house, and shelter, and every open place. On the high seas, the crowding steamship passengers, eager for any wonder, gaped and marvelled, and were suddenly terror-stricken, and struggled for the gangways and were overcome, the captain staggered on the bridge and fell, the stoker fell headlong among his coals, the engines throbbed upon their way untended, the fishing craft drove by without a hail, with swaying rudder, heeling and dipping. . . .

The great voice of material Fate cried Halt! And in the midst of the play the actors staggered, dropped, and were still. The figure runs from my pen. In New York that very thing occurred. Most of the theatrical audiences dispersed, but in two crowded houses the company, fearing a panic, went on playing amidst the gloom, and the people, trained by many a previous disaster, stuck to their seats. There they sat, the back rows only moving a little, and there, in disciplined lines, they drooped and nodded, and fell forward, or slid down upon the floor. I am told by Parload—though indeed I know nothing of the reasoning on which his confidence rests—that within an hour of the great moment of impact, the first green modification of nitrogen had dissolved and passed away, leaving the air as translucent as ever. The rest of that wonderful interlude was clear, had any had eyes to see its clearness. In London it was night, but in New York, for example, people were in the full bustle of the evening's enjoyment; in Chicago they were sitting down to dinner, the whole world was abroad. The moonlight must have lit streets and squares littered with crumpled figures, through which such electric cars as had no automatic brakes had ploughed on their way until they were stopped by the fallen bodies. People lay in their dress-clothes in dining-rooms, restaurants, on staircases, in halls, everywhere just as they had been overcome. Men gambling, men drinking, thieves lurking in hidden places, sinful couples were caught, to arise with awakened mind and conscience amidst the disorder of their sin. America the comet reached in the full tide of evening life, but Britain lay asleep. But as I have told, Britain did not slumber so deeply but that she was in the full tide of what may have been battle and a great victory. Up and down the North Sea her warships swept together like a net about their foes. On land, too, that night was to have decided great issues. The German camps were under arms from Redingen to Markirch, their infantry columns were lying in swathes like mown hay, in arrested night march, on every track between Longuyon and Thiancourt, and between Airecourt and Donen. The hills beyond Spincourt were dusted thick with hidden French riflemen; the thin lash of the French skirmishers sprawled out amidst spades and unfinished rifle-pits in coils that wrapped about the heads of the German columns, thence along the Vosges watershed out across the frontier near Belfort nearly to the Rhine.

The Hungarian, the Italian peasant, yawned, and thought the morning dark, and turned over to fall into a dreamless sleep; the Mohammedan world spread its carpet and was taken in prayer. And in Sydney, in Melbourne, in New Zealand, the thing was a fog in the afternoon, that scattered the crowds on racecourses and cricket-fields, and stopped the unloading of shipping, and brought men out from

their afternoon rest to stagger and litter the streets. . . .

IV.

My thoughts go into the woods and wildernesses and jungles of the world, to the wild life that shared man's suspension, and I think of a thousand feral acts interrupted and truncated—as it were frozen, like the frozen words Pantagruel met at sea. Not only men it was that were quieted; all living creatures that breathe the air became insensible, impassive things. Motionless brutes and birds lay amidst the drooping trees and herbage in the universal twilight; the tiger sprawled beside his fresh-struck victim, who bled to death in a dreamless sleep. The very flies came sailing down the air with wings outspread; the spider hung crumpled in his loaded net; like some gaily-painted snowflake the butterfly drifted to earth and grounded and was still. And as a queer contrast one gathers that the fishes in the sea suffered not at all. . . .

Speaking of the fishes reminds me of a queer little inset upon that great world-dreaming. The odd fate of the crew of the submarine vessel B94 has always seemed memorable to me. So far as I know, they were the only men alive who never saw that veil of green drawn across the world. All the while that the stillness held above, they were working into the mouth of the Elbe, past the booms and the mines, very slowly and carefully, a sinister crustacean of steel, explosive crammed, along the muddy bottom. They trailed a long clue that was to guide their fellows from the mother ship floating awash outside. Then in the long channel beyond the forts they came up at last to mark down their victims and get air. That must have been before the twilight of dawn, for they tell of the brightness of the stars. They were amazed to find themselves not three hundred yards from an ironclad that had run ashore on the mud and heeled over with the falling tide. It was afire amidships, but no one heeded that—no one in this strange, clear silence heeded that—and not only this wrecked vessel but all the dark ships lying about them, it seemed to their perplexed and startled minds, must be full of dead men.

Theirs I think must have been one of the strangest of all experiences; they were never insensible, at once and, I am told, with a sudden catch of laughter, they began to breathe the new air. None of them has proved a writer; we have no picture of their wonder, no description of what was said. But we know these men were active and awake for an hour and a half at least before the general awakening came, and when at last the Germans stirred and sat up they found these strangers in possession of their battleship, the submarine carelessly adrift, and the Englishmen begrimed and weary, but with a sort of furious exultation still busy in the night dawn rescuing insensible enemies from the sinking conflagration. . . .

But the thought of certain stokers the sailors of the submarines failed altogether to save brings me back to the thread of grotesque horror that runs through all this event, the thread I cannot overlook for all the splendours of human well-being that have come from it. I cannot forget the unguided ships that drove ashore, that went down in disaster with all their sleeping hands, nor how, inland, motor-cars rushed to destruction upon the roads, the trains upon the railways kept on in spite of signals—to be found at last by their amazed reviving drivers standing on unfamiliar lines, their fires exhausted, or, less lucky, to be discovered by astonished peasants or awakening porters smashed and crumpled up into heaps of smoking, crackling ruin. The foundry fires of the Four Towns still blazed, the smoke of our burning still defiled the sky. Fires burnt indeed the brighter for the change—and spread. . . .

V.

Picture to yourself what happened between the printing and composing of the copy of the "New Paper" that lies before me now. It was the first newspaper that was printed upon earth after the Great Change. It is pocket-worn and browned—made of a paper no man ever intended for preservation. I found it on the arbour table in the inn garden while I was waiting for Nettie and Verrall, before that last conversation of which I have presently to tell. As I look at it all that scene comes back to me, and Nettie stands in her white raiment against a blue-green background of sunlit garden, scrutinising my face as I read. . . .

It is so frayed that the sheet cracks along the folds and comes to pieces in my hands. It lies upon my desk, a dead souvenir of the dead ages of the world, of the ancient passions of my heart. I know we discussed its news, but for the life of me I cannot recall what we said, only I remember that Nettie said very little, and that Verrall for a time read it over my shoulder. And I did not like him to read over my shoulder. . . .

The document before me must have helped us through the first awkwardness of that meeting.

But of all that we said and did then I must tell in a later chapter. . . .

It is easy to see the "New Paper" had been set up overnight, and then large pieces of the stereo plates replaced subsequently. I do not know enough of the old methods of printing to know precisely what happened. The thing gives one an impression of large pieces of type having been cut away and replaced by fresh blocks. There is something very rough and ready about it all, and the new portions print darker and more smudgily than the old, except, towards the left, where they have missed ink and indented. A friend of mine who knows something of the old typography has suggested to me that the machinery actually in use for the "New Paper" was damaged that night, and that on the

morning of the Change Banghurst borrowed a neighbouring office—perhaps in financial dependence upon him—to print in.

The outer pages belong entirely to the old period, the only parts of the paper that had undergone alteration are the two middle leaves. Here we found set forth in a curious little four-column oblong of print, WHAT HAS HAPPENED. This cut across a column with scare headings beginning, "Great Naval Battle Now in Progress. The Fate of Two Empires in the Balance. Reported Loss of Two More——"

These things, one gathered, were beneath notice now. Probably it was guesswork and fabricated news in the first instance.

It is curious to piece together the worn and frayed fragments and re-read this discoloured first intelligence of the new epoch.

The simple clear statements in the replaced portion of the paper impressed me at the time, I remember, as bald and strange, in that framework of shouting bad English. Now, they seem like the voice of a sane man amidst a vast faded violence. But they witness to the prompt recovery of London from the gas, the new swift energy of rebound in that huge population. I am surprised now, as I re-read, to note how much research, experiment, and induction must have been accomplished in the day that elapsed before the paper was printed. . . . But that is by the way. As I sit and muse over this partly-carbonised sheet, that same curious remote vision comes again to me that quickened in my mind that morning—a vision of those newspaper offices I have already described to you, going through the crisis.

The catalytic wave must have caught the place in full swing, in its nocturnal high fever, indeed in a quite exceptional state of fever, what with the comet and the war, and more particularly with the war. Very probably the Change crept into the office imperceptibly, amidst the noise and shouting, and the glare of electric light that made the night atmosphere in that place; even the green flashes may have passed unobserved there, the preliminary descending trails of green vapour seemed no more than unseasonable drifting wisps of London fog. (In those days London even in summer was not safe against dark fogs.) And then at the last the Change poured in and overtook them all.

If there was any warning at all for them, it must have been a sudden universal tumult in the street, and then a much more universal quiet. They could have had no other intimation.

There was no time to stop the presses before the main development of green vapour had overwhelmed everyone. It must have folded about them, tumbled them to the earth, masked and stilled them. My imagination is always curiously stirred by the thought of that, because I suppose it is the first picture I succeeded in making for myself of what had hap-

pened in the towns. It has never quite lost its strangeness for me that when the Change came machinery went on working. I don't precisely know why that should have seemed so strange to me; but it did, and still to a certain extent does. One is so accustomed, I suppose, to regard machinery as an extension of human personality that the extent of its autonomy the Change displayed came as a shock to me. The electric lights, for example, hazy green haloed nebulae, must have gone on burning at least for a time, amidst the thickening darkness, the huge presses must have roared on, printing, folding throwing aside copy after copy of that fabricated battle report, with its quarter-column of scare headlines, and all the place must have still quivered and throbbed with the familiar roar of the engines. And this though no men ruled there at all any more! Here and there beneath that thickening fog the crumpled or outstretched forms of men lay still.

A wonderful thing that must have seemed, had any man by chance the power of resistance to the vapour, and could he have walked amidst it.

And soon the machines must have exhausted their feed of ink and paper and thumped and banged and rattled emptily amidst the general quiet. Then I suppose the furnaces failed for want of stoking, the steam pressure fell in the cylinders, the machinery slackened, the lights burnt dim, and came and went with the ebb of energy from the power station. Who can tell precisely the sequence of these things now?

And then you know, amidst the weakening and terminating noises of men, the green vapour cleared and vanished; in an hour indeed it had gone, and it may be a breeze stirred and blew and went about the earth.

The noises of life were all dying away, but some there were that abated nothing, that sounded triumphantly amidst the universal ebb. To a heedless world the church towers tolled out two and then three. Clocks ticked and chimed everywhere about the earth to deafening ears. . . .

And then came the first rustling flush of morning, the first of the revival. Perhaps in that office the filaments of the lamps were still glowing, the machinery was still pulsing weakly, when the crumpled, booted, heaps of cloth became men again and began to stir and stare. The chapel of the printers was no doubt shocked to find itself asleep. Amidst that dazzling dawn the "New Paper" woke to wonder, stood up and blinked at its amazing self. . . .

The clocks of the City churches, one pursuing another, struck four. The staffs, crumpled and dishevelled, but with a strange refreshment in their veins, stood about the damaged machinery, marvelling and questioning; the editor read his overnight headlines with incredulous laughter. There was much involuntary laughter that morning. Outside the mail men patted the necks and rubbed the knees of their awakening horses. . . .

Then, you know, slowly and with much conversation and doubt, they set about to produce the paper.

Imagine those bemused, perplexed people, carried on by the inertia of their old occupations, and doing their best with an enterprise that had suddenly become altogether extraordinary and irrational. They worked amidst questionings, and yet light-heartedly. At every stage there must have been interruptions for discussion. The paper only got down to Mentone five days late.

VI.

Then let me give you a vivid little impression I received of a certain prosaic person, a grocer named Wiggins, and how he passed through the Change. I heard this man's story in the post-office at Mentone, when in the afternoon of the First Day I bethought me to telegraph to my mother. The place was also a grocer's shop, and I found him and the proprietor talking as I went in. They were trade competitors, and Wiggins had just come across the street to break the hostile silence of a score of years. The sparkle of the Change was in their eyes, their slightly-flushed cheeks, their more elastic gestures spoke of new physical influences that had invaded their beings.

"It did us no good, all our hatred," Mr. Wiggins said to me, explaining the emotion of their encounter; "it did our customers no good. I've come to tell him that. You bear that in mind, young man, if ever you come to have a shop of your own. It was a sort of stupid bitterness possessed us, and I can't make out we didn't see it before in that light. Not so much downright wickedness it wasn't as stupidity. A stupid jealousy! Think of it!—two human beings within a stone's throw, who have not spoken for twenty years—hardening our hearts against each other!"

"I can't think how we came to such a state, Mr. Wiggins," said the other, packing tea into pound packets out of mere habit as he spoke. "It was wicked pride and obstinacy. We knew it was foolish all the time."

"Only the other morning," he went on to me, "I was cutting French eggs. Selling at a loss to do it. He'd marked down with a great staring ticket to ninepence a dozen—I saw it as I went past. Here's my answer!" He indicated a ticket. "Eightpence a dozen—same as sold elsewhere for ninepence." A whole penny down, bang off! Just a touch above cost—if that—and even then—"He leant over the counter to say impressively, "Not the same eggs!"

"Now what people in their sense would do things like that?" said Mr. Wiggins.

I sent my telegram—the proprietor dispatched it for me, and while he did so I fell exchanging experiences with Mr. Wiggins. He knew no more than I did then the nature of the Change that had come over things. He had been alarmed by the green

flashes, he said, so much that after watching for a time from behind his bedroom window blind, he had got up and hastily dressed, and made his family get up also, so that they might be ready for the end. He made them put on their Sunday clothes. They all went out into the garden together, their minds divided between admiration at the gloriousness of the spectacle, and a great and growing awe. They were dissenters and very religious people out of business hours, and it seemed to them in those last moments that after all science must be wrong and the fanatics right. With the green vapours came conviction, and they prepared to meet their God. . . .

This man, you must understand, was a common-looking man, in his shirt sleeves and with an apron about his paunch, and he told his story in an Anglian accent that sounded mean and clipped to my Staffordshire ears; he told his story without a thought of pride, and as it were incidentally, and yet he gave me a vision of something heroic.

These people did not run hither and thither as many people did. These four simple, common people stood beyond their back door in their garden pathway between the gooseberry bushes, with the terrors of their God and His Judgments closing in upon them, swiftly and wonderfully—and there they began to sing. Four strong they stood, father and mother and two daughters, chanting out stoutly, but no doubt a little flatly after the manner of their kind:—

In Zion's Hope abiding,
My soul in Triumph sings—

until one by one they fell, and lay still.

The postmaster had heard them in the gathering darkness:—

In Zion's Hope abiding. . . .

It was the most extraordinary thing in the world to hear this flushed and happy-eyed man telling that story of his recent death. It did not seem at all possible to have happened in the last twelve hours. It was minute and remote, these people who went singing through the darkling to their God. It was like a scene shown to me, very small and very distinctly painted—in a locket.

But that effect was not confined to this particular thing. A vast number of things that had happened before the coming of the comet had undergone the same transfiguring reduction. Other people, too, I have learnt since, had the same illusion, a sense of enlargement.

VII.

The figure of my mother comes always into my conception of the Change.

I remember how one day she confessed herself.

She had been very sleepless that night, she said, and took the reports of the falling stars for shooting—there had been rioting in Clayton and all through Swathinglea all day, and so she got out of

bed to look. She had a dim sense that I was in all such troubles.

But she was not looking when the Change came.

"When I saw the stars a-raining down, dear," she said, "and thought of you out in it—I thought there'd be no harm in saying a prayer for you, dear. I thought you wouldn't mind that."

And so I got another of my pictures; the green vapours come and go, and there, by her patched coverlet, that dear old woman kneels and droops, still clasping her poor gnarled hands in the attitude of prayer—for me!

Through the meagre curtains and blinds of the flawed refracting window I see the stars above the chimney fade, the pale light of dawn creeps into the sky, and her candle flares and dies. . . .

That also went with me through the stillness; that silent kneeling figure, that frozen prayer to God to shield me, silent in a silent world, rushing through the emptiness of space. . . .

CHAPTER II.

THE AWAKENING.

I.

Everywhere the awakening came with the sunrise; we awakened to the gladness of the morning; we walked dazzled in a light that was joy. Everywhere that was so. It was always morning. It was morning because until the direct rays of the sun touched it the changing nitrogen did not pass into its permanent phase, and the sleepers lay as they had fallen. In its intermediate state the air hung inert, incapable of producing either revival or stupefaction, no longer green, but not yet changed to the gas that now lives in us. . . .

To everyone, I think, came some parallel to the mental states I have already sought to describe, a wonder, an impression of joyful novelty. There was also very commonly a certain confusion of the intelligence, a difficulty in self-recognition. I remember clearly as I sat on my stile that presently I had the clearest doubts of my own identity.

I was only one of many millions who that morning had the same doubts. I suppose one knows oneself when one returns from sleep or insensibility by the familiarity of one's bodily sensations, and that morning all our most intimate bodily sensations were changed. The intimate chemical processes of life were changed, its nervous metabolism. For the fluctuating, uncertain, passion-darkened thought and feeling of the old time, came steadily, full-bodied, wholesome processes. Touch was different, sight was different, sound and all the senses were subtler; had it not been that our thought was steadier and fuller, I believe great multitudes of men would have gone mad. But as it was, we understood. The dominant impression I would convey in this account of the Change, is one of enormous release, of a vast substantial exaltation. There

was an effect as it were of light-headedness that was also clear-headedness, and the alteration in one's bodily sensations, instead of producing the mental obfuscation, the loss of identity that was a common mental trouble under former conditions, gave simply a new detachment from the tumid passions and entanglements of the personal life. In this story of my bitter, restricted youth that I have been telling you, I have sought constantly to convey the narrowness, the intensity, the confusion, muddle, and dusty heat of the old world. It was quite clear to me, within an hour of my awakening, that all that was in some mysterious way over and done. That, too, was the common experience. Men stood up, they took the new air into their lungs, a deep long breath, and the past fell from them, they could forgive, they could disregard, they could attempt. . . . And it was no new thing, no miracle that sets aside the former order of the world. It was a change in material conditions, a change in the atmosphere, that at one bound had released them. Some of them it had released to death. . . . Indeed, man himself had changed not at all. We knew before the Change, the meanest knew, by glowing moments in ourselves, and others by histories and music and beautiful things, by heroic instances and splendid stories, how fine mankind could be, how fine almost any human being could be upon occasion—but the poison in the air, the poverty in all the nobler elements, which made such moments rare and remarkable, all that has changed. The air was changed, and the Spirit of Man that had drowsed and slumbered and dreamt dull and evil things, awakened and stood with wonder-clean eyes, refreshed, looking again on life.

II.

With the dawn that awakening went about the earth. I have told how it came to me, and how I walked in wonder through the transfigured cornfields of Shaphambury. It came to everyone. Near me, and for the time, clean forgotten by me, Verrall and Nettie woke—woke near one another, each heard before all other sounds the other's voice amidst the stillness and the light. And the scattered people who had run to and fro and fallen on the beach of Bungalow Village awoke, the sleeping villagers of Mentone started and sat up in that unwonted freshness and newness, the contorted figures in the garden, with the hymn still upon their lips, stirred amidst the flowers and touched each other timidly, and thought of Paradise. My mother found herself crouched against the bed and rose, rose with a glad, invincible conviction of accepted prayer. . . .

Already when it came to us the soldiers, crowded between the lines of dusty poplars along the road to Allarmont, were chatting and sharing coffee with the French riflemen, who had hailed them from their carefully-hidden pits among the vineyards up

the slopes of Beauville. A certain perplexity had come to these marksmen, who had dropped asleep tensely ready for the rocket that should wake the whirr and rattle of their magazines. At the sight and sound of the stir and human confusion in the roadway below, it had come to each man individually that he could not shoot. One conscript at least has told his story of his awakening, and how curious he thought the rifle there beside him in his pit, took it in his knees to examine. Then as his memory of its purpose grew clearer he dropped it and stood up with a kind of joyful horror at the crime escaped, to look more closely at the men he was to have assassinated. "Braves types" he thought they looked for such a fate. The summoning rocket never flew. Below, the men did not fall into ranks again, but sat by the roadside or stood in groups talking, discussing with a novel incredulity the ostensible causes of the war. "The Emperor!" said they, and, "Oh, nonsense! We're civilised men. Get someone else for this job! . . . Where's the coffee?"

The officers held their own horses and talked to the men frankly, regardless of discipline. Some Frenchmen out of the rifle-pits came sauntering down the hill. Others stood doubtfully, rifles still in hand. Curious faces scanned these latter. Little arguments sprang up, as "Shoot at us! Nonsense! They're respectable French citizens." There is a picture of it all, very bright and detailed in the morning light, in the battle gallery amidst the ruins at old Nancy, and one sees the old-world uniform of the "soldier," the odd caps and belts and boots, the ammunition-belt, the water-bottle, the sort of tourist's pack the men carried, a queer elaborate equipment. The soldiers had awakened one by one, first one and then another. I wonder sometimes whether, perhaps, if the two armies had come awake in an instant, the battle by mere habit and inertia might not have begun. But the men who waked first sat up, looked about them in astonishment, had time to think a little.

III.

Everywhere there was laughter, everywhere tears.

Men and women in the common life, finding themselves suddenly lit and exalted, capable of doing what had hitherto been impossible, incapable of doing what had hitherto been irresistible, happy, hopeful, unselfishly energetic, rejected altogether the supposition that this was merely a change in the blood and material texture of life. They denied the bodies God had given them, as once the Upper Nile savages struck out their canine teeth, because these made them like the beasts. They declared that this was he coming of a Spirit, and nothing else would satisfy their need for explanations. And in a sense the Spirit came. The Great Revival sprang directly from the Change, the last, the deepest, widest, and most enduring of all the vast inundations of religious emotion that go by that name.

But indeed it differed essentially from its in-

numerable predecessors. The former revivals were a phase of fever, this was the first movement of health, it was altogether quieter, more intellectual, more private, more religious, than any of those others. In the old time, and more especially in the Protestant countries, where the things of religion were outspoken, and the absence of confession and well-trained priests made religious states of emotion explosive and contagious, revivalism upon various scales was a normal phase in the religious life; revivals were always going on, now a little disturbance of consciences in a village, now an evening of emotion in a Mission Room, now a great storm that swept a continent, and now an organised effort that came to towns with bands and banners and handbills and motor-cars for the saving of souls. Never at any time did I take part in nor was I attracted by any of these movements; my nature, although passionate, was too critical (or sceptical if you like, for it amounts to the same thing) and shy to be drawn into these whirls; but on several occasions Parload and I sat scoffing, but nevertheless disturbed, in the back seats of revivalist meetings.

I saw enough of them to understand their nature, and I am not surprised to learn now that before the comet came all about the world, even among savages, even among cannibals, these same, or at any rate closely similar, periodic upheavals went on. The world was stifling; it was in a fever, and these phenomena were neither more nor less than the instinctive struggle of the organism against the ebb of its powers, the clogging of its veins, the limitation of its life. Invariably these revivals followed periods of sordid and restricted living. Men obeyed their base, immediate motives until the world grew unendurably bitter. Some disappointment, some thwarting, lit up for them—darkly indeed, but yet enough for indistinct vision—the crowded squalour, the dark enclosure of life. A sudden disgust with the insensate smallness of the old-world way of living, a realisation of sin, a sense of the unworthiness of all individual things, a desire for something comprehensive, sustaining, something greater, for wider commissions and less habitual things, filled them. Their souls, which were shaped for wider issues, cried out suddenly amidst the petty interests, the narrow prohibitions of life, "Not this! not this!" A great passion to escape from the jealous prison of themselves, an inarticulate stammering, weeping passion shook them. . . .

Those old-time revivals were, I say, the convulsive movements of a body that suffocates. They are the clearest manifestations from before the Change of a sense in all men that things were not right. But they were too often but momentary illuminations. Their force spent itself in inco-ordinated shouting, gesticulation, tears. They were but flashes of outlook. Disgust of the narrow life, of all baseness, took shape in narrowness and baseness.

The quickened soul ended the night a hypocrite prophets disputed for precedence; deductions, it is altogether indisputable, were frequent among penitents, and Ananias went home converted and returned with a falsified gift. And it was almost universal that the converted should be impatient and immoderate, scornful of reason, and a choice of expedients, opposed to balance, skill and knowledge. Incontinently full of grace, like thin old wine skins overfilled, they felt they must burst if once they came into contact with hard fact and sane direction.

So the former Revivals spent themselves, but the Great Revival did not spend itself, but grew to be for the majority of Christendom at least, the permanent expression of the Change. For many it has taken the shape of an outright declaration that this was the Second Advent—it is not for me to discuss the validity of that suggestion—for nearly all it has amounted to is an enduring broadening of all the issues of life. . . .

IV.

One irrelevant memory comes back to me, irrelevant, and yet by some subtle trick of quality it summarises the Change for me. It is the memory of a woman's very beautiful face, a woman with a flushed face and tear-bright eyes, who went by me without speaking, rapt in some secret purpose. I passed her when, in the afternoon of the first day, struck by a sudden remorse, I went down to Mentone to send a telegram to my mother telling her all was well with me. Whither this woman went I do not know, nor whence she came; I never saw her again, and only her face, glowing with that new and luminous resolve, stands out for me. . . .

But that expression was the world's.

CHAPTER III.

MELMOUNT.

I.

The miracle of the awakening came to me in solitude, the laughter and then the tears. Only after some time did I come upon another man. Until I heard his voice calling I did not seem to feel there were any other people in the world. All that seemed past, with all the stresses that were past. I had come out of the individual pit in which my shy egotism had lurked, I had overflowed to all humanity, I had seemed to be all humanity; I had laughed at Swindells as I could have laughed at myself, and this shout that came to me seemed like the coming of an unexpected thought in my own mind. But when it was repeated I answered, "I am hurt," said the voice, and I descended into the lane forthwith, and so came upon Melmount sitting near the ditch with his back to me.

Some of the incidental sensory impressions of that

morning bit so deeply into my mind that I verily believe, when at last I face the greater mysteries that lie beyond this life, when the things of this life fade from me as the mists of the morning fade before the sun, these irrelevant petty details will be the last to leave me, will be the last wisps visible of that attenuating veil. I believe, for instance, I could match the fur upon the collar of his great motoring coat now, could paint the dull-red tinge of his big cheek, with his fair eyelashes just catching the light and showing beyond. His hat was off; his dome-shaped head with its smooth hair between red and extreme fairness, was bent forward in scrutiny of his twisted foot. His back seemed enormous. And there was something about the mere massive sight of him that filled me with liking.

"What's wrong?" said I.

"I say," he said, in his full deliberate tones, straining round to see me, and showing a profile, a well-modelled nose, a sensitive, clumsy, big lip, known to every caricaturist in the world. "I'm in a fix. I fell and wrenched my ankle. . . . Where are you?"

I walked round him and stood looking at his face. I perceived he had his gaiters and socks and boots off, the motor gauntlets had been cast aside, and he was kneading the injured part in an exploratory manner with his thick thumbs.

"By Jove!" I said, "you're Melmount!"

"Melmount!" He thought. "That's my name," he said, without looking up. . . . "But it doesn't affect my ankle."

We remained silent for a few moments, except for a grunt of pain from him.

"Do you know?" I asked, "what has happened to things?"

He seemed to complete his diagnosis. "It's not broken," he said.

"Do you know," I repeated, "what has happened to everything?"

"No," he said, looking up at me incuriously for the first time.

"There's some difference——"

"There's a difference." He smiled, a smile of unexpected pleasantness, and an interest was coming into his eyes. "I've been a little pre-occupied with my own internal sensations. I remark an extraordinary brightness about things. Is that it?"

"That's part of it. And a queer feeling, a clear-headedness."

He surveyed me and meditated gravely. "I woke up," he said, feeling his way in his memory.

"And I."

"I lost my way—I forget quite how. There was a curious green fog." He stared at his foot, remembering. "Something to do with a comet. I was by a hedge in the darkness. Tried to run. . . . Then I must have pitched into this lane. Look!" He pointed with his head. "There's a wooden rail new broken there. I must have stumbled over that out of the field above." He scrutinised this, and concluded, "Yes. . . ."

"It was dark," I said, "and a sort of green gas came out of nothing everywhere. That is the last I remember."

"And then you woke up? So did I. . . . In a state of great bewilderment. Certainly there's something odd in the air. I was—I was rushing along a road in a motor-car; very much excited and preoccupied I got down——" He held out a triumphant finger. "Ironclads!"

Now I've got it! We'd strung our fleet from here to Texel. We'd got right across them, and the Elbe mined. We'd lost the Lord Warden. By Jove, yes. The Lord Warden. A battleship that cost two million pounds—and that fool Rigby said it didn't matter! Eleven hundred men went down. . . . I remember now. We were sweeping up the North Sea like a net—with the North Atlantic fleet waiting at the Faroes for 'em—and not one of 'em had three days' coal! Now, was that a dream? No! I told a lot of people as much—a meeting was it?—to reassure them. They were warlike, but extremely frightened. Queer people—paunchy and bald, like gnomes most of them. Where? Of course! We had it all over—a big dinner—oysters!—Colchester. I'd been there, just to show all this raid scare was nonsense. And I was coming back here. . . . But it doesn't seem as though that was—recent. I suppose it was. Yes, of course!—it was. I got out of my car at the bottom of the rise with the idea of walking along the cliff path, because everyone said one of their battleships was being chased along the shore. That's clear. I heard their guns——"

He reflected. "Queer I should have forgotten! Did *you* hear any guns?"

I said I had heard them.

"Was it last night?"

"Late last night. One or two in the morning."

(To be continued.)



INSURANCE NOTES.

A remarkable fire—a fire extinguished by its own agency—occurred last month in a chemist's shop in Flinders-street, Melbourne. On the arrival of the brigade, dense volumes of smoke were found issuing from the shop, and one of the men broke open the door and proceeded inside. His torch was immediately extinguished, and it was apparent that the place was full of chemical gas. The windows were then forced in, and a remarkable effect was witnessed. Bottles burst in all directions, and the flames were immediately subdued. The liberated chemical gases had extinguished the fire, which, on examination, proved to have been a severe one, there being hardly an inch of the woodwork that was not charred.

The Workers' Compensation Bill has passed the British Parliament. It is an extension of the original measure, and includes a number of classes of workers which were exempt from the provisions of the first Act. It has been announced that the Government will this year introduce a bill designed to impose a test of financial solvency in insurance companies undertaking workers' compensation risks.

The train from Launceston to Burnie, Tasmania, on the 20th ult. had a narrow escape from disaster. A truck containing 10 barrels of gunpowder was found to be on fire, and the outside of one package was burning when it was pluckily extinguished by a porter named Bert Williams. Other burning articles were thrown from the truck and the flames extinguished. The fire is supposed to have originated in some kapok.

The break up of the fire insurance tariff in West Australia has not yet been settled, but an agreement has been come to by the companies that further forward contracts shall not be made, nor policy conditions abrogated. The bulk of the risks have, however, already been written for a period of three years, so that there is little prospect of reforming the tariff for some time to come. From an insurance point of view the disturbance will be of benefit in minimising any attempts to weaken the tariffs in the other Australian States.

The election of the new Board of Directors of the New York Fire Insurance Company in New York has resulted in the return of the "administration ticket" by a majority of 100,000 votes. The election took place in accordance with the new legislation of the State of New York, enacted after the Armstrong Committee had presented its report on the life insurance scandals. That legislation required that complete new boards of directors should be elected this year. The number of directors to be elected was 24, and the administration ticket included 20 retiring directors, and four new names. In opposition to this was

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the International Committee ticket, which consisted of 22 residents of New York, one from Liverpool and one from Paris. The poll closed at 4 p.m. on the 18th December, and as the company following its reading of the law sent out the ballot papers from New York on October 18, which reached Melbourne on November 26, Australian policy-holders were unable to record their votes, insufficient time remaining to transmit their votes or proxies to New York before the closing of the poll. It is probable that the bulk of the Australian votes would have been given to the International Committee ticket, which practically meant a complete change in the board of control, but the number of Australian votes would not have been sufficient to alter the result of the election.

The *Insurance Field*, dated San Francisco, October 1, gives a list of the total payments made to 30th December last by the insurance companies to policyholders over the San Francisco disaster. Among the largest payments are:—London Assurance, 6,785,377 dollars; London and Lancashire, 5,755,612 dollars; Royal, 4,865,955 dollars; Liverpool and London and Globe, 4,168,031 dollars; Atlas, London, 3,878,357 dollars; Phoenix of London, 3,805,975 dollars; Union Assurance, London, 3,746,284 dollars; Royal Exchange, 3,618,125 dollars; Northern, London, 3,424,985 dollars.



[Turin.

'How is it that contrary to all physical law, the Black Pope is the shadow of the White Pope?'

WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

From Mr. Thomas H. Roach, 24 Margaret Street, Enmore, Sydney, N.S.W., 16th March, 1906.

"About seven years ago my little daughter, now ten years of age, contracted scarlet fever in a very severe form. She recovered from the fever, but her constitution was left very weak, and some years later she began to suffer from Bright's Disease of the kidneys and dropsy. Her appetite at first became very capricious, then her body and head began to swell and her face became pallid. We were alarmed by her condition, especially when the doctor, after a thorough examination, pronounced her to be suffering from Bright's Disease in a bad form. She was taken to the hospital, where her disease was pronounced by the doctor to be quite incurable, and that they could do nothing for her. Her urine, by analysis, showed much albumen. We tried every possible means of alleviating her sufferings without result. It was an awful and anxious time for us to see her dying and to be able to do nothing to help her. As a last resource we decided to give her Warner's Safe Cure, having heard such good reports of the efficacy of that medicine. The result proved the reports to be correct, for after she had taken one bottle we were delighted to find the medicine was doing her good. We persevered with the medicine, and she continued to grow better and stronger. Every week showed great improvement. Repeated tests proved that the quantity of albumen in her urine was decreasing. We continued to give her Warner's Safe Cure until all trace of albumen and sediment had disappeared, and all signs of dropsy had left her. She has now fully regained her health and strength, and looks more robust than any member of the family."

From Miss M. Cornish, Storekeeper, 352 High Street, Bendigo, Vic., 24th August, 1905.

"For many years past I had been suffering from kidney complaint. The pain in my back and sides was so intense at times that I could not lay down, and sleep was out of the question, whilst food was revolting to me. I also suffered from severe chronic headaches, recurring two or three times each week. Doctors' medicines did me no good, so I started to try the effect of Warner's Safe Cure. Soon after commencing to take this medicine I obtained relief, and gradually began to mend, until all pain had left me and I could eat and sleep without distress. I am now in the best of health."

From Miss Elizabeth Newbery, Bangor, S.A., 3rd August, 1905.

"In hope that others may benefit by my experience, I wish to testify to what Warner's Safe Cure has done for me in saving my life. In October, 1903, I was taken ill with dropsy whilst away from home. I did not take much notice of it at first, but soon became so ill that I had to be removed to the hospital. For ten weeks two doctors attended to me, and at last had to confess that they could do nothing for me, and that the best thing I could do was to go home to my parents. They fully expected that I should die, and I thought the same. I decided to go home. Before leaving, a minister advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, saying that a like case, to his knowledge, had been cured by that medicine. For seven months, after arriving at home, my life was hanging by a thread, and everyone thought that I should die. Often I had such difficulty in breathing that a rope had to be passed through a beam in the roof and I had to be raised by that, so that, whilst holding on, I could get my breath. At one period of my illness I measured forty-four (44) inches round the waist. I then procured a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and finding that it did me a little good, I continued to take it, taking also Warner's Safe Pills. Altogether, I took thirteen bottles of the medicine (with the pills), and, marvellous to say, since then I have been stronger and have enjoyed better health than ever before. Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly saved my life after the doctors said that I was incurable."

From Mr. J. W. Jackson, Storekeeper, 87 Inkerman Street, St. Kilda, Vic., 25th January, 1906.

"For a number of years I suffered from disease of the kidneys, which gradually undermined my health. As the disease advanced I became weaker. I lost all appetite and experienced extreme wakefulness and nervousness. I had a sinking feeling, which increased day by day, unfitting me for exercise of any kind. When at the worst I commenced to take Warner's Safe Cure. I rapidly recovered, and was soon once again in the enjoyment of good health and strength."

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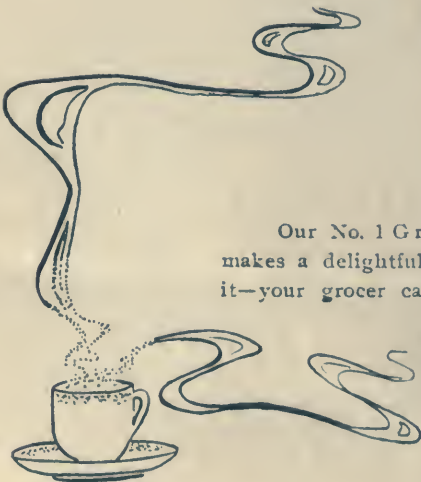
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MISS IRENE DILLON, Photo'd by Stewart & Co., Melb.

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